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PATRIOTIC ORATIONS

By

CHARLES HENRY FOWLER

Late Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

130
137

Prepared for publication
By his son

Carl Hitchcock Fowler

With an Introduction

By

John Wesley Hill

Pastor Metropolitan Temple, New York

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM

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To

Myra Hitchcock Fowler

THE PARTNER OF HIS LIFE FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS,

Whose
Constant Care, Exquisite Sympathy, Ceaseless Industry,
Unwavering Consecration, and Undying Devotion
Encouraged, Strengthened, Supported, Inspired
the Author of these Orations
in Ways the World Knew Not,
Making Possible his ever Greater Achievements,
Herself Consumed by her Sustaining Love,
in Father's Name

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

ORATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

"Patriotism is a lichen clinging to its own rock." It grows by the century in its original habitat. It defies alike the frost and ice of the frigid zone and the suns and sands of equatorial deserts. It resists transplanting. Captive Israelites with their harps hanging upon the willows of Babylon were not more songless than are the French immigrants, driven out of their faith generations ago, camping to-day in the heart of London, using English freedom, English language, and Middle Age shoes. A king transplanted from the Clyde to the Thames and followed by constant and liberal patronage has barely succeeded in giving a healthy color to this lichen carried from Scotland to England. In our own land, at the confluence of all the great races, where we have foreign cities only second in size to the great foreign capitals, we are under special need to cultivate this virtue of patriotism which is the religion of the soil. Patriotism, the religion of the soil, is the handmaid of the religion of the soul. It is true that a man may have patriotism and not have religion, but it is hard to see how he can have religion and not have patriotism. If one would establish a despotism, he ought first to establish a

government priesthood, supported by the government, and dependent only on the government. These men at the centers of power, with their hands on the individual and public conscience, determine the foundations and stability of government. The old governments are those which have carefully kept in league with the dominant faiths. King Edward is the head of the English Church, the Czar is the head of the Russian Church, William the Second is the chief figure of the German Lutheran Church. Thus it is important in our Republic that the ministers of religion should also be patriots. Patriotism can be maintained by a country only when its fires are kindled from the altars of religion. Righteous war is possible only when the principles involved spring from religion. The conscience of the people must be enlisted or the citizens will not enlist. War cannot be ordained and maintained on a mere financial issue. It defeats itself. It costs more than it comes to. It consumes its own motive. Only the people's conscience can maintain the public spirit up to the fighting point.

These considerations make doubly welcome the appearance of this volume of "Patriotic Orations." They need no introduction, for multitudes have heard and been captivated by them, lost in admiration divided between the subject and the speaker. Their author, Charles Henry Fowler, is no longer

with us. He has "marched across the great pontoon into the living presence of our mighty dead." It is too soon to fully appreciate him. We lack the distance essential to perspective. One must stand away from the mountain if he would behold its magnitude. Time is a necessary element in the analysis of character. The passing years are the solemn priests which anoint and enthrone the prophets of God. About living men we have opinions, about departed men we have judgments. When they no longer occupy space, dispute ambitions, or awaken rivalry, then we are wont to lavish epitaphs where we once begrudged bread. Now that Bishop Fowler has stepped from our midst, we see him in clearer light. His character was constructed upon a colossal scale. He would not toy with trifles. He was better able to bend the bow of Ulysses. His was a hand for great tasks and a heart for heavy burdens. He was a student of events. His intellect was cosmopolitan, his vision boundless. He was the constant friend whose hand never slipped from the grasp of a confiding brother and who became a full partner in the sufferings of those he loved. I like to think of him as he was known only to those who enjoyed the unstinted hospitality of his home,—the true exemplar of a friendship as rare as it was beautiful, its characteristic tenacity, its grip steel-like, its bonds adamant, a friendship typed by his own figure of

the sturdy oak upon the mountain side against which the storm beats in vain; the loving husband and father, whose home was to him the vestibule of heaven. In public he was the commanding preacher of the Word, simple, direct, dramatic, abounding in spiritual force and power, all centered in Christ and him crucified, his loyalty to the Word of God unquestioning and unquestionable; great in all departments as an administrator, preacher, writer, lecturer, organizer—originating and developing new fields of labor and new movements, planning for the enlargement and expansion of world-wide missionary activities, planting hospitals and churches, schools, colleges, and universities everywhere; the peerless patriot, devoted to flag and country, alive to the perils and conscious of the responsibilities of his time; himself the eulogist of the martyred Lincoln, the neighbor of Grant, the adviser of McKinley, and the personal friend of Roosevelt, who, as President at the time of the decease of this great man of the Church, sent to the stricken wife and son a wreath of lilies from the White House—a tribute of his personal sympathy and an official expression of the nation's grief. This man was the matchless orator, who with true historic insight and imagination made the past a living present, transfigured the commonplace, idealized the heroes of the ages until they stood illumined, radiant with the breathing, palpitating

vitality of his own onrushing manhood. He handled his themes as a skilled musician does his favorite instrument, infusing them with the impulses of his own soul, one moment blazing with the zeal of the patriot and the next tender as a sorrowing mother; at all times and in all places the simple, unaffected Christian, gentle in spirit, generous in thought, kind in speech, and boundless in sympathy.

These great qualities of mind and soul which enriched and illuminated his character are wrought into the warp and woof of this book. They reappear in the deft touches by which he analyzes and idealizes his chosen heroes. They bind into unity and stamp with striking originality these wonderful orations. The multitudes who once sat enthralled beneath the imposing personality of the superb orator will turn with quickened step toward the whispering gallery of the great master stretching through this volume. Such a book deserves an abiding hearing,—not only for its own cause, its characters and its rhetoric, but on account of the rich blood poured into it. The orations speak for themselves. They possess the heat and power of honest, intelligent conviction, containing thought enough for the gravest and patriotism enough for the most fervent, combining logical robustness and accuracy with mental alertness and inspiring imagination, conducting the reader into

the throne room of the deathless personalities portrayed. I know of no other book consecrated to patriotism comparable with this. The orations thrill like martial music in places and cut like knives in others, while at times the reader will hear the clash of saber and feel the rush of cavalry charge. If, as Milton said, "Books contain the lifeblood of their authors," then this volume is the lifeblood of Bishop Fowler. The orations, wise in selection and wide in research, are magnetic in touch, instructive in substance, logical in undercurrent, poetical in imagery, vibrant with emotion, patriotic in instinct, and resistless in culmination. Delivered by word of mouth, they commanded a wide field, compelled appreciative hearing, and inspired many a life to higher, nobler living. Committed to the printed page, the field of their influence widens, and their place in literature becomes permanent. Like the lighthouse at Calais, these orations will never grow dim.

JOHN WESLEY HILL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an original oil portrait by Theodore Pine. Never before published.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A eulogy on the life of President Lincoln was delivered by Dr. Fowler, then pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, Illinois, in Bryan Hall, in that city, on May 4, 1865, the day of the interment at Springfield. Subsequently, in 1894, Bishop Fowler, then resident in Minneapolis, prepared and delivered the oration in substantially its present form. It was memorized verbatim, but never, on account of its length, all delivered at one time, different sections being omitted at various times. He generally spoke for from two hours to two hours and a half, sometimes even three hours, seldom as short as an hour and forty minutes. He felt that he could not do his subject justice with less. Rarely did any of his many thousand hearers ever leave before he had finished speaking, unless compelled to do so for meeting a train or other necessity.

Through its delivery in various parts of the country, and by the natural process of accretion and attraction, new facts were added and others verified, until in 1906 it was put in this final form.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GOD'S prophets have the right of way. They come by divine appointment. They kindle a torch that centuries cannot quench. They utter a new evangel, or open a new door, or conquer a new foe, or plant a new republic, or found a new civilization. Serving most, they are greatest.

Comparisons from history

Mankind will never forget Abraham, or Moses, or Leonidas, or Cincinnatus, or Pericles, or Paul, or Richelieu, or Cromwell, or Washington. Mankind will never forget the hero we add to their little company, Abraham Lincoln, who had the faith of Abraham, the leadership of Moses, the courage of Leonidas, the contentment of Cincinnatus, the statesmanship of Pericles, the massive intellectual force of Saint Paul, the political sagacity of Richelieu, the integrity of Cromwell, and the patriotism of Washington.

Once in the heroic days of Greece Herodotus went to the Olympian games. Soon he was recognized, and the multitude bore him on their shoulders around the arena, saying, "Let us honor the man who has written our history." So we say, "Let us honor the man who has made our history."

In the Agora, the market, the park of Athens, the Athenians walked among the statues of their heroes and of their gods, and kept themselves familiar with deeds of patriotism and of valor. Thus the defense of Athens was not the Acropolis with the Parthenon on its crest, but the Agora, where her citizens were transformed into soldiers and patriots and heroes. So we do well to recall the virtues and achievements of our mighty dead. We do well to turn toward our greatest American and stretch our little selves up against his majestic proportions in order that we may catch his spirit, exalt our standard, and grow to greater measurements.

Take from Greece a dozen names and you would make barren even that classic land. Take away the name of Lincoln and half a dozen other names and there would remain few to survive twenty-five centuries.

Carthage had a population of seven hundred thousand. She had rich dependencies in Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Spain. She worked the silver mines of Spain and the tin mines of Britain. She sent vessels into the Baltic, and caravans to the Nile and the Niger; yet she has furnished for posterity only one great man, Hannibal. Such a name as Lincoln cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

Rightly to measure Mr. Lincoln, we must

measure him as we do a building, below the water-table as well as above it. He was born in the deepest poverty. We see him spending his early youth in a hut, without furniture and without floor—a picture of shiftlessness. Later, when a better cabin had been secured by the activity of a stepmother, we still see little Abe clambering to his bed in the low garret of a one-story cabin, clambering up on pegs driven in the logs. Still poverty. His father had so little of that particular something to which substance adheres that he could move when there was no motive for moving. But remember that this was not the poverty of the continent rendered despicable by centuries of submission to despotism, nor yet the poverty of the crowded city that is content with the crumbs that have been cast to the dogs of the opulent, but it was rather the poverty of the American wilderness that stands erect on the gentle bosom of patient Nature and leaves neither taint nor scar. It was out of this poverty that Mr. Lincoln made his way.

Poverty

Across his young life fell a shadow of sorrow that was never lifted. The loving mother, who kept close vigils with God, baptizing him with maternal love, was stricken. He saw her put into a rude box which his father had nailed together, and buried in the forest by his father without religious services. It seemed to him unbearable.

The love of his mother

Months after he wrote to an itinerant Methodist preacher a hundred miles away to come and hold services over his mother's grave. The good man, touched by the sympathetic appeal of the nine-year-old lad, responded. The settlers for miles around, upon the invitation of the boy, came to the services. God comforted the lad who had thus honored him. As we stand by that lonely grave it is not difficult to see whence came the sympathy and faith that carried this land in their omnipotent arms when everything else failed.

His stepmother

Into the poverty of this cabin came a stepmother, who loved Abraham with the love of a mother, testifying, "He never gave me a cross or hesitating word or look. His mind and mine, what little I had, ran together. He was the best boy that ever lived." He in turn poured out upon her the unmeasured love of his great nature. Poverty never touched his heart. On this great side of his nature he had the wealth of God's empire.

Library

Poverty limited his life on other sides. It limited his schooling to less than six months inside the walls of a schoolhouse. It limited his library to six volumes, namely, the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, Weems's Life of Washington, a History of the United States, and one volume of law. This collection could hardly have been improved. He read and re-read them till

they were nearly all in his memory. It is easy to see these wrought into the texture of his great character. The Bible, which he nearly always carried in his pocket when he was not reading it, the Bible, with which he was more familiar than nine out of ten of the average preachers, the Bible, which he so frequently quoted in his speeches and addresses, gave him that supreme integrity which is incapable of misrepresentation, that supreme faith which is incapable of bewilderment, that supreme self-sacrifice which is incapable of subjugation, that supreme love which is incapable of impatience, that supreme conscientiousness which is incapable of injustice, that supreme sympathy which is incapable of harshness, and that supreme loyalty to duty which is incapable of hesitation. It was a little library, but it built mightily in him. Selected by the Supreme Power, it built a majestic character. Holland says, "The poverty of Abraham's library was the wealth of his character."

Education

His education was preëminently practical. He learned to read that he "might know the world beyond the woods"; he learned to write that he "might help his seniors." His training was born of the rough times and surroundings. When a legislature could offer a bounty of two dollars for the scalp of a wolf and fifty dollars for the scalp of an Indian, it is only natural to expect lawsuits, often embellished by individual reprisals, "taking

it out of the other man's hide," and political contests to ripen into free fights. These strifes were his schoolmasters. Mr. Lincoln at one time had his office over the courtroom in a building formerly used as a warehouse. A trapdoor opened from his office down to the courtroom. In one of those fervid political debates held in the courtroom two of his friends, backed by their relatives, went beyond words. Lincoln, who was in his room over head, noted the change, and throwing back the trapdoor dropped onto the platform between the contending parties, and stopped the strife like one dropped from heaven. This was almost a legitimate part of his professional duty. It was expected of him both physically and morally to secure peace.

Physique

Mr. Lincoln had a good physique, and I am glad of it, for I believe as much in a man's body as in his brains, and in a great many cases a great deal more, because there is a great deal more of it to believe in. He grew and grew and grew, till he was six feet four inches tall, had his full altitude at sixteen, was wrinkled from his youth up, had the saddest face you ever saw. He had large, nearly regular features, when in repose dull, but when he started after an idea or after an antagonist he illumined the whole front of the building. There was no doubt about its being occupied then.

Dress

He dressed in a manner better adapted to the frontier than to his personal architecture. He

stuck through his pants seventeen inches. His pants were made tight about the ankle, ragged and bagging at the knee. He wore a hickory shirt, and on his big head a coonskin cap, and nothing on his "trilbies."

Personal appearance

It is said that once coming over a spur of the mountains Lincoln met an ugly-looking trapper. When the trapper looked him over he leveled his rifle at him. Mr. Lincoln said, "Hold on there, stranger, what is the matter with you?" The trapper said, "I took a solemn oath upon the grave of my mother that if I ever saw a man homelier than I am I would shoot him." Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, stranger, if I am homelier than you are I reckon you had better shoot."

He is described when trying to get his boat off from a dam where it had lodged as "wading around in the water with his pants rolled up five feet high," and I believe it. Perhaps two of the feet were his natural feet!

I am glad he was not a pretty man. If there is anything that I think less of than I do of a yellow dog it is a pretty man. His rugged features, however, would so impress thoughtful people with insight into his character that they would consider him above the average in comeliness. Mrs. Joshua F. Speed, of Louisville, made a comment on Lincoln's looks. Joshua F. Speed was the young man who took Mr. Lincoln into his room at the

back end of his store when Lincoln was too poor to pay office rent, and he was Lincoln's constant and lifelong friend. He was urged by Lincoln to take a place in the first Cabinet, but declined the honor. His brother James was put into the second Cabinet by Mr. Lincoln as a sort of compromise with Joshua F. Mrs. Speed told me once she thought Mr. Lincoln was the handsomest man she ever saw.

Strength

What Mr. Lincoln lacked in personal beauty was made up to him by nature in almost preternatural strength—strength matured in the hard struggle of the frontier. He split four hundred rails for Mrs. Nancy Miller for every yard of brown jean, "dyed with walnut bark," needed to make a pair of trousers. When he was twenty-five, that is, in 1834, he got his first good suit of clothes—"store clothes." He could sink an ax in wood farther than any other man at the frontier. Private Knight, who was bodyguard to see that Lincoln got to the War Department and home again in safety, says that once Mr. Lincoln picked up an ax and extended it by the end of the handle and asked him if he could do the same. When he tried it Lincoln said, "Hold on there, Private, tote fair." He could lift a barrel of whisky by the chines high enough to drink out of the bung-hole, *but he never drank.* This preternatural strength did for him several things. It made him

chieftain yonder in the wilderness. It enabled him to carry for four years before the wondering eyes of mankind the heaviest burden ever packed upon man or camel. It enabled him to work with abilities unwearied, at the top of his condition, for twice the average hours of the average workingman at the numberless questions of the nation's life. It gave him the most perfect mastery of the multiplied details in every department of the government's interests, and made him the best ultimate judge on all the great problems of the nation's destiny.

Environment

Mr. Lincoln must be judged and measured in his environment. In a republic the Supreme Court, the place of final appeal, is public opinion. This is the power back of all law, and back of all constitutions, and back of all civilizations. This is the power that rises in shadowy outline, but in vast proportions and armed with resistless energies, before which the most ancient thrones melt like toys of wax, in whose breath hoary institutions vanish like a baby's dreams, at whose touch the most sacred forms of religious service wither like wreathes of leaves, and the deepest convictions of religious purpose fade like the breath of the running hound in the morning air. If there is any power on earth that can contend with God for the throne of the world, that power is public opinion. Mr. Lincoln said, "Public opinion is everything.

He who molds public opinion goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He enables statutes and decisions to be executed."

Conditions in Illinois

Illinois was a free State. A colored man cried, "Hot pies!" A soldier bought one, put his teeth down onto a frozen pie. He said, "You black scamp, did you not say, 'Hot pies'?" "Yes, I did, boss, but that is only the *name* of them." So that when I say Illinois was a free State, remember that is only the *name* of it. I will tell you what kind of a free State we were. In the thirties we covered our books of legislation with the infamous "Black Laws." Free colored people were imprisoned or scourged from the State. Governor Coles, from Virginia, was indicted and fined for settling his freed slaves on farms about him. The State made the holding of antislavery views an indictable crime. The Inquisition never did worse. Mr. Lincoln, then, in 1837, a member of the Legislature, could find but one man in the Legislature, Dan Stone, who would join with him in a mild protest against such outrageous enactments.

Feeling of the South

Then there was the South, a large part of this problem. I am not here to abuse the South. It would be cowardly on this platform. I can find you platforms where it would not be healthy. I have my even share of the spirit of the sixties. But since I have seen the grandson of General Grant and the grandnephew of General Lee

marching side by side under the flag against a common enemy, I wipe the old slate clean. The spirit of '61 was unique in history. John A. Logan got Mr. Lincoln's consent to go South and see if he could not persuade Jefferson Davis out of secession. Mr. Davis received Mr. Logan politely as an old party friend. Mr. Logan presented his argument. Mr. Davis shook his head. Mr. Logan said, "Tell us what will satisfy you; we will take it to our friends in the North; we think we can carry the country on it; we cannot have secession." Mr. Davis said, "Mr. Logan, only one thing will satisfy us, and that is the unquestioned recognition of the Confederacy." Mr. Logan said, "Jefferson Davis, this means war. The next time you see me will be at the head of loyal legions trying to butcher you rebels."

Some one asked Floyd what would satisfy them. He said, "Sign a blank sheet of paper and let us fill it out and we will spit on it." It is no wonder that Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural address represented him as a man on his knees beseeching men not to commit hara-kiri, rather than as a ruler of a great people demanding obedience to the Constitution and the laws.

Increase in slave States

In the forties came the Mexican War, conceived in sin and born in iniquity. Frederick the Great, once about to declare war, asked his secretary to write the proclamation. The secretary began,

"Whereas in the Providence of God"—this, that, and the other. Frederick said, "Stop that lying; simply say, 'Frederick wants some more land.'" The core of the Mexican War was this—we wanted another tier of slave States and we meant to have it. Illinois led the gang for the Mexican War. The President sent a message to Congress saying, "The Mexicans have invaded our soil and massacred our citizens."

Mr. Lincoln, then in Congress, introduced the famous "Spot Resolutions," in which he asked the President to specify the spot where these outrages were perpetrated. There was no such spot. I refer to these items chiefly to indicate that while some of us thought Mr. Lincoln was almost pro-slavery, he was so slow, yet he was leagues and leagues in advance of the people he represented.

Conservatism of the North

As late as 1863, when the Proclamation of Emancipation came, nearly every soldier in some regiments, and some soldiers in every regiment, said, "If I had known that this war was to free the nigger I never would have enlisted." Mr. Lincoln was on the advance line. He was at headquarters and saw the whole field. He saw that we must hold the border States at all costs. If Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri had gone into the Confederacy it would have thrown the line of battle one tier of States farther north. It would have made the Confederacy so large that we could not

have worn them out. Holding the border was a question of life and death. There was a great host of voters who went with that magnificent prince, Charles Sumner, who were hardly willing to save the Union with slavery. There was another great host of voters who went with that great statesman, William H. Seward, who would save the Union without reference to slavery. There was another great host of voters who went with "the Little Giant," Douglas, of Illinois, who would hardly save the Union without slavery. All these blooded, spirited horses were running around in the great ring of the North at the top of their speed in all possible directions, and Mr. Lincoln had to ride them all at once. And he did it. All of this entered into the problem which Mr. Lincoln had to solve.

The South aggressive

The South was sensitive and aggressive. By aggressive I mean they furnished men for nearly every place of emolument and power. Virginia was called "The Mother of Presidents." We of the North were mudsills. The short of the case is this: we, the North, saddled ourselves and asked the South to get on and ride, and the South got on and rode. They despised and ridiculed.

The South sensitive

The South was sensitive as well as aggressive. Let me show you. There was a little sheet known as "The Liberator." It was some larger than my two hands, possibly as large as yours. It was

published by a then unknown man by the name of William Lloyd Garrison, in a town on our North Atlantic seacoast, known on the old maps by the name of Boston. The Governor of each slave State demanded its suppression. The Legislature of Georgia, in December, 1831, offered five thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of this man Garrison and his delivery upon the soil of Georgia. The Mayor of Boston made reply, and in it he said, "Neither I nor any member of my city government, nor any friend of any member of my city government, had ever heard of this man Garrison, or had ever seen a copy of this paper; but upon extended and careful inquiry I do find that such a sheet is published in a sort of hole, where the man has for an assistant one little negro and for supporters a few people of every color and of no reputation." This little, obscure, insignificant, contemptible sheet made the great warlike South foam at the mouth. I say the South was sensitive. This entered into the problem Mr. Lincoln had to solve.

Journey to Washington

Mr. Lincoln's journey to Washington was not free from peril. Pinkerton's detectives, disguised as railroad hands, were busy night and day whitewashing the railroad bridges and cleaning out the cattle passes.

The 22d day of February, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, in the year 1861,

Mr. Lincoln stepped out of the side door of the Governor's Mansion in Harrisburg and was slipped into a closed carriage, with one companion, and driven rapidly down to where Second Street intersects the Central Pennsylvania Railroad, and there, with every train between Harrisburg and Philadelphia removed from the track and every telegraph line coming into Harrisburg disconnected, he was put into a car, hurried over to Philadelphia, from where he caught the midnight train from New York for Washington, was slipped into a sleeping car with that solitary companion, and unrecognized made his way through the bands of marauders that had taken a solemn oath never to eat till they had killed Lincoln. At six o'clock on the morning of the 23d of February he stepped out of that sleeping car into the streets of Washington, to be welcomed as President-elect of the United States by only two men, William H. Seward, of New York, and E. B. Washburn, of Illinois. Did ever a man before by so simple a process step into the gaze, and into the wonder, and into the admiration of mankind? But Mr. Lincoln was in Washington, and beneath his feet was the solid rock of the government; but before the fourth of March following that solid rock turned to shifting sand.

Mr. Lincoln found himself alone in Washington. Let me show you. The navy of the United States

Alone in midst of national difficulties

then consisted of only ninety wooden vessels. Forty-five of these were in such condition that if they had been untied from the dock they would have sunk like bullets. The other forty-five that could float were sent away to the Indian Ocean or to the Chinese Sea, or tied up under Southern forts by what was known as the "Buchanan-Pickens Compact." Pickens was the Governor of South Carolina. There remained only four vessels with which Mr. Lincoln was expected to defend thousands of miles of sea front. The army of the United States was marched down into the center of Texas or onto the border of Mexico under commissioned officers sworn to hand the soldiers over to the State authorities. Be it said to the everlasting honor of the common soldiers that with their naked bayonets they made their way back to the national service, and not one ever turned his back on the flag. The treasury of the United States was worse scuttled than the navy and worse scattered than the army. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the treasury, undertook to make a loan of only ten million dollars. He dickered for weeks and weeks with the capitalists and finally succeeded in placing five million dollars at twelve per cent. He stuck fast in the middle of the loan, could not get another dollar. The credit of the Union was gone. The sinews of war were cut. Mr. Lincoln found himself *alone* in Washington,

without a navy, without an army, without munitions, and without experienced advisers. They came down from the Bench of the Supreme Court. They came out of the Cabinet of the President. They poured out of the Senate. They rushed out of the lower House. They swarmed out of every office in Washington. Crazed with the delirium of treason, they rushed toward Richmond and Montgomery, where the Southern Confederacy was formally organized. They came out of the army of the United States; men trained at the expense of the government and honored and trusted by the government, went South, plunging into the rebellion. There remained true to the government only one eminent officer of that date; that was old General Scott, and he was so old that he could not mount a horse. Something ailed his spinal column, for he actually said, "I would say, 'Erring sisters, go in peace.'" Not much fight about that for a major-general who is to suppress a rapidly spreading revolt. But this must be said to the honor of the old hero: while he gave his heart to Virginia, he never turned his back upon the flag. Mr. Lincoln found himself alone in Washington without experienced advisers.

Final authority on all questions

All the questions came back to Mr. Lincoln for settlement. He was the final authority. When the first inaugural address appeared a great many people over the North said, "William H. Seward!"

But Jerry Black, who was the brains and the political badness of Buchanan's Cabinet, the man who advised the Cabinet that it was "not competent for the general government to coerce a sovereign State"—Black, with his superb intellectual ability, read that address and said to his friends, "Gentlemen, we have underrated the man from Illinois. There is only one man in America that can write that document, and that is not William H. Seward. We shall find Mr. Lincoln the brainiest man on the continent." And we did.

The questions multiplied with every hour, and all came back to Mr. Lincoln to be answered. Who could settle the relations between the general government and a sovereign State? It was not state rights, but state sovereignty, which was protected by the Constitution of 1787. We had had but one speech on the subject, and that by Daniel Webster in 1830. Who could define the relations between that judge with the ermine of the Supreme Court about his shoulders, and that little corporal with half a dozen bayonets behind him? That corporal could put that judge in the guardhouse. We did not know it; we had it all to learn. Who could tell what should be done with that fugitive slave fleeing from a rebellious master, under the Fugitive Slave Laws still in force? Ben Butler had not yet invented the convenient term "contra-

band of war." The questions all came back to Mr. Lincoln. He had to create and organize armies, to appoint and promote officers, to dictate and secure the enactment of appropriate legislation, do much that in time of peace would have been done by the courts. All the questions came back to Mr. Lincoln. He had to settle them in the wildest rush of unprecedented events. With the cotton States in open revolt, with Virginia violently treacherous, Maryland whirling in the maelstrom threatening secession, the border States all threatening treason, with Baltimore blocking the passage of Union troops, with all telegraphic and railroad connections with the North severed, far away from his friends in the North, without an army, without munitions, without money, without credit, with a rapidly growing rebel army within cannonshot of the Capitol forbearing to enter and seize it, restrained perhaps only by Almighty God —thus environed, standing alone on that shifting point of sand, with all the great questions, new, imperative, vital, pressing upon his mind, and the destiny of the Republic, the last possible experiment of popular government, in his arms,with the horrors of a long civil war upon his ever sad heart, with a Cabinet strangers to him, and with the great governments of the Old World so anxious to destroy the Republic that England rushed forward to give the rebellion a standing as a belligerent

even before the Confederacy had shed a drop of blood or won a victory or had a way out to the sea—thus crowded on every side, standing on that shifting point of sand, compelled to answer all questions, when he could not afford a single blunder, Mr. Lincoln stood alone with his faith in God and in the people and in liberty and in the future. It was in answering these questions in this school of destiny, in the postgraduate course of events, that Mr. Lincoln grew to his massive intellectual greatness.

His growth

He grew up to these great duties by a steady, marvelous, lifelong growth. At the end of his first decade in an Indiana frontier forest, with ax in hand, he was taking his first course in chopping down a forest and in building up a great physique. At the end of his second decade he had taken his first journey of a thousand miles to New Orleans, had had his first contact with the great world, marketing his flatboat load of produce, and had taken his first oath to strike slavery. At the end of the third decade he had won local fame and confidence as merchant, postmaster, deputy county surveyor, captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War, and three terms of service in the Legislature of the State of Illinois. At the end of the fourth decade he had served one term in the Congress of the United States, and had advanced to the popular rank of party leader, so that he could afford to

decline the governorship of Oregon. At the end of the fifth decade he had made a national reputation as a great lawyer and had achieved imperishable fame as the master in the joint debate with Douglas, the most distinguished political debate of record.

Magnitude of the war

We must believe in his supreme greatness for his very work's sake. The war was an enormous undertaking. Its cost appalls us. Its figures eclipse all the figures of the great historic wars and stagger the comprehension of the human mind. Two million six hundred thousand Union soldiers surrounded, drove in, wore out, killed, wounded, or captured one million five hundred thousand Confederate soldiers. It cost six hundred and ten thousand lives, and more than ten billions of money, a vast hecatomb offered on the altar of liberty. So well pleased was God with the sacrifice that he paid it back in the decade in population more than one thousand per cent for the loss and in money nearly one hundred per cent for the outlay. He advanced our population from thirty-one millions to thirty-eight millions, and our wealth from sixteen billions to thirty, in that bloody decade.

Mr. Lincoln made no mistake when he said, "The contract awarded to me on the 6th of November, 1860, was a big job." He was sent out to kill the dragon in the sea of American politics, the

serpent that ambushed beneath the drooping boughs of the palmetto tree.

"To kill twice dead that horrid snake
And off his scaly skin to take,
And through his head to drive a stake,
And every bone within him break,
And of his flesh mincemeat to make;
To burn, to sear, to boil, to bake,
Then in a heap the whole to rake,
And over it the besom shake,
And sink it fathoms in the lake,
Whence after all quite wide awake
Comes back again that same old snake."

A big job

To make a finality of this snake was "a big job." We need not be surprised if the tail wiggles for a century. It was a big job. Let us emphasize it. Mr. Beecher did us a great service in the early days of the war talking on our side. Talking in Exeter Hall, crowded to its utmost capacity, he was hooted by the crowd. That people that gave their sympathies to the South and not to us yelled at him, "Why don't you put down the rebellion in sixty days, as you said you would?" Mr. Beecher, at the top of his condition, yelled back at them, "Because we are fighting Americans and not British!"—the best fighting blood known to history, Anglo-Saxon Americans; more millions than were ever in revolt before in known history, and the interests of the last experiment of a free

government, "of the people, by the people, and for the people," at stake. All things counted in, it is by all odds and far away the biggest job ever given to one man. Mr. Lincoln must be measured by what he did. To-day the *hindsight* of the civilized world harmonizes with his *foresight.* In rearing the colossal structure of a regenerated free government he had a *vast amount of raw material,* and had God to help him. He had a huge patriotic mob, extending from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes, and from Maine to Minnesota, a mob that knew nothing about war but its pluck, nothing about fighting but its heroism. The people were like the old woman I once knew in Lynn, Massachusetts, who said, "My son Ike has gone to be a soldier. He is down at Molasses Junction on McClellan's hindquarters and has been promoted; he is either a gener*all* or a corpor*all,* I don't know which, but he is fighting for his country." That is all we knew about war. I drilled a company; yet when I began I did not know the difference between a lieutenant and a lieutenant-colonel. But I knew more than the men did, for I drilled them. Mr. Lincoln had this great patriotic mob behind him and had to mold it with his touch, and inspire it with his breath. Think of a builder turned into a wild, raw continent and ordered to build a royal city, yet left without tools, only furnished with plenty of raw materials, of stone in the quarries,

Raw materials

Without tools

and of minerals in the mines, and of woods in the forests. Such a man must have vast abilities, every sort of gift and practical knowledge and skill, must embody in himself all the abilities of a complicated civilization. That is the case of Mr. Lincoln standing on that crumbling point of sand with abundant materials but without tools, ordered to create a continental city for the home of Liberty. He had to embody in himself all abilities; to harmonize Cabinet secretaries and dictate their policies, to readjust national and state relations, to combine military and civil authorities, to dictate decisions of international law for all the great courts of the world, and so dictate them that each decision would command the approval of all the Great Powers not personally involved, and so hold those personally interested in the grip of his purpose that they would accept the order; not least of all he had to decide the fate of every bounty jumper, deserter, or sleeping sentinel, and he had to stand daily by the hour in the Beggar's Court, to hear the petitions of the poor and friendless, who found in him the only man great enough to feel and understand all their wants. Surely this is a big worker at "a big job."

Gentleness and strength

He wrought among us with such silent majesty of purpose and such gentle and pitying manner that we hardly knew that he was at work at all. He seemed resting or playing, just as he did at

City Point when he took up a young kitten belonging to General Grant and gently opened its eyes, but we knew what problem was on his great heart when he said, "Little kitten, I wish I could open the eyes of more of my blinded countrymen as easily as I have opened yours." So quietly did he stretch himself to his vast undertaking that he seemed like one taking his rest; yet he took up this continent by its edges, its rim, and shook it till our lakes boiled and our rivers gurgled like opened arteries—shook it till he shook the vulture out of our eagle, the fear out of our citizens, and the bondman out of his chains. In a single administration he lifted us through the growth of ten centuries.

Proposed Constitutional amendment reversed

When Mr. Lincoln came into the government he found an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, signed by Buchanan, and he indorsed it in his inaugural address. It was adopted by the necessary two thirds of the Senate and more than two thirds of the House, making most sweeping guaranties to slavery—"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress the power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State." Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, sent this to the States. If the South had accepted this, it would

have been the Thirteenth Amendment, but when Mr. Lincoln had landed the nation on the shores of honorable peace and upon the solid rock of universal freedom, and had folded his arms in final peace, there had passed the Senate and House at his earnest solicitation, by the necessary two-thirds vote, another amendment to be known forever as the "Thirteenth Amendment," by which "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." From the constitutional establishment and protection of slavery to the constitutional and perpetual prohibition of slavery is a march of a thousand years. Mr. Lincoln took us up in his strong arms and in one quadrennium swung us through the circle of ten centuries.

Analysis of his character

Let us analyze Mr. Lincoln if we are able. This task is difficult on account of his symmetry. He was so much like a sphere that he projected farthest in every direction. His comprehension is to us impossible on account of his immensity, for a man can be comprehended only by his peers. The beginning of his greatness is to be found in the way God Almighty mixed the mud out of which he was made. He was not made out of any fool mud. See how he handled himself when a proposition was presented. He always asked

first, "Is it right?" The beginning of his greatness was down in his *moral sense.* His moral sense manifested itself in absolute truthfulness. It gave him moral uprightness. It kept him unseduced by the temptations of his profession, untainted by the corruption of politics, unblamable in public administration. It covered him like a mantle of light and purity let fall upon him from the worlds out of sight. Guided by an invisible hand, like a bird of passage, he moved ever toward his unseen destiny. Supported by the Infinite, he came calmly to the people, confident of the ultimate triumph of the right. This made him hopeful in the darkness and steady in the light. Moral sense

The next element in his make-up was his *reason.* He was not an intuitive man, if there be any such. By an intuitive man I mean one who jumps at a conclusion and sticks to it right or wrong. By an intuitive man I mean a man who in religious matters has a private wire. Did you not know that you can never argue with a man with a private wire? He always has the last word from headquarters and can down you every time. He runs his private wire up to the summit of his egotism, and it is so long that he thinks that he is talking with God, but he is not. Mr. Lincoln was not that kind. He was a reasoning man. He tested his premises as best he could, put his foot forward upon them, then cautiously straightened up *to stay.* Reason

This made him slow, but it made him what Mr. Gough called "awful sot." I remember a bright preacher who prayed the Lord to give Mr. Lincoln backbone, when he had the stiffest old spinal column that ever stood perpendicular to the earth's surface.

Common sense

The next element in his make-up was his *common sense*, the most uncommon thing to be found among men. Early in the war Mr. Cameron was removed from being Secretary of War and Mr. Edwin M. Stanton was put in his place. Immediately a caucus of Republican senators and congressmen was called, and by a nearly or quite unanimous vote decided that it was the duty of the President to remove all the other members of the Cabinet, to make a clean sweep of the Cabinet. They appointed a committee, with Charles Sumner at its head, to wait upon the President and tell him their decision. Mr. Lincoln heard Senator Sumner through, then said, "Senator Sumner, I think I had better tell you about an old friend of mine, a farmer out in Illinois. His wife had a great flock of chickens. Every night some of those chickens would vanish. His wife said to him, 'William, you take the gun and go out and kill whoever or whatever it is that is destroying those chickens.' He took the gun and went out; after a while he returned and said, 'Wife, I have killed *one* of them, but there are six more.' She said,

'William, go right back and kill the other six.' He said, 'Wife, I have tried to be a good husband to you. I have always done everything you wanted me to do. I have killed one of them, but I will not kill the other six; if killing this one has made such an awful stench it will kill this whole community if I kill the other six.' " Charles Sumner whirled round, mad as a March hare, and went out of the White House, the committee at his heels. Out on the sidewalk in front of the White House Sumner turned round and said to old Thaddeus Stevens, "Mr. Stevens, don't you think it is an outrage that when a committee of Republican senators and congressmen wait upon this man to tell him what they think ought to be done in a critical time like this, that committee should be dismissed with a story about a lot of polecats?" Mr. Stevens stood with his hands on his sides laughing so he could not speak. Finally he said, "Senator Sumner, I have no doubt that seen from the standpoint of your Boston culture it is a grievous offense, but I tell you there is an almighty sight of common sense in what 'Old Abe' says, and that is what we want just now."

These three, his moral sense, his reason, and his common sense, were the three fixed points through which the great circle of his majestic character was drawn. Had he lacked either of these he would have failed, and we would have been buried

beneath the ruins of the Republic. Without the first he would have been a villain; without the second he would have been a fool; without the third he would have been a dreamer; with them all he was *Abraham Lincoln.*

His stories

Take a glance at Mr. Lincoln's parables. I have in my library several volumes of Lincoln's Stories, and Stories of Lincoln. Very good reading, a little at a time. But I will venture that Mr. Lincoln never heard of one in ten of those stories, though he did tell a good many stories. When he had been in the White House about six weeks a man from central Illinois, a Mr. Wilson, an old friend of Lincoln's, came into the White House and said, "Mr. Lincoln, you are disgracing the nation with your pothouse stories." Mr. Lincoln straightened himself to his full altitude and said, "You have no right to speak to me thus. But for my office I would whip you in a minute. Get out of my presence!" Mr. Wilson went. Three days afterward Mr. Lincoln sent the name of this identical Wilson in to the Senate, as third auditor of the treasury. Soon a man ran over to the White House and said, "Mr. Lincoln, do you know what this man Wilson is saying about you? He is telling how he told you of your pothouse stories and you drove him from the White House." Mr. Lincoln asked, "What has that to do with it? I know that Mr. Wilson is an honest and an intelligent

man, and that is the kind I want for that office."

He told a story one day in a meeting of the Cabinet during the dark times. One of the Secretaries sniveled out, "I don't see, President Lincoln, how you can tell a story in such a time as this." Mr. Lincoln, looking at the Secretary, said, "Mr. Secretary, I have no manner of doubt that I carry this thing many times heavier than all of you put together. But for these stories I would die." These stories were a sort of vent giving a little relief to his ever sad and overburdened heart.

His stories were embodiments of moral and political science, parables, keeping the common people and the administration together. But you cannot measure Mr. Lincoln by his stories any more than you can measure one of our North Atlantic greyhounds by the foam around its prow.

Let us look at some of the indications of his massive intellectual greatness. The first that caught the public eye and the public ear was Mr. Lincoln's ability as a speaker.

As a speaker

Mr. Lincoln was great as a speaker. As a speaker he stands at the forefront, with no man of record in advance of him. He was about halfway between the rounded periods of Daniel Webster and the crisp, sharp utterances of modern newspaper editorials.

As a stump speaker he was by all odds the greatest the world ever saw. He could put the extinguisher on an antagonist in thirty-one seconds. Talking, over in Illinois, with a lawyer, who had great prodigality of language and great parsimony of truth, Mr. Lincoln answered him by saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, you must not blame this man for what has been going on. He knows nothing about it. He is just like a little steamboat that used to go snorting and cavorting up and down the Sangamon River. It had a boiler five feet long and a whistle twelve feet long. Every time it whistled it stopped. So it is with this gentleman. He seems to be a man of integrity when he keeps his mouth shut, but when he opens his mouth he shuts his intellect. He knows nothing of what has been going on. You must not blame him." Mr. Lincoln was the perfect master of all the tricks of the stump speaker. But in his great speeches, upon which his fame safely rests, there is not the slightest indication of this ability. There are traditions among the old lawyers and political leaders of Illinois of occasional deliverances that were resistless in their power and overwhelming in their effects. He went to the meeting in Bloomington, Illinois, May 29, 1858, where the Republican Party of Illinois was organized. His friends besought him not to waste himself. They followed him into the coach and

pleaded with him. It did not avail. He was under the orders of a solid moral conviction. He believed he had come to the parting of the ways. With the spirit of a martyr he followed duty. He went, and his speech was above description. At one time he appealed to the friends of Henry Clay and warned them against the insincerity of men clinging to dead issues, who tried to resuscitate their political corpse by casting it into the grave of Clay, that his bones might galvanize it into life. So powerful were his paragraphs that the audience, lawyers, judges, politicians, the entire audience in tears, shouting their approval, sprang to their feet and upon the seats and desks, lifted by the spell of the great soul that swayed and swept everything before him. An old judge of highest character, who was present, told me of this years after. He said, "I never heard such speaking before. I shall never hear it again. I found myself standing on the top of my desk lifted by the moral and heroic sublimity of his utterances. He seemed to embody all the great issues of the coming conflict, and with the devotion of a martyr he put the conviction upon us. I could not sleep that night. I walked my room till morning."

First great speech

His first great speech of record was at the State Fair, in Springville, Illinois, October 4, 1854. Douglas had just returned from Washington after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The

Missouri Compromise was enacted in 1820, consecrating the Territories to freedom. Douglas had secured its repeal, opening the Territories to slavery. He came home to make his peace with an irritated constituency. Mr. Douglas was a great debater. I have heard him debate by the half day. He said things that I knew were out of harmony with the facts, yet he would state them with such a show of logic and such a display of conviction that he would make you believe them almost in spite of yourself. He was a great debater. I think Mr. Douglas was the greatest man in the great Democratic Party of that time. For three hours he pounded away at his defense. When he had finished the crowd called out Mr. Lincoln, who was present. Mr. Lincoln answered him. Herndon, Lincoln's old law partner, says, "Mr. Lincoln demonstrated that he had not lounged about the libraries of the Capitol in vain. It was not the old Lincoln, the pride and pet of Sangamon County. It was a newer and greater Lincoln, that no man there had ever seen or heard, but seeing and hearing could never forget." Herndon says, "The Nebraska Bill and Mr. Douglas's argument were shivered like an oak by a thunderbolt, torn and rent by hot bolts of truths." Mr. Douglas was utterly discomfited, and made but brief and feeble reply. From that day Mr. Lincoln was the great speaker, debater, orator, upon whom the new

party relied and to whom all eyes turned for monumental occasions.

Where will you find a more telling speech than his great speech of June, 1858, known as the "House Divided Against Itself" speech? He startled the nation with that ringing prophecy, "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free."

Lincoln-Douglas debate

It was trite in the sixties to praise the Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858. It was the meeting of two seas, the sea of the dark ages and the sea of the new ages. It was the conflict of two great civilizations, the civilization of caste and aristocracy founded on wrong and on human slavery, and the civilization of manhood and freedom founded on the discovery of the individual man. The champions were the greatest debaters and platform speakers two systems had produced, the Rail-Splitter, Lincoln, and the Little Giant, Douglas. It is above comparison with any political debate known to history in the systems they represented, in the champions pushed to the front, in the principles underlying the contest, in the ability with which it was conducted, and in the consequences flowing out of it. Mr. Lincoln's triumphs in this great encounter, even had he rendered no other service to his age, would have secured to him imperishable honors at the judgment bar of mankind, and would have

justified his living at the judgment bar of God.

Cooper Institute speech

Perhaps his greatest and most decisive speech was his Cooper Institute speech of February 27, 1860. He was in a new field, surrounded by the chieftains of the coming party. There sat William H. Seward, with a nose like a Mohawk warrior; there sat Horace Greeley, with his old white hat; there in the chair sat Thurlow Weed, the greatest Roman of them all. It was the one opportunity of a lifetime, and Mr. Lincoln was equal to it. He rose to the occasion, as he always did. There were none of the arts of the stump speaker. It was a great, statesmanlike handling of the nation's life. It was like a plea before the Supreme Court. It candidly embodied all the facts of the situation in simple Saxon. It lifted the new party above the misrepresentation of his adversaries and joined it indissolubly with the principles and administration of Washington. It opened a consistent, easy way for every patriot to come to its support. It abused no one. It dealt with principles. For two hours that audience smiled, approved, cheered, gave themselves to the new party and their hearts to the new speaker. Nearly all the great dailies printed it in full. The Tribune said, "No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience." It was struck off as a campaign document. They appointed a

committee of scholars to test its accuracy. The committee declared "as almost incredible the accuracy of his statements and the wide extent of his knowledge." From the first line to the last he travels with a swift, unerring directness, which no logician ever excelled. This speech crystallized the issues floating in the public mind, typed the Union Party, furnished it with a platform and candidate, gave it victory at the polls, a spirit and an administration for four years of terror and struggle for national existence. Measured by the severest tests of a great speech, by the use of simple Saxon, by the beauty of its rhetoric, by the grip of its logic, by the breadth of its historical illustrations, by the range of its research, by its freedom from scholastic pretensions, by its brotherly, conciliatory, yet unflinching treatment of its adversaries, by its wise admonitions to its friends, by its manly avowal of the power of the right, by its reverential acknowledgment of God, by the vast results it achieved—by all these great elements that make a great speech, it is equal to any speech recorded in any language. There is but one speech of record worthy to be placed by the side of it, and that is Daniel Webster's greatest speech, his reply to Hayne, of South Carolina.

I do not wonder that the Professor of Rhetoric of New York College followed him night after night and from place to place, that he might

lecture on the greatest speeches he ever heard, and discover if possible the secret of this great power.

Gettysburg speech

If anything more is needed to give Mr. Lincoln a place with the greatest speakers, then take that matchless speech at Gettysburg, which will live as long as the English language. The most polished orator of New England, Edward Everett, with months for preparation and the nation's dead around him for inspiration, delivered one of his greatest orations for two hours. When he had ended Mr. Lincoln delivered that brief speech, and when *he* had ended Mr. Everett ran up to him in great excitement and said, "I would gladly give you my two hours for your twenty sentences"; and well he might, for those twenty sentences would carry him as a matchless orator for twenty centuries. All men will feel the deep thrill of the simple justice of his words: "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that govern-

ment of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." None but the clearest and greatest mind could have projected such utterances. They would hardly shock us as a part of the Sermon on the Mount. It touched the heart of the nation like the benediction after prayer. The University of London, seeking specimens of perfect English to be studied by her pupils, has taken from this side of the Atlantic but one specimen, and that is Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. Mr. Lincoln was great as a speaker.

Proverbs

It would not be difficult to add another chapter to the Book of Proverbs, made of the sentences dropped from Mr. Lincoln's lips in the experiences of life, such as, "In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free"; and again, "This struggle of to-day is for a vast future also." Again, "We are making history rapidly"; again, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong"; and again, "I do not understand that because I do not want a negro woman for a slave I must necessarily want her for a wife." Many of his argumentative illustrations are like Æsop's fables. In his Cooper Institute speech he says to the South, "You say you will not abide the election of a Republican President, you will destroy the Union; and then you say the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us. That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear, and mutters through his

teeth, 'Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you and then you will be a murderer.' "

Readiness for any emergency

We encountered a mind equal to any emergency and incapable of surprise. A committee of gentlemen, Rev. Dr. Patton and Rev. Dr. Dempster, were appointed by a great abolition and war meeting held in Bryan Hall in Chicago to wait upon him and urge the emancipation of slaves. It was long before the border States were ready for such treatment. Mr. Lincoln received them cordially, gave them seats, sat down in front of them, put one leg over the other, hooked the toe around in behind the calf of the permanent leg, folded his arms in his lap, and said, "Well, gentlemen, you are turned on." One of them said, "Mr. Lincoln, God has sent us here to tell you that you must emancipate the slaves." Mr. Lincoln tipped his head a little and with a twinkle in his eyes said, "Well, that is real queer, isn't it? I thought I was running this thing. If God has anything to say I should think he would say it to me, wouldn't he, instead of going off to that wicked city to tell you about it?"

State papers

Mr. Lincoln was great in his state papers. No man ever wrote as many state papers in the White House as Mr. Lincoln. All the questions were up. He was pursued by the most malignant enemies determined to rend every sentence and syllable for weapons with which to wound the Republic.

He could not afford to extemporize blunders. The brief speeches which were delivered from the windows of the White House when he was serenaded were carefully written and read. They are in the archives. Let me pull out two or three documents from the archives.

When they had been in office about three weeks Secretary Seward came into the Cabinet and said, "President Lincoln, I have prepared a circular letter which I am going to send to our Ministers abroad." Mr. Seward did not know the Rail-Splitter. He had really not had fair opportunity to know him. Seward was widely educated in public matters. He had been Governor and Senator of the Empire State. His speeches were the classics of the Empire State. You will search widely and carefully before you find a greater speech than his oration on Dan O'Connell. Mr. Lincoln chose him on account of his wide experience in public matters to manage the difficult and delicate matters of diplomacy. But Mr. Lincoln took the breath out of him, saying, "Secretary Seward, I will see the letter, if you please." Mr. Seward was surprised, but he was a gentleman. He knew that Mr. Lincoln was responsible for the policy and ought to see the letter, and he handed it to him. I have carefully compared the letter handed by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward with the one handed by Mr. Seward to Mr. Lincoln. "Scratch out

Corrected Seward's writings

that," "Don't say that," "Change that," "Put in that," all the way from top to bottom. As you go down through the letter it rises in dignity and power till it is more than a hundred per cent greater than it was when it came from the hand of Secretary Seward. All the claws were taken out of it. There was nothing left in it to scratch the British lion, and the British lion was itching all over to be scratched. Lord Russell was looking everywhere for causes for war. But he could not find them in this letter. He did find in this letter a man, six feet four inches tall, standing straight up on his two feet, with his two hands open by his two sides, looking straight out of his two eyes into the two eyes of the British lion, and he *felt* that that man could in the sixteen-millionth part of a second shut up those two hands and knock shut those two eyes. But there were no threats. It was a plain, candid statement, such as one honest man would make to another honest man. Secretary Seward took the letter and read it carefully. Then he turned round and looked at the Rail-Splitter. Then he turned back and re-read the letter with care. Then he turned round and looked again at the Rail-Splitter. Then he said, "President Lincoln, this is a very great state paper." I say it took a very great man to say that under the conditions; for most of us expected Mr. Seward to be President instead of Mr. Lincoln.

Even in the difficult and delicate business of diplomacy the Rail-Splitter from the Sangamon Bottom was the teacher of the Sage of Auburn.

Inaugural address

I will take another state paper, the second inaugural address. I remember just where I stood when I first read it—on the steps of the old First Methodist Episcopal Church on the corner of Clark and Washington Streets, Chicago, Illinois, that city of patriots. I read through that short and most wonderful paper with a sense of awe, as if standing in the presence of God's prophet. There is less of human nature in it than in any other document I ever read outside the Book of God. Though the rebellion was galloping to its grave, Mr. Lincoln simply says, "With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured." This was as modest as Grant's promises about Vicksburg, the first dispatch being sent from inside the walls of Vicksburg. Lincoln's first inaugural was conciliatory toward the South, the second was charitable and apologetic for the South. Touching the situation of four years before he said, "One party was devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, the other seeking to destroy it without war. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish." This puts the whole case. "Each looked for an easier triumph, and a

result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged."

A little further down I struck the inspired utterance, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fiftyy ears of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

When I read this I trembled and said, "This sounds like Elijah."

Then I read on: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." Marvelous revelation! Inspired utterance! No wonder the

French Minister said, "No such document as that ever before came to the French Court."

Proclamation of Emancipation

I will take but one other document, the Proclamation of Emancipation. This reaches the center of the struggle. Mr. Lincoln had sworn to maintain the Constitution and laws. He could not violate his oath. When it became necessary to destroy slavery to save the Union, then that was his constitutional duty. The country came slowly to it. The border States must approve such an act. The forty thousand soldiers sent by Kentucky into the Union army if sent to the Confederate army would probably have changed the issue of the war. So Lincoln countermanded the premature proclamations of Fremont and Hunter. The most needless and disastrous defeats at Chickamauga and on the James in the summer of 1862 did much to prepare the country to transfer the colored forces from the Southern cause to the Union cause. In this distress rebel sympathizers circulated after Chickamauga that the President was ready to give up the strife. The President armed Secretary Seward with two letters and hurried him away to New York. One letter was addressed to Secretary Seward, authorizing him to utter for the President these heroic words: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsakes me." The other letter was sent

by the hand of Secretary Seward to eighteen of the loyal governors, asking for more soldiers. Soon appeared, as if spontaneous, from the eighteen governors an appeal to Mr. Lincoln, offering troops and asking the President to call for eight hundred thousand more soldiers. This was Mr. Lincoln's almost preternatural parry of the disaster of Chickamauga. The disasters brought the country and Mr. Lincoln up to the emancipation policy.

Opposition of the Cabinet

On the 22d of July, 1862, Mr. Lincoln, as he says himself, "without consultation with or knowledge of the Cabinet," presented the first draft of the Proclamation of Emancipation. Secretary Blair, representing Missouri and the border, favored it. Secretary Chase, representing the Abolition wing, opposed it. Secretary Seward opposed it, saying, "It will kill the cotton crop for sixty years, and foreign nations will intervene, and also the time is too dark. It looks like America stretching out her hands to Ethiopia instead of Ethiopia stretching out her hands to America." Mr. Lincoln withdrew the paper and waited.

Conditions when issued

Antietam came. Antietam was our first great victory. Mr. Lincoln came into the Cabinet with a paper in his hand and said, "Gentlemen, I want your attention." The Secretaries gathered about the great table. Mr. Lincoln laid the paper down on the table, reached out for the Bible, drew it to himself, opened it, and deliberately read a chapter.

After this act of official worship, of official recognition of God, he said, "Gentlemen, I do not want your advice as to whether I shall issue this document or not. For that I have determined myself. If you have suggestions concerning minor points when you have heard it read, I will hear them." Then he added in a lower tone of voice, "I have not told anyone. I promised myself, I told the Lord." Secretary Seward said, "What did I hear you say?" Mr. Lincoln faced full upon the Secretary and said, "Secretary Seward, I told the Lord that if he would drive the rebels out of Maryland I would emancipate the slaves, and I will do it." And he did.

Other historic documents

I know of but four other papers in all literature to be classed with this. They are, first, the Magna Charta, extorted from King John; second, the Declaration of Independence, from the pen of Thomas Jefferson; third, the ukase of Alexander II of Russia giving freedom and land to the serfs; and, fourth, the ukase of Nicholas II of Russia giving religious liberty to the subjects of his vast empire. These are the milestones marking the onward and upward march of mankind. This one bearing the name of Lincoln will never grow dim beneath the trampling feet of the ages. For when the great war has shriveled to a speck behind the centuries, when the Republic has crumbled from her niche in the halls of history, and when the

language of the Anglo-Saxon shall be mumbled only by the tongue of the stranger, even then this great document bearing the name of Lincoln will make radiant this martyr age of the Republic.

Political sagacity

Mr. Lincoln was great in his political sagacity. In the early forties he said, "We shall not see the peaceable extinction of slavery. The party that wanted the peaceable extinction of slavery has gotten itself peaceably extinguished." August 15, 1855, writing to Robertson, of Kentucky, on the peaceful extinction of slavery, he said, "There is no peaceful extinction of slavery in prospect for us. Once, when we were the political slaves of King George, we called the maxim 'that all men are created equal' 'a self-evident truth'; but now when we have grown fat and become greedy to be *masters*, we call the same maxim 'a self-evident lie.' The spirit that desired the peaceful extinction of slavery has itself become extinct. The condition of a negro slave in America is as fixed as that of the lost soul of the finally impenitent. The Autocrat of all the Russias will proclaim his subjects free republicans sooner than will our American masters voluntarily give up their slaves." It is curious to note that on March 3, 1861, the day before Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration, the Autocrat of all the Russias emancipated his serfs. Six weeks later the American masters inaugurated the

bloodiest war of modern times to perpetuate slavery.

In 1850 he said, "The time will come when we must all be Democrats or Abolitionists. When that time comes my mind is made up where I will stand. The slavery question cannot be compromised."

He said, "The nation cannot long exist half-slave and half-free." This "House Divided Against Itself" speech aroused the North and the nation to a solemn and heroic consideration of the gravity of the situation. He said, "Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, or its adherents will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South." "The fight must go on. The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at one or even one hundred defeats. It is the great and durable question of the age." "Never forget that we have before us this whole matter of the right and wrong of slavery in this Union." Again, "He who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."

Understood the public mind

No man more fully than Mr. Lincoln understood the issue in the public mind and on the field of battle. He could not more wisely have tempered his blow for the execution of this great enemy of

mankind. His accurate knowledge of the state of public opinion in the North, in the army, and in the border States enabled him to push forward as rapidly as the people would follow him. There was most consummate statesmanship in the proposal to compensate for the slaves any State returning to its allegiance. It comforted the border and conservatives in the North. The wisdom of his ninety days' grace for return to loyalty before the final consummation of emancipation did not appear to all at first. Wendell Phillips denounced it as a blunder to attempt to touch off a shell with a fuse three months long. He said, "Some one will certainly cut it or extinguish it." But the ninety days slid by. The border States straightened up. The conservatives and timid recovered from alarm. Mr. Lincoln quietly watched the fuse, and at the appointed hour, January 1, 1863, the shell exploded. It blew three millions of slaves out of their chains, lifted them out of the resources of the Confederacy, and added them to the resources and forces of the government.

Putting the freedmen into the army reconciled many who had opposed their emancipation. They lessened the draft. Many preferred that the colored man should stand up as target for rebel marksmen than stand up for that purpose themselves. Mr. Lincoln's sagacity eased the country through the close places.

Conditions in debate with Douglas

In the great joint debate with Douglas, in 1858, for a seat in the United States Senate, they arranged that one should speak an hour, the other an hour and a half; then the first have half an hour to reply. The man who spoke first and last had all the advantage. It was agreed to alternate this advantage. When they got down into southern Illinois Mr. Lincoln allowed Douglas to speak first and last every night. Lincoln's friends objected, saying, "It is not fair." Mr. Lincoln said, "Gentlemen, you do not understand the situation. Don't you know that this is Egypt? All these are Mr. Douglas's friends. If he speaks last they will stay to hear him and I will get a chance at them and spoil them for him." There was nothing shabby about that.

The question on "squatter sovereignty"

They agreed to ask and answer questions. Mr. Lincoln wanted to ask Douglas, "To which do you adhere, squatter sovereignty or the Dred Scott decision?" Squatter sovereignty was Douglas's pet doctrine, and by it he meant that the people on the soil in the Territories should determine whether they should be free or slave. The Dred Scott decision affirmed that the Constitution protected slavery in the Territories. This is the famous Freeport question, which many thought cost Mr. Lincoln his seat in the Senate. Lincoln's friends said, "Don't ask him that. If you do he will stick to squatter sovereignty and turn his back

on the Dred Scott decision as an abstraction and make votes." Mr. Lincoln swept every field in the debate. Men would say, "You will certainly carry the State." He said, "Not now; we have Illinois out at school in '58, we will graduate her in '60." "If Mr. Douglas turns his back on the Dred Scott decision he will never be President." The committee that went around with him said, "What is that to you? You are trying to go to the Senate." He said, "O, no, no! Gentlemen, I am hunting for bigger game than that: '60 is worth a great many of '58. The White House is worth many of the Senate." He asked Mr. Douglas the question. Douglas adhered to squatter sovereignty and turned his back on the Dred Scott decision. Joseph Medill, long editor of the Chicago Tribune and a member of the committee that accompanied Lincoln over the State, was mad and said, "Mr. Lincoln, you can't expect us to follow you around over the State and you not pay any attention to what we advise, but rather persist in asking questions that will certainly defeat you." Mr. Lincoln said, "Joseph, don't get mad. I am trying to save the Union by preventing Douglas from being President. He has answered the question, turning his back upon the Dred Scott decision, and he will not be President." Mr. Lincoln pinned Douglas down on the public platform and made him admit that a "thing might *rightly be*

driven from a place where it had a *right to stay.*" But this was not the worst of it. The Charleston convention came. Mr. Douglas went to that convention as the pet of the great Democratic Party of the North, with that party at his heels, anxious to nominate him. The South adhered to the two-thirds rule, a rule that enabled the minority of the South to dictate the candidates. With one more than one third they could prevent a nomination. This is what made Virginia the mother of Presidents. They defeated the nomination of Mr. Douglas, saying, "He turned his back on the Dred Scott decision." They split the great Democratic Party in twain and sent Mr. Lincoln to the White House by a minority vote. Political sagacity has seldom done as bright a thing as this question of Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Douglas.

Measuring the situation

His political sagacity gave him a just measure of the situation. His estimate of the South was vindicated by events. He said, "They are American citizens, South and North, with essentially the same characteristics and powers. Man for man the soldiers from the South will be a match for the soldiers from the North, and vice versa." In his Cincinnati speech he said to the Kentuckians present, "If we elect a President, will you fight? You are good fighters. So are we, about equal. If you outnumber us, you can win; if we outnumber you, we shall win. You had better

not undertake that business. You will have trouble."

Caution

After Bull Run everybody had a new cure and urged it. One wanted him to "burn Baltimore," another "hang traitors," another "destroy Charleston," another "liberate and arm the slaves." The New York Times asked for the resignation of the Cabinet and warned Lincoln that he might be superseded. But Lincoln's sense and caution saved the nation. He could not be enticed into mere showy performance. After the Emancipation Proclamation, and after a Missouri convention had adopted a Free Constitution and Maryland had elected a Legislature having a considerable majority pledged to emancipation, still Mr. Lincoln's wise prudence counseled the utmost caution. He said to Governor Morgan, of New York, "We are like whalers who have been long on a chase. We have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he may send us all into eternity."

Sensing public opinion

His marvelous knowledge of details, his exact and ready memory, his systematic investigations into every department of public interest, his wise generalizations, made him the best of authority always on the public pulse. A dictator of a despotism can say what he thinks ought to be his policy and do it. But the president of a republic must determine the best that the people will accept.

He is not prow, but rudder. Public opinion is a resultant. It may not follow the direction of any one force. It is a combination of forces. A president must check the radicals and spur up the conservatives, rein in the enthusiasts and turn down the cranks, thus finding a middle line that can be maintained. He must find a resultant that is a combination of all the forces. In all this Mr. Lincoln has had no superior, perhaps no peer.

This prescience gave him self-poise

This rare intuition, the birthright of great leaders, that becomes conscious of the drift of public opinion as migratory birds scent the points of the compass, this intuition that accurately measures what the people will endure, understand, and follow—this practical prescience enabled Mr. Lincoln to hold the nation till it voted him men and money and filled the ranks with fighters, till it faced taxation and maintained millions of men in the field and poured billions of capital into the treasury, till it weighed him against all opposers and took him into supreme confidence, and on his advice ordained the Thirteenth Amendment, making slavery under the flag forever impossible. This practical wisdom made him great in his statesmanship and in his political sagacity.

This foresight of events kept him quiet in the storm. When other public men would seem half frantic over some great calamity Mr. Lincoln was as quiet as if he were only a routine clerk. The

night after Bull Run, when the country received its first awakening blow and public men were distressed almost beyond endurance, Mr. Lincoln stayed in his office all night, receiving the sad news in its painful details, and in the intervals he wrote out a plan for future operations, immediate and remote, that the next four years vindicated. In August, 1864, events seemed to desert the Union cause. Much Confederate money was spent in modifying Northern views. The cry of dissatisfaction was heard on every side. It was nothing that Greeley and Raymond, two great editors, thought everything lost and insisted on a commission to secure suitable terms with the Confederacy to save the Union. It was nothing that certain party organs denounced Mr. Lincoln and demanded a change; but on August 22 so loyal and astute a politician as Thurlow Weed, Lincoln's personal friend, wrote him that his election was impossible, that no one from any State authorized the slightest hope of success. Under this heavy pressure Mr. Lincoln wrote a letter, saying what he would do when defeated—"He would consult with his successor and do all possible to save the Union before March 4, for no one could save it after that." This was sealed and indorsed on the back by each member of the Cabinet. No one but Lincoln knew its contents. One week later Vallandigham's Chicago convention nominated

McClellan and Pendleton, and committed the Democratic Party to denouncing the war as a failure. This lifted the load from this great tired soul, and gave him a new impulse of life and hope never again to be depressed. The same issues of the dailies published the fall of Atlanta and the platform denouncing the war as a failure. Just as a scientific pamphlet proving that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic was brought first to America in a steamboat—the truth and the falsehood thus coming together—so these statements from Atlanta and from Chicago came together, and the people accepted the Atlanta fact rather than the Chicago theory.

Great in military ability

Mr. Lincoln was great as a military leader. General Sherman repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. Mr. Lincoln's room was filled with maps and charts. He marked these to see where every soldier and gun could be found. No general's headquarters could furnish more or better information. The extreme caution of his three great generals in the three great military divisions in the first months and years of the war made this necessary: McClellan in the East, Buell in the center, Halleck in Missouri—each great in his way, but each lacking the thing that does it. Lincoln saw

the country tiring out, the debt multiplying, foreign complications thickening, the armies wasting, and nothing being done. He urged these several officers to do something. He would give detailed statements of the strength of each division of the Union army and very close information concerning the strength of the Confederate army, exact maps of the routes, every particular, and beseech his generals to fight. He could not order them. They had to decide and have their own hearts in it, so each urgent statement was closed with the words, "This is not an order." Events and the rebel archives have demonstrated in every instance he was right and these generals wrong. It is impossible for an unbiased mind to read carefully the details of his great work in this field, and not wonder at his ability and patience. He could not remove these men even when they failed, for he had nobody to put in their places. He had to create generals, and this took experience and many battles. As it takes a peck of eyes to make an oculist, so it takes many battles and thousands of precious lives to make a general.

Superior to his generals

Once he said, "If McClellan is not going to use his army I would like to borrow it." After Grant came he unloaded much of this care. Once when he was asked what Grant was doing he modestly replied, "I don't know; when Mac was here I used to go up the ladder and look into the hole to see

what he was doing, but this new man has gone into the hole and pulled the ladder in after him." General Grant's special engineer, General W. F. Smith, the man who gave Grant all the particulars of the field when he arrived at Chattanooga and presented the plan of operations which Grant approved, said, "At the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of all his generals in his comprehension of the effect of the strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusion." These authoritative opinions give painful significance to Mr. Lincoln's answer when asked if at any time the war might have been sooner terminated by better management: "Yes, at Malvern Hill, where McClellan failed to command an immediate advance upon Richmond; at Chancellorsville, when Hooker failed to reinforce Sedgwick; and at Gettysburg, when Meade failed to attack Lee in his retreat at the bend of the Potomac."

General Grant, when he had completed a tour of the world, was asked if he had seen any great men, and answered, "Yes, I saw quite a number of great men; I saw four very great men—Gladstone, Bismarck, Gambetta, and Prince Li, of China." Then he added, "But Mr. Lincoln impressed me as the greatest intellectual force I have ever encountered."

Mr. Lincoln was great in that he went to Wash-

ington to be the President. Washington's people did not fully understand this at once. There had been two classes in Washington—one that blustered and bulldozed, the other that whined and submitted. Mr. Lincoln belonged to neither, so they did not know where to classify him. He was quiet, calm, attentive, familiar, gentle, slow. He was in the midst of the greatest difficulties, where a single blunder might be fatal. Old landmarks were broken down, old precedents were useless; new paths had to be beaten, new difficulties overcome, new forces controlled, new races recognized, and new responsibilities assumed. Every hour was a new problem, and every decision involved unmeasured consequences. He seemed to go slow.

Great in his self-reliance

When they had been in office four weeks Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Lincoln a peculiar letter, saying, "President Lincoln, we have been in office four weeks and have done nothing. Some one must fix a policy, and you, Mr. President, must see that it is carried out, and it must not be discussed too much in the Cabinet, either." This meant that *I*, Secretary Seward, will fix the policy, and *you*, Mr. Figurehead, must see that it is carried out. Mr. Lincoln wrote a sweet love-letter to Secretary Seward: "Secretary Seward, we have" —done this, and that, and that, and that (enough to occupy the government twenty years in time of

Superior to his Cabinet

peace); "that will do for one month. Now, Secretary Seward, we will have a policy, and *I* will fix that policy, and I have a right to the opinions of my Cabinet." Mr. Seward took this letter and the one a week before about his Ministers, and showed these two letters to a friend of mine in his office, and said, "The Republican Party in Chicago made no mistake about the man they put at the front."

Lincoln could settle the quarrels in his Cabinet. Sometimes a quarrel in the Cabinet was more disastrous than a defeat on the field. Once in the proud old Roman days Cæsar and Pompey quarreled. The Roman Senate put on mourning, saying, "Two such men cannot quarrel without danger to the republic."

Blair criticised Halleck. Halleck was General; Halleck demanded his removal from the Cabinet. It involved other members of the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln called his Cabinet together (he did not hold many Cabinet meetings; he ruled by his Secretaries), and said to them, "I must myself judge when your services shall cease; I require that no one of you here or elsewhere, now or hereafter, among yourselves or among others, shall make any mention of this matter." This surpasses any other announcement on record. Andrew Jackson was never more peremptory. George Washington was never more dignified. The man

from the Sangamon Bottom towers above his Cabinet as above ordinary men.

Independent in action

Certain questions were sent out to ninety-two generals, asking their opinion of the wisdom of arming the negroes. Eighty-nine answered positively against it. The result of the inquiry was reported to Mr. Lincoln, and the next day he issued the order for arming the negroes. Fort Wagner and all the field where the colored troops were engaged justified the wisdom of his decision.

Conquered an opposing Congress

There is no more sublime and heroic exhibition of the inflexibility of his spinal column than is seen in his contest with Congress. Congress had before it in July, 1864, a reconstruction plan, which Mr. Lincoln assured them was not in the scope of their power to enact but belonged to another department of the government. He so advised leading members, but they went ahead and passed the bill and adjourned. Mr. Lincoln went down from the White House to the Capitol and into the Vice-President's room back of the Vice-President's chair to receive and consider the bills. The clerk of the Senate brought them in. His private secretary passed them on the table before him. The leading senators crowded into the room to see what he would do with reconstruction. He signed the bills one after another, till he came to the Reconstruction Bill. Pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to the great senators, he said to

his private secretary, "I know that they can do much harm. Nevertheless I must keep some sense of right within myself," and withdrew the bill without signing it. That was the real Lincoln. That was the man who towered above every man about him, towered above every personal ambition, and, like a martyr going to the stake, parted with his friends and walked forth alone in the storms and perils of that dark night in order that he might walk with God. Many of the great leaders attacked him fiercely in the press and on the platform. But the people would tolerate none of this abuse. They said, "Old Abe suits us; we believe he knows, and we know he is honest." When their time to speak came they ended all controversies. When the House got a chance it went over to Mr. Lincoln's program and passed the Thirteenth Amendment. There he stands on the mountain alone, like Elijah with his foot on the heaving bosom of the earthquake calmly listening to the still, small voice. He is no hothouse plant to be killed with the first breath of autumn. To borrow some one's figure, he is rather the sturdy old oak grown on a spur of the mountain, against whose tough sides the wild boar hath whetted his tusks, in whose leafy top is the lightning's fiery path, and down whose rugged trunk are the footprints of the thunderbolt, that in the teeth of the tempest bows its head to the earth, bending like a bow, and

springing back again like the arrow. That is Mr. Lincoln.

Maintained his prerogatives

Secretary Seward went down to Fortress Monroe to talk with some gentlemen about the estate of the dying Confederacy. When he went out Mr. Lincoln said, "Secretary Seward, observe and report. Conclude nothing. I will attend to that."

General Grant had Lee by the neck at Appomattox. Ten days must end it. Lincoln telegraphed to Grant, "Make no treaties with Lee; that belongs to another department of the government."

Could stand alone

Lincoln could stand alone. The dark days of the war were from the 2d day of January, 1863, when Sherman with his Western fighters had been repulsed on the banks of the Yazoo, to the 4th day of July of the same year, when Grant marched into Vicksburg. Everything seemed going wrong. Great States were going wrong at the polls. The Eastern army was trying new commanders with bad results. Ohio and Pennsylvania were trembling in terror before the advance of rebel armies. Shoddy contractors were sucking out the blood of the prostrate Republic. The taxes were increasing. The draft was pressing everywhere. The nation's credit was sinking. Gold was rising to nearly three hundred. Foreign nations were threatening intervention. The pressure was almost infinite. Everybody criticised General Grant's plan of the

Vicksburg campaign. Every citizen that had access to the White House urged Grant's removal. Even E. B. Washburn, Grant's old and intimate friend, wrote advising Grant's removal. The Committee of Fifteen on the Conduct of the War, appointed by Congress, waited upon Mr. Lincoln and almost demanded his removal. Mr. Lincoln answered them, saying, "Gentlemen, I have never seen this chap yet, but he is the only man that is doing what I sent him out to do. I think I will stick to him a while longer. You see if I don't."

One man, representing great interests about Vicksburg, told Mr. Lincoln that Grant was drunk. Mr. Lincoln asked, "Can you tell me where he got his liquor?" The man said, "No, but a general can get liquor if he wants to." Lincoln said, "I must know the particular sutler from whom he gets his whisky; I want some of that whisky for my other generals."

His will was irresistible

No man ever stouted it out against Lincoln when he had reached a decision. Secretary Stanton tried it once. Mr. Lincoln issued an order that certain recruits should be accredited to Pennsylvania. Secretary Stanton said, "It cannot be done." Mr. Lincoln explained the order in detail. Stanton said, "It is not a proper order and cannot be executed." Mr. Lincoln said, "Secretary Stanton, you will execute the order." Stanton became heated and said, "It is a foolish order. I will

not execute it." Mr. Lincoln lowered his voice a little, tipped forward a little, settled together a little, and looking into the Secretary's eyes as if he were trying to see what was on the front side of the back part of his skull, said, "Secretary Stanton, the order will be executed"—did not say Stanton would do it. Stanton thought he heard something come in contact with the earth's surface, and said, "I will do it." Stanton was an iron man, but he dropped into the hands of a man of chilled steel, and of course he doubled up.

The great commoner

Mr. Lincoln was the great commoner. He incarnated the ideal republic. He demonstrated and illustrated the integrity and patriotism and power of the common people. Talk as we may about the cities, covet as we often do the delights of luxury, and enjoy as we can the pleasing attentions of wealth and position, nevertheless the great body of the common people is the reservoir whence come not only the springs of government, the authority for legislation, but also the brain and brawn for a rugged society and the chieftains for perilous times. When the conspiracy culminated the common soldiers of the United States remained loyal in spite of the utmost efforts of their officers. Most of the States that seceded did so without the consent of the common people or in spite of their vote against secession.

Great minorities who loved the old Union were

driven and carried with the tide into secession. Sometimes this love was given up in the long strife. Sometimes it survived all suffering. When the Union army entered Knoxville, Tennessee, the common people seized on the soldiers, officers and privates alike, and took them to their homes to feed and feast them. When the old flag was unfurled the people literally covered it with kisses. Howard's soldiers had worn out their shoes and were marching barefooted over the frozen ground. The people met them, sat down in the road, took off their own shoes, and put them on the feet of the soldiers. The common people only needed to be let alone. The distemper was chiefly among the politicians. The common people were immunes. In the North the people voted right. They understood the issues of the war and voted for what they wanted, and enlisted to make their ballots respected. A bullet in a ballot gave it weight. They did not lack intelligence. The Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, under Butler, at Annapolis found the ruins of a locomotive. Private Homans recognized it as out of "our shop." Soon the men put it together and it was pulling the soldiers toward Washington, where they were so much needed. The average American regiment had brains enough to man the average Congress.

Loyalty of the common people

No man esteemed the common soldier more highly than did Mr. Lincoln. He said, "Say what

you will, after all the most is due to the soldier who takes his life in his hands and goes to fight the battles of his country."

He loved the common people

Standing before the White House, addressing a regiment of volunteers, he said, "I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here into the White House as my father's child has." Mr. Lincoln embodied more than did any other man the affections and purposes and powers of the common people. He was essentially democratic in his sympathies. He loved the common people and loved to be with them and to serve them. One morning, late in his administration, he told a dream he had just had. He was in some great assembly. The people made a lane to let him pass. Some one said as he passed, "He is a common-looking fellow, isn't he?" Lincoln replied in his dream, "Friend, the Lord loves common-looking people; that is why he made so many of them." He came up among us. He was one of us. His birth, his education, his habits, his motives, his feelings, and his ambitions were all our own. Had he been born among hereditary aristocrats, he would not have been *our* President. But born in the cabin, and reared in the field and in the forest, he became the great commoner. The classics of the schools might have polished him, but they would have separated him from us. Trained in the common school of adversity, his

calloused palm never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin. The griefs of the poor African were as sacred to him as the claims of the opulent white man. Measuring all men by their humanity, he found them essentially equal. Hence his marvelous patience, under the pressure upon him of the poorest people. He never had in the White House an equal in this. Seeing in God a common Father, he saw in every man a brother. Making the government the protector of every man in virtue of his humanity, and the creature of the majority in virtue of their numbers, he realized to the world in himself the ideal republic.

Loved by the colored soldiers

On one occasion, in company with General Grant, Mr. Lincoln reviewed about thirty thousand colored troops. As soon as the colored soldiers realized that that was Mr. Lincoln riding by the side of General Grant, there was no restraining them. They broke ranks and rushed about him. They kissed his hands, his feet, his horse's tail, anything they could touch. Mr. Lincoln dropped his bridle reins on his horse's neck and took off his hat. With the tears streaming down his face, he rejoiced in their freedom. By his side rode the great soldier, face to the front, as unmoved externally as a sphinx. Lincoln felt the heart-beat of the common people.

Entrance into Richmond

His entrance into Richmond a few hours after Jeff Davis left it was in keeping with his character. You remember how quietly he entered Washington, with only one attendant. In similar manner he now enters Richmond. The boat on which General Grant sent him up the James ran aground, and he proceeded in a twelve-oared barge to a landing one block from Libby Prison. No guard, no carriage, no conveyance, awaited him. As he went down the plank to the dock he was recognized by the colored people who swarmed around him. The officer of the ten marines who accompanied him landed first to clear a little space for the President. He looked back and discovered Mr. Lincoln on the gangplank. An old colored man was down on the plank with his arms around Mr. Lincoln's feet, and looking up into Mr. Lincoln's face he was praying, "Lor', bress Massa Linkum! Lor', bress Massa Linkum! Massa Linkum, like Jesus, walks the skies, no man sees Massa Linkum, but here he is. Lor', bress Massa Linkum!" Mr. Lincoln had his hat off. His tears were dropping down upon the old freedman's upturned face, so grateful was he that God had allowed him to bless these poor people.

The ten marines formed about him, and on foot, surrounded by an ever-increasing multitude of negroes and poor whites, he made his way for a

mile and a quarter to the headquarters, out of which Davis had so recently fled.

Never in the history of the world did the conqueror enter the subjugated capital of his enemies in so simple and humble and appropriate a manner. The poor whom he served made the walls of the neighboring prison ring with their glad acclamations. The negroes never expected to see him. But here he was in their midst, in the streets of the conquered capital of their conquered masters. They could touch him. They realized that they were free. No wonder they went leaping and shouting along the street, "Glory to the Lor'! Lor', bress Massa Linkum!"

This was Mr. Lincoln's greatest earthly triumph. As the old Norse god, struggling with the fierce gods that were enemies of man, would renew his strength every time he touched the earth, so Mr. Lincoln, in his fierce struggle with the enemies of mankind, renewed his strength every time he touched the common people. He was the *great commoner.*

His nomination by the common people

His nomination was the triumph of the common people. Well do I remember standing in the Wigwam in Chicago on the 18th of May, 1860. I stood in the gallery in the front row, just opposite the speaker. More than ten thousand people were packed in that building. The Republican Party was trying to nominate a candidate for the Pres-

idency. The delegates to that memorable convention were in their places. The third ballot was being taken. We soon saw that Seward was losing and Lincoln was gaining, and minor candidates were vanishing. The end of the roll-call was reached. No announcement was made. The great multitude was silent as a sepulcher. Nothing could be heard but the scratching of pencils and the clicking and clattering of the copper hoofs of the lightning, hastening with the news. It was known that Lincoln lacked only one and one half votes to secure his nomination. Everybody waited in silence. Just down there to the right a little, in the body of the house, I saw a man bound up onto his feet, waving a newspaper in his hand. In a moment the convention to right and left was on its feet calling, "Order! Order!" This man bounded up onto a settee. It broke under him. Two men caught it and held it. He waved his paper and called out at the top of his voice. I can hear that voice now as distinctly as I did in that most momentous moment in the history of the Republic. It was Mr. Carter, chairman of the Ohio delegation. He called out with that little hitch he had in his voice, "Ohio changes four votes from Salmon P. Chase to Abraham Lincoln!" Away went the convention. We could hear no more. The convention was on its feet, yelling wildly. Hats, caps, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, para-

sols, canes, shawls, everthing that was loose, went up into the air. I saw one delegation run into the arms of another and fall together on the floor, weeping like children. A man up in the gallery, within three feet of me, with a gentle twitch took off a lady's bonnet and whipped it into strings over a brace in the building. Everybody was wild. When men had exhausted themselves and checked a little I saw a man, with large head, stout neck and shoulders, a picture of power. I see him now. He came upon the platform and walked toward the speaker. It was William M. Evarts, chairman of the New York delegation. He said, "Mr. Chairman, we came from a great State, with a great candidate whom we hoped to see nominated. In the name of that great State, and at the request of that great candidate, I move that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous." Another wild yell, and the thing was done.

Honesty

His honesty was the key to the popular heart. Some man in the gallery, about thirty feet from me, with a shrill voice that could be heard everywhere, shouted, "Three cheers for Honest Old Abe!" Away they went again. I felt that down to the end of my toes. That was the battle cry. The campaign cry caught the faith of the multitude, and in the wildest conceivable excitement "Honest Old Abe," the Rail-Splitter from the

Sangamon Bottom, was started for the White House.

It was not by accident or without grounds that the people took up that cry. Everybody, friends and foes, knew that it was true, knew that Lincoln was honest. Lincoln had been tested every way and had never flinched. He was absolutely honest. He was all the way through the same. Men remembered how, when a boy clerk, he had walked seven miles after closing the store to return six cents he had taken too much by mistake from an old woman in the wilderness. Men knew that once he was postmaster at New Salem. The office was closed while he was postmaster. Years after the government agent called upon him in his office and said, "Somewhat against you, that post office at New Salem—seventeen dollars and thirty-four cents, if you please." Mr. Lincoln opened a leather trunk and took from it a cotton cloth, unrolled and untied it, saying, "Mr. Officer, here is your seventeen dollars and thirty-four cents. I never spend anybody else's money."

Once when running for the Legislature Joshua F. Speed handed him two hundred dollars given by friends to pay his personal expenses in the canvass. After his election Mr. Lincoln handed back to Mr. Speed one hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents, with the request that he return it. He said, "I did not need the money.

I made the canvass on my own horse. Entertainment cost me nothing. I spent seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider some farm hands insisted I should treat them to." Did not the people know that he was honest?

Honest in his profession

Mr. Lincoln was honest in his profession. Those who saw his practice at the Bar of Illinois could not doubt his honesty. He would not take a bad case if he knew it. I knew a great elevator case in Chicago, three partners at odds. Each had secured a great law firm and they were about to divide their elevator between the three law firms. One said, "I see that Lincoln is in town; let us call him and tell him our troubles." Agreed. They called him and told him. He asked, "Is that all?" "Yes." "Then tell it over again." He took three sticks, wrote the name of each on a stick, with the amount he had in the concern. He cut off a splinter with the proper amount and put it where it belonged at each transaction. "Is that all?" "Yes." "That is yours, and yours, and yours." That ended it. That is the real Lincoln.

He often persuaded a fair-minded client of the injustice of his case and induced him to give it up. In his first case, in Henry County, he said to the magistrate, "I cannot find one case on my side. I have found several strong cases exactly fitting the other side. I have brought a list of them to aid you in making up your decision." The

other lawyer said, with a sneer, "He is a great lawyer, is he not?" But he was. He never knowingly took the wrong side of a case. Sometimes he was deceived. Once he went to the judge and said, "Your Honor, I am going to leave this case. The man is guilty." The judge said, "You can't do it under your oath. It would prejudice his case. Stay with it. You need not ask for a verdict. Simply see that the forms of law are carried out." Mr. Lincoln obeyed. At the end the foreman of the jury said, "As I see this evidence, this man is guilty, but you know that Mr. Lincoln never takes the wrong side." So they cleared the scamp. He stated his cases clearly and fairly and with such absolute integrity that the Court would sometimes stop him and say, "If that is the case, we will hear the other side."

Refused wrong cases

He said to a proposed client once, "Yes, I can gain your suit. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads. I can distress a widowed mother and six fatherless children and thereby get for you six hundred dollars which rightfully belongs as much to them as to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some honest way."

I knew a great land case in Chicago—Mr. William Jones, one of the few ante-bellum millionaires. I happened to know him. Hard-headed,

set, he contended for accretions on the north side of the city on the lake shore. Five times, under one point or another, it went to the Supreme Court and was decided against him. He then went to Baltimore to retain Reverdy Johnson, at that time thought to be the greatest lawyer in the nation. Mr. Jones's son, who went with him, gave me the incident. Mr. Jones laid his papers down on Mr. Johnson's desk and handed him his letter from his lawyer. Mr. Johnson tore open the letter and said, "Yes, I know Mr. Scammon. He is a reputable lawyer." Pushing Mr. Jones's papers back, he said, "Mr. Jones, my retainer is a thousand dollars." Mr. Jones said, "That is all right, Mr. Johnson. I did not come prepared to pay so much down, but you shall have your money." Mr. Johnson said, "You probably know some one in Baltimore who will give you the money; my retainer is one thousand dollars." Mr. Jones gathered up his papers and walked out. The son said, "Father, I would not go back to that old fellow. He did not treat you decently. He did not offer you a seat." The old man said, "Boy, you talk like a baby. I did not come to Baltimore to get decent treatment. I can get that at home. I came to Baltimore to get that land, and I mean to have it." He found a banker, got a check for a thousand dollars, went back to Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson took the check, pulled a bankbook out

of a pigeonhole in his desk, found the signature of that banker, compared the signatures, said, "Mr. Jones, it is all right," put the check in the bankbook, pushed the bankbook into the pigeonhole, reached out for Mr. Jones's papers, saying, "Mr. Jones, you can communicate with me through your lawyer." Mr. Jones walked out. He had not had a seat yet, but he had a lawyer. "Mr. Jones—" "Yes." "On the fifteenth day of next August I will send you a brief on this case. Mr. Jones—" "Yes." "When you get home, go down to Springfield and retain Abe Lincoln, for with Abe Lincoln and this case I can beat the Devil." The young man went to Springfield to retain Mr. Lincoln. He introduced himself. Mr. Lincoln said, "I know your father. He is in that big land suit." "Mr. Lincoln, we have retained Reverdy Johnson. He wants you associated with him. I have come to retain you." Mr. Lincoln said, "Mr. Jones, you cannot retain me in that case." "Why not, Mr. Lincoln?" "Because I think the other man ought to have the land; that is why." "Mr. Lincoln, we have some new points. Will you look at them?" "Certainly." I could give you the points, but I will not take the time. He examined it and said, "The points are good. I will take the case." "How much is your retainer?" "Give me a hundred dollars now, then see how much good I can do you." That is Lincoln, the real Lincoln.

Were I a lawyer, were I permitted to belong to that great and honorable profession, I would cling, I would cling to the memory of Lincoln, knowing that one such character would make a profession honorable for a thousand years.

Belief in his honesty saved Union

Nobody doubted his honesty. Thousands who only knew that he was "Honest Old Abe" voted for him. This made him President. This saved the Republic. No other man could have carried us through those fearful years. When it was all night about us and all dread before us and all sad and desolate behind us, when not one ray shone upon our cause, when enemies were haughty and exultant at the South and fierce and blasphemous at the North, when the loyal men here seemed in the minority, when the stoutest hearts failed, the bravest cheeks paled, when everything else had failed us, we looked at this calm, patient man in the White House, standing like a rock in the storm, and said, "Mr. Lincoln is honest. We can trust him." Thus he held us together, and brought us through. This great character was worth to us many round billions in gold. It kept up our credit. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, banked in all the markets of the world on Mr. Lincoln's honesty. The people and the army expected him to do exactly what he said. Once Sheridan had his hands full in the Shenandoah. Grant was very anxious and was about to take a part of his force

from Petersburg and go to Sheridan. He finally decided not to do it. Lincoln telegraphed Grant, "Neither am I willing for you to break your hold where you are. Hold on with a bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible." He wished to send a brave officer with an important word for Sheridan. He asked the officer, "Can you do it?" The officer replied, "I can do anything *you* can ask, or I will report to God."

Magnanimity

Mr. Lincoln was a most magnanimous man. He defended his personal enemies from every charge that was not proven true, and promoted them whenever the public service required it. No man in the North except Horace Greeley gave him as much occasion for offense as Chase. He poured forth a stream of abuse on the President. He saw and consulted with every disappointed man in the service or in the country. He steadily engendered distrust and belittled the President with contemptuous remarks. Every soldier who was not promoted to satisfy him, and every citizen in the country who failed to get the post office, when he came to Washington drifted around into Chase's Cave of Adullam. They comforted each other, talking about "the old coward," "the old fool," "the old gorilla," "Congress ought to impeach him," and the like. All this was faithfully repeated to Mr. Lincoln. He answered it, saying, "This does not make it so, does it?" "Mr. Chase is a

good Secretary. The people believe in him and take his money. That is what we want, is it not? I think we will keep him at it." He did not care what they said about him, provided they served the Republic.

Secretary Chase's ambition

One day a man ran into Mr. Lincoln's office and said, "President Lincoln, do you know where Chase is?" "Yes." "Do you know that he has gone to that Republican convention in Ohio?" "Yes." "Don't you know that he is going to make a speech there?" "Yes." "Don't you know that he wants to be President, and that you ought to keep him at home?" "O, don't worry about Chase. He has just as good a right to *want* to be President as any man in America. If the people want Chase to be President, then *I* want him to be President." That cannot be beaten in sixty centuries. He added, "Don't worry about Chase. When I was a boy I worked on a farm. We plowed corn and I rode the horse and a neighbor boy held the plow. The horse was lazy. I pounded him with my heels and the neighbor boy threw dirt at him, but he would not go much till one day a blue-head lit on his back, close to the roots of his tail, where he could not switch him off. Then the blue-head put in his work and the horse put in his work. The neighbor boy said, 'Abe, knock off that blue-head.' I said, 'No, you don't; is not that just what we want?' If Chase has

anything in his head that will make him work for the Republic, is not that just what we want?"

Mr. Chittenden, the last survivor of the members of the Lincoln Cabinet, who went not long ago over to the majority, came up to me at the close of this lecture when I delivered it once in New York city and gave me this item concerning Mr. Chase's resignation. Chittenden was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Chase. He said to me, "I went over to Mr. Lincoln's office one morning and found Mr. Lincoln sitting there with his head bowed down, his chin on his chest, evidently much depressed. He handed me a letter he had just read. It was Chase's letter resigning. I read the letter and felt overwhelmed, and said, 'President Lincoln, you must hold Chase to it. You cannot afford to divide the party in such a time as this. You *must* hold Chase to it.' Mr. Lincoln said, 'Mr. Chittenden, Mr. Chase has determined the matter and I will hold him to that.' After a few moments, without lifting up his head, he said, 'Mr. Chittenden, Mr. Chase will make a good Chief Justice, and I will appoint him.'"

Chase made Chief Justice

Mr. Chittenden said to me, "I had long known and loved Mr. Lincoln, but when I saw him that hour, under the sting of personal insult and under the shadow of threatened calamity, put that man into the highest place in the nation, for the good of the Republic, he went up and up and up into

an atmosphere of which I never dreamed. He was the greatest man I ever saw."

I say he was the most magnanimous man the sun ever shone upon.

Lincoln, later, when asked about Chase's appointment, said, "Chief Justice Chase will have to take care of the greenbacks of Secretary Chase."

Stanton, though hostile, promoted

Edwin M. Stanton had been in Buchanan's Cabinet and went out sore. He was full of petulant talk, prophesied that "Jeff Davis would turn them all out in thirty days," spoke of "the panic of the President," of "the painful imbecility of the President." These things were reported to Mr. Lincoln. Yet, when Mr. Cameron, early in the war, had to be removed from the Cabinet because his policy would have been fatal to the border States, Mr. Lincoln made Stanton Secretary of War in Cameron's place.

When the factions in the House combined to censure Cameron, after his retirement, Mr. Lincoln sent a message to the House, explaining that the acts complained of were ordered by himself and approved by the entire Cabinet in the emergency.

Giving others the credit

After the capture of Vicksburg, Mr. Lincoln wrote that famous letter to General Grant, in acknowledgment of "the almost inestimable services done for the country." He said, "When you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal

acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong." This is the same spirit of his letter to Halleck, that if Meade would attack on equal terms, "with all the skill and courage which he, his officers, and men possess, the honor will be his if he succeeds, and the blame may be mine if he fails." The same magnanimity and self-reliance breathed in the letter he wrote to General Hooker. He writes, "I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship." His magnanimity is without a parallel.

Impertinence of McClellan

One can hardly understand how he endured the impertinence of McClellan. When the Committee on the Conduct of the War was demanding his removal Lincoln defended him. McClellan was writing to his friends how he "despised the old dotard because he deferred to him so much." When I read this I felt that I wanted my privileges in the gospel enlarged so I could express my mind. Once in a perilous time Mr. Lincoln went to McClellan's headquarters to consult him. McClellan was out attending the wedding of a member of his staff. Lincoln waited three hours.

McClellan came in and went upstairs. Lincoln, thinking he had not been told, sent up a servant to tell McClellan that he wanted to see him on important war matters. The servant came back with the beautiful, *beautiful* statement, "Tell Lincoln that General McClellan has gone to bed." Even this Lincoln never commented on. He simply told it to his private secretary. I would be afraid to tell you what you would have done. Lincoln was too great to mind personal insults. Mr. Lincoln held Mr. McClellan on his hand. If he turned his hand up edgewise McClellan would have dropped into oblivion like a bullet. But Lincoln held him.

Once Lincoln had an appointment with McClellan and two other officers. McClellan did not come nor pay any attention to the appointment. The other officers expressed their minds. Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, never mind. I would hold McClellan's horse if he would only do something for the country." His magnanimity is without known human parallel. It makes us think of One who was buffeted and spit upon by those who were dependent every moment for existence upon his benignity, One who when he was reviled reviled not again.

Now I must give you some telegrams that were said to pass between McClellan and Lincoln. I do not believe these telegrams. I think they were

invented by the Western army to make fun of the Eastern army. I give them simply as a parable to illustrate one characteristic in each man.

McClellan telegraphed, "Hon. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Sir: I have the honor to report that I have captured seven cows. What shall I do with them? George B. McClellan, Major General, Commanding in the Field." Mr. Lincoln telegraphed back, "George: Suck them. Abe." Mr. Lincoln was absolutely free from all fuss and feathers.

A Christian

I present Mr. Lincoln as the best specimen of Christian man I have ever encountered in public life. He was not a member of the visible Church, but measured by the substantial tests of membership in the spiritual Church, by his faith in the Book of God, by the constancy with which he studied its precepts, by the persistency with which he pleaded its promises on behalf of the interests intrusted to him, by his gentleness with the helpless and dependent, by his kindness toward his enemies, by his patience under the most persistent and malicious misrepresentations, by his reverence for the character of God—measured by these substantial tests of membership in the spiritual Church, I present him as the best specimen of a Christian man I have ever encountered in public life. God was in all his thoughts.

I recall a speech he made to me in my early manhood, before the war. He said, "Young man, American slavery is either right or wrong. If it is right, we must be careful how we treat it as wrong, for God will deal with us. If it is wrong, we must be careful how we treat it as right, for God will deal with us. If American slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." It is all there.

His early vision of his future martyrdom

He had a side open toward the Infinite. I want you to take the following statements without reduction, for I have followed them to their sources and know whereof I affirm. I make this especial emphasis because it is an especial case. On the 11th day of August, 1837,[1] Mr. Lincoln went out from Springfield, Illinois, to Salem, Illinois, to attend a camp meeting. He went out in a band wagon, with six other lawyers and two doctors. On their way out Mr. Lincoln joked about the horses and the wagon and the lawyers and the doctors and everything. Out there Dr. Peter Akers, then in the fullness of his power, whom I regard as the greatest Bible preacher that ever preached on the continent, preached in the afternoon on "The Dominion of Jesus Christ." The object of the sermon was to show that the dominion of Jesus Christ could not come in America till American slavery was wiped out, and that it would

[1] This was the day upon which the speaker, Bishop Fowler, was born.

be wiped out by the besom of a civil war. For three hours the brave Doctor pounded away at his argument, giving a graphic description of the civil war. In his discourse he said, "I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but a student of the prophets. As I read prophecy, American slavery, the temporal power of the Pope, and the dominion of the Turk in Europe will come to an end in some near decade, I think in the sixties." This was in the thirties. There were not enough Abolitionists outside of Boston to count. All this company were proslavery. Most of them were from the slave States. It was within sixty miles of Alton, where a few weeks before Lovejoy was murdered by a proslavery mob. This company surged around him in wild excitement, as he denounced slavery and described the civil war. Coming to the summit of his argument, as if touched by the breath of prophecy, the Doctor called out at the top of his voice, "Who can tell us but that the man who shall lead us through this strife may be standing in this presence?" Mr. Lincoln stood down the aisle, about thirty feet away.

That night, going back to Springfield, Mr. Lincoln was silent. After some time one of the doctors, a particular friend of Mr. Lincoln, asked, "Lincoln, what do you think of that sermon?" After some moments of silence Mr. Lincoln answered, "I never thought such power could be

given to mortal man. Those words were from beyond the lips of the speaker. The Doctor has persuaded me that American slavery will go down with the crash of a civil war." Then he was silent for a few minutes, and added, "Gentlemen, you may be surprised and think it strange, but when the Doctor was describing the civil war I distinctly saw myself, as in second sight, bearing important part in that strife." Some who were near him think that he saw himself dying for the Republic. Some hints of it appeared at critical times. The next morning Mr. Lincoln came late into his office. His partner, without looking up, said, "Lincoln, you have been wanted." Looking up, he saw Lincoln's haggard face and exclaimed, "Why, Lincoln! What is the matter with you?" Mr. Lincoln told him about the sermon and said, "I am utterly unable to shake myself from the conviction that I shall be involved in that tragedy." From that hour till the end he never doubted the great part he would bear in the overthrow of slavery—a side open toward the Infinite.

At his last Cabinet meeting

The very last day of his life, that terrible Friday (he was shot that night at eight o'clock and seventeen minutes, Eastern time), in the afternoon, at three o'clock, he had a Cabinet meeting. Every Secretary was present. General Grant was there. He had come up from Appomattox. Lee's army was no more, but Sherman was in front of John-

ston, the great fighter of the Confederacy, and Grant was anxious about Sherman. But Mr. Lincoln said, "General Grant, dismiss your fears. I know that Sherman has whipped or is to-day whipping Johnston." General Grant started up to the front of his chair. Every Secretary faced in upon the President. General Grant asked, "President Lincoln, how do you know?" Mr. Lincoln answered, "General Grant, I know. I had my old dream last night, the same old dream I have had before every great victory. I had it before Antietam, and before Murfreesborough, and before Vicksburg, and before Gettysburg, and I had it again last night." General Grant, with his hard old head, without a particle of sentiment in it, said, "No great results followed Murfreesborough"—as much as to say, "Maybe you missed it again last night." President Lincoln answered, "I cannot help that, General; it was the same old dream. I was in a queer-shaped vessel, going at an inconceivable speed over an unknown sea toward an invisible shore, and I know Sherman has whipped or is to-day whipping Johnston." A side open toward the Infinite.

Misunderstood by ministers

Look at him! Late in October of 1860, just before the election of November 6, he said to Mr. Bateman, Secretary of Education for the State of Illinois, "Mr. Bateman, come into my room; I want to talk with you." Mr. Bateman went into

his room. Mr. Lincoln locked the door, took up a little book, saying, "This book tells me how every man in Springfield is going to vote. Here are twenty-three ministers; all but three are going to vote against me, and they are all earnest Christians. I am not a Christian, but God knows I would be one. I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book" (drawing from his pocket a Bible). "These men know that I am for freedom in the Territories, freedom everywhere the Constitution will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. With this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I do not understand it at all." Then, walking the room a little, he stopped, and with trembling voice and cheeks wet with tears said, "I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know that his hand is in it. If he has a place and a work for me—and I think he has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care, and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end" (a hint at the vision at Salem in which he sees himself dying for the

His faith in in God

Republic), "but it will come and I shall be vindicated, and these good men will find that they have not read their Bible aright." No vindictiveness.

Farewell to his stepmother

Such a man could not fail to give the faith of the nation deathless inspiration. A little later, he went to take his farewell visit of his stepmother, of whom he was very fond, and who was very fond of him. She clung around his neck, crying, saying, "Abe, I shall never see you again. They will surely kill you. I am sure they will kill you." And instead of assuring her that he would be back in a little time, that the strife would be over, and that they could not get at him, which was the natural thing to do, he was silent, for the vision of Salem forbade his giving false comfort. See him creeping out of Springfield a few weeks after, starting for Washington. What a picture! There he stands, on the steps of the car, in the midst of the falling snow and of the falling tears of the friends of a lifetime. He said, "I now leave, not knowing when or ever" (another hint of the vision of Salem) "I shall return. I go to a task greater than that committed to Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Pray for me to that Being who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere present for good. Let us confidently hope

that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayer you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Observance of Sunday

From the day he uttered these reverential words there never escaped from his lips one word that did not show the most simple and constant faith in God. November 16, 1862, he issued an order in which he says that "the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiments of a Christian people, and a due regard for the divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the limits of strict necessity"—adopting the words of Washington, "At this time of public distress men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." His proclamations read like the Old Testament; sometimes they rise to the plane of David's utterances. He announced the victory at Gettysburg and asked the people to remember and reverence God with the profoundest gratitude. He thanked God publicly and officially for Vicksburg. He appointed August 6, 1863, as a day of thanksgiving, "to render the homage due the Divine Majesty, to invoke the influence of the Holy Spirit, to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion, to change the hearts of the insurgents, to guide the counsels of the government, to com-

Public thanksgiving

fort the suffering, and to lead the whole nation through paths of repentance and submission to the Divine Will back to the perfect enjoyment of union and fraternal peace."

Praying for the army

Lincoln said again and again, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go." Again he said, "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others." Sometimes when he received word of an important battle, if other duties would permit, he would take his Bible and go to his room and call mightily on God. Once he said, "If it were not for my firm belief in an overruling Providence it would be difficult for me in the midst of such complications of affairs to keep my reason on its seat."

Testimony of Mr. Murdock

Mr. Murdock, the great reader and actor, was a guest at the White House. He made this statement over his own name: "I was disturbed. I could not sleep. I got out of my bed—it was two o'clock in the morning. I went out into the hall. I heard a strange moaning. Going along the hall, I saw a door open a little ways and looking in I saw Mr. Lincoln lying on his face on the floor, praying mightily to God to give him wisdom and

save the Republic. I turned around and went away softly as I could over the velvet carpet, feeling every step I took that I was in the presence of Almighty God. From that hour I never doubted which way the war would terminate."

Of Dr. Hillis

Rev. Dr. Hillis, when pastor of the church in Music Hall, Chicago, said to me, "I have a woman in my congregation who is the daughter of the Presbyterian minister in whose church Mr. Lincoln worshiped during the war. She says, 'Mr. Lincoln frequently came by our house in the evening, stopped at our door, and said to my father, "Doctor, you must pray to-night; there is bad work on in the army to-night." One night he came at half past one, called my father up, and said, "Doctor, you must come down and go to my room with me. I need you." My father went, found Mr. Lincoln's room strewn with maps, where he was marking up the movements of the troops. He said to my father, "There is your room; you go in there and pray, and I'll stay here and watch." My father heard him repeatedly praying for the army. Three times he came to my father's room and fell down on his face on the floor by the side of my father and prayed mightily to God to "Bless the boys about to die for the Republic," and to save the Republic.' "

Dependence upon prayer

General Sickles lost a leg at Gettysburg. He was in the hospital at Washington. Mr. Lincoln

called upon him. General Rusling was present at the interview. I have this statement of the interview from the lips of General Sickles, and also General Rusling. General Sickles asked, "President Lincoln, were you not alarmed during the Gettysburg days?" Mr. Lincoln answered, "No, General, I was not; some of our people were, but I was not. Stanton thought we had better put the archives on a gunboat, but I thought we would come out all right." General Sickles asked, "President Lincoln, why were you not alarmed?" Mr. Lincoln hesitated a little and said, "Now, General, you have asked me, I will tell you. I went into my room, locked the door, got down on my knees, and said, 'O, Lord God, I have done absolutely everything I can, and now you must help!' and God told me that he would give me Gettysburg, and I believed him." General Sickles asked, "President Lincoln, what about Vicksburg?" That was farther away, and we did not hear so soon. Mr. Lincoln said, "O, General, Vicksburg is all right. I have asked the Lord for Vicksburg and he is going to give me the whole thing." The battle of Gettysburg was brought on by a mistake, and it was fought with the highest courage on both sides. It was the high-water mark reached by the Confederacy. The chivalrous charge of the First Minnesota, when eighty-five per cent of the men and all but three commissioned officers went down

in five minutes, made and broke the world's record for fatality. One of those officers told me this: "When I turned round, after the rebel artillery opened fire, I thought the men had fled. I could see only a few scattering men standing. They had been killed." Pickett's famous charge and repulse is another monument to American courage. At night, after the first day, General Meade paced his tent, not knowing what next to do, when a strange and strong impression seized him where to order up his reserves. He so ordered and was ready at daylight to meet the rebel advance. A similar experience was given him the second night, with a similar fortunate result. Who can explain this mysterious ordering in these hours of national destiny?

Gettysburg

I have been over and carefully studied the field of Gettysburg, and it is not difficult to point out more than one place where it is impossible to explain on any mere human basis why we were not swept from the earth. The first day the Confederates drove us back through the village; the second day General Sickles on our left advanced over the open plain in front of him and was badly repulsed. Forces on our right were moved over to support General Sickles, leaving the works on our right deserted. Johnston (the fighting Johnston) swung round the hill and dropped into our deserted works. As he did so a strange fear impressed

him. He said, "This is a Yankee trick, a Yankee trick, but we will stay here and see what comes of it," and stayed. Not two hundred yards ahead of him was the bulk of the Union stores unprotected. A simple squad could have gone forward and ended Gettysburg. But no squad went forward. Gettysburg was not thus ended. Harrisburg and Philadelphia and New York were not taken. The Confederacy was not recognized. The Union was not destroyed. And I find the secret of success in the prayer and faith of that lone watcher in the White House.

Father Chinique saved by prayer

Many still remember the noted case of Father Chinique with the Roman Catholic Church. He was a French priest, with a large French following, not far from Kankakee. He became involved in some trouble with the Roman Catholic Irish Bishop in Chicago, and his persecutions were many. He built a church, and it was burned. He built a college down there, and that was burned. And in the course of his persecutions they had at different times thirty-two indictments against him, hoping to send him to state prison. They had one on a charge of assault upon a sister of one of the priests. He had for his attorney Judge Davis, afterward of the commission to decide between Hayes and Tilden for the Presidency. Davis told Chinique that he would like to have Lincoln on the case with him, and Chinique secured him. The night

before the trial Lincoln went to Chinique and said, "The case is a foregone case against you. There is no power on earth that can save you to-morrow. You will certainly be condemned. Do you believe in the Bible?" Chinique said, "Yes." Lincoln said, "So do I. Do you believe in Daniel's God?" He said, "Yes." Lincoln said, "So do I. Do you believe that Daniel's God can answer prayer to-day as of old?" Chinique said, "Yes." Lincoln said, "So do I." Lincoln said, "He is your only hope; no one else can deliver you, and if you will give the night to prayer to him I will join you in it." They agreed to it, and Lincoln went to his room. The next morning Chinique reported that at three o'clock he heard a rap on his door, and opening it there was Lincoln, and the first thing he said was, "Daniel's God has heard and answered prayer. Your enemies are fleeing from town as fast as they can go to escape trouble. There will be no suit against you to-morrow." The reason was this: The priest had made a contract with his sister to give her one hundred and sixty acres of land if she would testify that Chinique made an assault upon her, and it happened that a door to an adjoining room was a little open and two women sat in there and heard the contract, and that night one of the women was disturbed about it and told her husband, and he said that she must go and tell Lincoln. The two women

together told Lincoln, and that defeated the plan and alarmed Chinique's enemies. When Lincoln signed the receipt for his retainer in this case he remarked, "This is my death warrant."

Profession of faith

Colonel Jacques before the war was a member of the Illinois Conference of Methodist preachers. His brother wrote me that Colonel Jacques had told him, "One day I preached on 'Ye must be born again.' Mr. Lincoln was present. On Monday night he came to the parsonage and said, 'I heard your sermon. I think it is according to God's word. It contains an experience that I have not but ought to have.' Mr. Lincoln, my wife, and myself knelt down in our parlor and all prayed, and Mr. Lincoln said he found comfort in believing in Jesus Christ."

When I pass through the shadows, which cannot be very far away, I humbly hope first to see the King in his beauty, but if anywhere in the great throng I shall see the stalwart form of Mr. Lincoln I shall know that I have gotten into the right company, for I present Mr. Lincoln as the best specimen of a Christian man I have ever encountered in public life.

It is no slight test of greatness to be good when all are sweeping by in the tide of evil. When stealing and murder are virtues, the common virtues have small chance. For power to resist a thousand grievances, a thousand malicious mis-

representations, and be forever misunderstood, and yet be calm, loving, unimpassioned, and forgiving, all regardless of self, taxes the best moral fiber known among men. Jeff Davis, in his inaugural, said, "We will carry the war where it is easy to advance, *where food for the sword and torch await our armies in the densely populated cities of the North.*" Mr. Lincoln announced his determination "to palliate, not aggravate, the horrors of civil war." This he did to the last act and the last breath.

The biggest heart among men

A father said to Mr. Lincoln, "My boy is going to be shot to-morrow. I want you to pardon him quick." Mr. Lincoln asked, "What did he do?" "He slept on picket duty." "What did he do before he went into the army?" "He worked on a farm near Harrisburg." "O, yes, no doubt he went to bed at dark like the chickens. Those officers had no right to expect that boy to keep awake all night. Of course I will pardon him." Writing out the pardon, he handed it to the father, saying, "Your boy is worth a great deal more to the Republic above ground than he is under it." And he said to J. G. Holland, who happened to be in the office, "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that boy on my skirts. I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act." This boy was found among the slain at Fredericksburg, wearing next his heart a photograph of Mr.

Lincoln, underneath which he had written, "God bless President Lincoln!"

One of the generals went to Washington to prevent the pardon of a lot of deserters. Mr. Lincoln said, "Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it."

Sympathy tempered by justice

He knew just how to cut down to the core of a question and state it so that the common people saw and felt it. When he sent Vallandigham South he said, "It is easier to send him South to his friends than it is to shoot the poor boys he induces to desert." The farmers and their wives whose sons were in the army said, "Old Abe is right again." He was most pathetically entreated to pardon a slave trader who was in Newburyport Jail. Lincoln said to Mr. Alley, "If this man were guilty of the foulest murder that the arms of man could perpetrate, I might pardon him on that appeal. But a man who can steal helpless Africans, and sell them into interminable bondage for money, can never receive pardon at my hands. No, he may rot in jail before he shall have liberty by an act of mine." His tenderness and sympathy were guided by reason and conscience.

Were I to choose but two scenes to represent the life of Mr. Lincoln, they should be these: First, his giving the Proclamation of Emancipation,

which brings out his self-reliance and his firmness and his justice and his wisdom, and makes him the Emancipator, the chief figure of American history, a figure that shall never grow dim in the eyes of men; the second, the restoration of a widow's son to his mother, showing his justice and his humanity, which was given by Mr. Carpenter, who was in the White House to paint Mr. Lincoln's portrait. Poorly clad, weeping, pale, she said to him, "Mr. President, I had a husband and three sons in the army. My husband has just been killed, and I come to ask back my oldest son." He granted the request. She took the order and went to the field, only to see that oldest son die in the hospital from his wounds. She went again to the President, with a statement of facts by the surgeon. Mr. Lincoln read the backing on the order, and said, "I know what you want; you need not ask for it. I will give you your next son," saying, as he wrote, "You have one and I have one; that is about right." The poor woman, standing by him, smoothed his hair with her hands, saying, while her tears fell upon his head, "God bless you, President Lincoln; may you live a thousand years and be the head of this great nation." More than any other man, he was the President of the common people and the father of the poor.

Help to widowed mother

Joshua F. Speed told me this incident: "Once visiting Washington Mr. Lincoln said to me, 'Why

don't you come to see me, Joshua?' I replied, 'You have too many to see you now.' Mr. Lincoln replied, 'They all want something. I want some one to see me. Come and give me an hour of the old days. Stay to-night after the levee.' It was Thursday. I did so. After eleven, everybody was gone. Lincoln stretched up his arms, coming toward me, and said, 'Now we will have a good visit.' Just then there was a strange rustling in the heavy curtains in one of the windows near us. I saw that he thought, as I did, that some one was there to assassinate him, for threats of assassination came with almost every mail. He said once of them that they were nothing when you got used to it. I sat where I could see Mr. Lincoln's face. In an instant there was the solid combination of courage and determination. Quick as a cat and strong as a tiger, he sprang to the window and pulled out onto the floor two large human figures, dressed in women's clothes. He said, "What are you skulking about my house for at this time of night?" The figures began to cry and plead. They were two women from Potter County, Pennsylvania, a mother and her daughter-in-law, seeking the pardon of a draft rioter, son of one and husband of the other woman. Mr. Lincoln's face softened into tenderest pity. He took them by the hands, lifted them up, held on to their hands so they could not get their arms

Plea for draft rioters

about him, and said, 'Where are your papers?' One said, 'I have none. The lawyer would charge me ten dollars; then I could not come. I had rather see you without papers than send papers without myself.' He said, 'Yes, I know those cases. There are twenty-two of them. They have been in prison too long already. You go yonder and sit till I get the papers.' He rang for a servant, and handing him a card, said, 'Take that to the War Department.' A lieutenant-colonel came in presently with the papers in the Potter County riots. Mr. Lincoln took them and began writing on the backs of the papers an order for pardon and signing his name. The lieutenant-colonel said, 'Mr. President, those are the worst cases we have. We had to bring men back from the front to put them down when we could ill afford it. They ought to rot in their cells.' Mr. Lincoln said, 'That is right. I like to hear you talk. You are making a good speech.' But he kept signing the orders for pardon. When he had signed them all, handing the papers to the officer, he said, 'Colonel, you do that if you know what is good for you.' The old woman said, 'I am a Catholic, but I shall pray for you every day and I shall see you in heaven.' As the women went out Mr. Lincoln turned and said to me, 'There, I have done something at last; that pays me for this day's work.' I rose to go. Mr. Lincoln said, 'Don't go, Joshua.'

And their pardon

I said, 'It is late, you must rest.' Mr. Lincoln said, with inexpressible sadness, 'No, don't go. To-morrow is Friday, and I never sleep Thursday nights.' 'What do you say, Mr. Lincoln? What do you mean?' 'To-morrow is execution day in the army, and if I do not sign the boys' papers I know they will be shot to-morrow. But the generals say that it costs more lives to pardon than it does to shoot, so I cannot pardon; but I never sleep Thursday nights. Stay with me, Joshua.' "

His great heart, the biggest heart that ever beat among men, beat heavily and was almost broken under the sorrows of the civil war. He came to the White House a giant; he staggered out of it a shadow, worn down in the service of the Republic.

Place in history

Mr. Lincoln's place in history is fixed and easily understood. He came into Washington with one solitary companion. He was carried out of it with greater pomp than was ever awarded to any other American. Judges and senators were his eulogists. Cities were his guards, States were his bearers, nations were his attendants, and the weeping millions of mankind were his mourners. Victoria sent her sympathy, "A widow to a widow." The French people sent a bejeweled casket, saying, "The heart of France is in this casket." It is touching to hear the farmers in central Illinois say, "The brown thrush did not sing for a year after

he died." He was born an American peasant and died an American king.

Do you ask me whence his greatness? I ask you whence the soldier of a man comes. We can guess at that in part. A citizen, clothed in a soldier's uniform, armed with a soldier's weapons, fed on a soldier's rations, and marching to a soldier's music, is not a soldier. He is only a citizen, clothed, armed, fed, and marched like a soldier. The soldier of a man is worn in by much drilling. It is worried in by long marches. It is settled in by lonely picket watches. It is filtered in by the rains of heaven. It is distilled in by the dews of night. It is starved in by half a biscuit a day. It is blown in by shot and shell. It is thrust in by bayonet and saber. It is trampled in by iron hoofs. It is crushed in by artillery wheels. That is whence the real soldier comes. This may help us to guess by proper reasoning whence Mr. Lincoln's greatness. It was rubbed in by a severe father. It was petted in by a loving and praying mother. It was warmed in by the overbrooding angel of integrity. It was worn in by long nights of watching while other men slept. It was hissed in by the vipers that wriggled under his feet. It was stung in by the petty jealousies of rivals who saw only his place. It was thrust in by the slanders of a malicious press. It was kissed in by the Judas Iscariots who sought his confi-

dence only to betray it. It was starved in by his solitude in the long night of the war. It was burned in by the fires of patriotism that never cooled till his great heart ceased to beat. That is whence the greatness of Mr. Lincoln came.

I would not pluck one laurel wreath from the statues of the noble dead. I would rather place in their midst another statue that shall adorn and honor their glorified company. We are yet too near Mr. Lincoln to award him the glory he deserves. We remember too well his form to realize that this man standing among us like a father yet looms above us like a monarch.

Nearly a generation has passed since those pitiful and fierce days. Nearly all that great host that made the earth tremble, made the world wonder, made our country glorious, has passed over to the great majority. The great President is gone, and his Cabinet is gone, and the great commanders, General Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, General Logan, General Thomas, and a great host of heroes have marched over and pitched their tents on "Fame's eternal camping ground." Those of us who prayed for their success or argued for their defense or marched beneath their eagles see just before us the pontoon which shortly we must march over. In this presence, not this earthly presence, but the upper presence, the presence of our mighty dead, we can afford to tell the truth.

I do no man any injustice when I say, without controversy, measured by what he did, God's measurement, judged by the deeds done in the body, Mr. Lincoln stands without a peer. He stands alone in the world. He stands alone in human history. He came to the government by a minority vote, without an army, without a navy, without money, without munitions; he stepped into the most stupendous, most widespread, most thoroughly equipped and appointed, most deeply planned and infamous rebellion of all history. Traitors were in every department. Treason was the rule, loyalty the exception. He was alone in Washington, armed foes were close at hand, a large and increasing rebel army almost within cannon-shot of the Capitol. His friends were far away in the North. All telegraphic and railroad connections with distant friends were severed. He conciliated his rivals, compacted his friends, flanked politicians, marshaled Wall Street, outwitted Copperheads, and conquered foes. He stamped upon the earth, and two millions of armed men sprang up for his defense. He spoke to the sea, and the mightiest navy the world had ever seen crowned every wave. He breathed into the air, and money and munitions rained upon the people. An administrator, he saved the nation in the perils of unparalleled strife. A statesman, he justified his measures by their success. A philan-

thropist, he gave liberty to one race and freedom to another. A moralist, he bowed from the summit of human power to the foot of the cross and became a Christian. A mediator, he exercised mercy under the most absolute obedience to law. A leader, he was no partisan. A commander in a great civil war, he was untainted with blood. A ruler in desperate times, he was unsullied with crime. A man, he has left no word of passion, no thought of malice, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of mere selfish ambition. Thus perfected, without a model and without a peer, he was dropped into these troubled years to adorn and ennoble all that is good and all that is great in our humanity and to present to all coming time the embodiment of the divine idea of free government. Measured by what he did, he towers from his girth up above every other mere man for six thousand years.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

From an original oil portrait by Theodore Pine. General Grant sat for this portrait. It was afterwards presented to Bishop Fowler. Never before published.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

By special request of the Mayor and city authorities of San Francisco, California, Bishop Fowler delivered an oration at the Grant memorial services held in the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on August 8, 1885. Subsequently he prepared this oration in its present form.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

GOD honors "the arduous greatness of things achieved." Greatness rises on the pedestal of the centuries. Heroes, like coral continents, grow forever. Immortal heroes are those who make a bend in the stream of human history.

Military heroes of history

Alexander conquered the Persian Darius on the plains of Arbela, perpetuated the Greek colonies springing up in the track of his conquest, and made the rich language of the Greeks the language of the known world. He is known as Alexander the Great.

Hannibal slid down the sides of the Alps into the fields of Italy and intimidated Rome for half a generation. He furnishes the one name that makes Carthage honorable among the nations.

In the pastures about Tours, Karl Martel smote the invading Arab, saved Christendom from destruction, and exalted the Cross above the Crescent in Europe forever. He is honored as the Hammer of God.

At Blenheim, Marlborough broke the power of the Bourbon family, and delivered imperiled Protestantism. His name is written all over England.

At Austerlitz, Napoleon vanquished the enemies of his country, made sure constitutional liberty for Europe, and identified himself with the brightest glory of France. He stands in history as the embodiment of military genius.

At Waterloo, Wellington crushed the power of Napoleon and gave modern liberty in England a new lease of life. He stands chiseled in the House of Lords as the Iron Duke.

Yonder, before the gates of Vicksburg, "the Gibraltar of America," yonder in the passes about Chattanooga, the Marathon of the central South, and yonder in the marshes of the Wilderness, the Death Valley of the Rebellion, Grant broke the military power of the Confederacy and made the end of American slavery an accomplished fact. His name will be cherished and honored as long as there beats anywhere on the earth a human heart in sympathy with freedom.

Grant's superiority

Modestly he takes his seat in this little group of the greatest military commanders who have turned the stream of human history. It seems to be honor enough to sit in the war-council of the world with Alexander and Hannibal, with Martel and Marlborough, with Napoleon and Wellington. But this is not all. Grant exceeded each of them at the point where each was greatest. He far exceeded Alexander in the breadth of his campaigns, and Marlborough in the certainty and

number of his victories. His Vicksburg campaign overcame vastly more and greater difficulties than those confronted by Hannibal or Napoleon in crossing the Alps, and it exhausted the resources of military science. Chattanooga eclipses in vigor, courage, mental resources, genius, and results anything ever achieved by Napoleon. The Wilderness in several of its single days surpasses all the hammering done by Martel or endured by Wellington. It is two or three Waterloos piled up and heaped together and pounded out by the enormous ability of this silent soldier. He fought more battles without losing a single field, took more and better soldiers prisoners, vanquished more and mightier armies, subjugated more territory with more natural fastnesses, and wore out more opposing forces than this half dozen best fighters of all races and of all centuries, all put together. And this for the greatest of causes, that he might secure freedom for one race and give liberty to another, and that "the last experiment of a free government might not perish from the earth." Grant sits rightfully in the center of this group of military heroes. He towers above them in the solitude of his military genius.

Scaffolding

The scaffolding in which this great, God-called, God-anointed, God-smitten life was builded is easily presented. Ulysses S. Grant was born of Jesse Root Grant and Mary Simpson Grant (pious,

fighting Scotch blood), April 27, 1822. His father was marked as a brave man, known among his neighbors as fearless and determined. His mother was a quiet, persistent, devoted Christian woman. He inherited the best qualities of each. He entered the Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1839, graduated June 30, 1843, and was immediately assigned to the Fourth Infantry; entered Mexico as Brevet Second Lieutenant, under General Taylor, in May, 1846; was in his first battle at Palo Alto, May 6, 1846; was brevetted for courage and ability on the field twice in five days; married Miss Julia B. Dent August 22, 1848; went to California in 1852; resigned July 31, 1854; experimented for a time for a living as a coal dealer, real-estate auctioneer, and farmer; returned to Galena, Illinois, in 1859, where he clerked in a leather store till the firing on Fort Sumter. In April, 1861, he was a clerk in the Governor's office, Springfield, Illinois; was made Colonel of Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers in June, 1861; Brigadier-General, July, 1861; Major-General, 1863; Lieutenant-General, March 9, 1864; General, July 25, 1866; elected President of the United States, November, 1868, and November, 1872; went around the world in 1877–79. At eight o'clock and ten minutes, Eastern time, July 23, 1885, he received his supreme promotion, from the summit of Mount McGregor.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
His silent tent is spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

This rude scaffolding contains a most majestic and magnificent structure. More time than we have had is needed for just measurement of the structure.

The stone-cutters in the Parthenon were blinded by the dust of the chiseling, so they could not comprehend the symmetrical and imposing temple that had alighted from the brain of Ictinus upon the hills of Athens. But all the centuries since have seen it. So we are blinded by the dust from the little blocks which we are chiseling. We can poorly appreciate the symmetry and magnificence of the structure which has been builded in our midst and before our eyes.

Grant at West Point

General Fry says he first saw General Grant on the day of his graduation from West Point. Cadet Grant was called, and a slight, smooth-faced, blue-eyed youth, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, rode out quietly on a sorrel horse. There was nothing striking about his appearance except the perfection with which he sat and controlled his horse. A bar was placed a little higher than a man's head. The young cadet took his horse over the bar with the greatest composure and ease. The world has become familiar with

that face grown over with short, positive whiskers, and also with seeing him ride over all the hurdles and obstacles crowded into a turbulent life.

Made his own way

Grant made his own way. No man ever made his way to the front more exclusively by his own abilities than did this man. In the truest sense he was a self-made man, though he took advantage of a thorough training for his work. Indeed, no man was ever yet really more than half made who did not make himself. The chief disadvantage of men who have made themselves without the advantage of institutions is their temptation to worship their maker. Grant was free from this overgrown egotism. The only self-made man I know is the new woman!

He made his way against all difficulties and with the least possible outside help. Eight days after the firing on Fort Sumter he was drilling a company of men. In a little time he went to Springfield to see the Governor of Illinois, and offered his services. Educated at the expense of the nation, he felt in conscience bound to tender his services to the government.

His services refused

Nobody wanted him. His letter to the Secretary of War tendering his services was never so much as answered. He went to Cincinnati to offer his services to McClellan, then attracting some attention as the favorite of General Scott. Grant hung around McClellan's headquarters a few days, and

tried repeatedly in vain to obtain an interview with McClellan. This scene makes us think of the doctor who had a patient with a wen on his neck. The wen grew till it tipped the patient's head over to one side. Then the doctor advised that they cut off the head to make room for the wen.

Given Illinois regiment

Grant returned to Springfield and took service as a clerk in the Governor's office. His knowledge and method attracted attention and he was offered the command of a regiment. The Twenty-first Illinois had an undesirable reputation for insubordination. Officers avoided it. Some one suggested, "Give it to Grant, he will tame it." It was done, and the new Colonel showed his ability by declining transportation for his men, and marching them across the State to Quincy. This march tamed them.

Lacked support of superiors

His early achievements were accomplished without the support of his superiors, often almost without their permission. He asked Fremont, then in command at Saint Louis, for permission to take Paducah. Fremont answered, "You can try if you feel strong enough." He found this telegram in camp after the battle. He asked Halleck, Fremont's successor, in command at Saint Louis, for permission to take Fort Henry. Halleck's aide telegraphed, "Don't be too rash," and this was received after the capture of Fort Henry. He

asked permission to take Fort Donelson. Halleck telegraphed, "Spades and shovels are on the way to make Fort Henry secure." But Grant took Donelson and thus secured Fort Henry before the spades and shovels reached him. Grant was no spade-and-shovel general.

Historic accidents

A great general has said, "If C. F. Smith" (a pet of Halleck's) "had lived Grant would have disappeared from history after Donelson." But C. F. Smith's horse stumbled (not Grant's) and so injured Smith that he did not survive. In great emergencies there seems to be a supreme power at work for the endangered cause. Hasdrubal was at Apulia in Italy and his brother Hannibal was at Zama, less than two hundred miles away. Hasdrubal sent a messenger to ask Hannibal to unite with him in South Umbria and thus together march against Rome. No power on earth could have withstood their united armies. But the messenger, near his intended destination, fell into the hands of a Roman squad. Not Hasdrubal's letter reached Hannibal, but Hasdrubal's head. The accident of dropping that note into the hand of a Roman soldier made the civilization of Europe Latin instead of Semitic. The stumbling of Smith's instead of Grant's horse made millions of slaves free and maintained one free and unconquerable nation for this north temperate belt.

Antipathies

Grant encountered that strongest of human antipathies, the antipathy which mere talent has against genius. His career, so rapid and so brilliant, leaping in eight short years from an obscure clerkship in a small leather store of an unknown Western interior town to the White House, and to the loftiest summit of human fame, called forth the hottest and most malignant criticisms and abuse. In this nothing happened to him but what is common to the lot of such men. Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London on an anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Scipio Africanus, who had crushed Hannibal at Zama, was arraigned by a factious crowd and put on trial. He repelled his accusers by reminding the people that it was the anniversary of the battle of Zama, and then went away to die in voluntary exile.

It is not strange that Grant had to encounter calumny and detraction. The measure of greatness among men is capacity for pain, and the proof of greatness is the bulk of calumny. Where the carcass is, there are the eagles gathered. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

Intensity of hatred

In September, 1872, a lecturer in western New York gave his demonstration from the prophecies that the end of the world was at hand. He footed up a column of dates and figures on his blackboard,

coming out with the conclusion, "The end of the world will come October 28, 1872." A man in the audience said, "Amen, glory to God!" The lecturer looked at him and went on. Another column of dates and figures, and the same conclusion, "The end of the world will come October 28, 1872." Again the response, "Glory to God in the highest!" The lecturer paused, and the audience all looked at the seeming fanatic. Another column, and the same conclusion, and a louder response, when the lecturer said, "My friend, what is there in that awful catastrophe to please you so much?" The man replied, "Hallelujah! Glory to God! The world is coming to an end October 28, a week before election. Anything to beat old Grant!"

Magnitude of the rebellion

Measurements are relative. The girls in the Vale of Cashmere, who can easily distinguish eight hundred shades in color where the untrained eye sees less than half a dozen shades, would not regard our shadings as wonderful. In the War of the Revolution special mention is made officially of receiving reinforcements in Virginia of "one regular soldier and two volunteers," on the very soil where in the Civil War reinforcements of forty thousand regulars were not thought to be unusual. In the Mexican War, where General Grant took his first lessons in actual war, the figures and forces seem most insignificant. General Taylor in-

vaded Mexico with three thousand men, armed with flintlocks and taking as their heaviest artillery two eighteen-pound guns. General Taylor seldom wore a uniform and habitually sat on his horse with both feet on one side. The change from this little more than coon hunt to the vast proportions of our Civil War almost staggers our comprehension. These figures will help us up to some better comprehension of the hero of Appomattox.

Look at the adversary against whom we sent our leather clerk into the arena. Four months after the firing on Fort Sumter the Southern Confederacy seemed as firmly established as if it had stood four centuries. It had more territory than any state in Europe except Russia; larger than the empire of Napoleon at its best, with a fertile soil filling the marts of the world with products which the world must have; with hundreds of miles of water front, where all the fleets of the earth could anchor with contraband material; with vast mountain ranges with their impenetrable fastnesses, where all her citizens could hide in safety; with marshes and bayous that could engulf all the armies of strangers that might venture into them; with vast regions more wild and difficult of access than was Gaul to the legions of Cæsar; with a brave and warlike people, born of the conquering race, intelligent, conscientious, fighting Anglo-Saxons, counted by millions; with leaders of great ability

and renown and confidence; with munitions of war the most perfect and abundant; with a resistance against the Federal forces that had been nourished and strengthened for three generations; with millions of obedient and devoted slaves who had supported the South in the luxury of private life for two centuries, and could support the South in the frugalities of camp life for ten centuries; with outspoken friends in and of every court and cabinet of Europe, except the court of the little kingdom of Prussia, and the court of the magnificent empire of the Czar; more important still, with a great host of friends who had done the bidding of the South for years in every State and community of the North—the Confederacy, thus planted, manned, armed, equipped, led, supported, inspired, and encouraged, rose at once as a mighty nation into the midst of all the nations of the earth. It was the most extended, most numerously accepted, most thoroughly organized, most solidly compacted, most ably officered, most lavishly enriched, most intelligently defended, and most terribly purposed rebellion known to history. It was engaged in a strife that could be settled by no possible treaty and compromise. It meant either the destruction of the Union or the destruction of the Confederacy. Against this colossal power, crouching among the jungles of the South, fattening on the poisonous exhalations of a hostile climate,

and under the burning rays of a tropical sun, we sent forth our captain from the leather store of Galena. In four short years he marched from Paducah to Appomattox, threading every beach and landing, wading every river and marsh, seizing every harbor and inlet, sinking every ironclad and gunboat, taking every city and hamlet, conquering every army and legion, capturing every officer and soldier, utterly annihilating and wiping out from the face of the earth the colossal structure of the Southern Confederacy, till the amazed nations of the earth wondered at the nightmare that had beguiled them, and hastened to make friends with the chieftain who had disappointed their hopes.

Great as a general

It is difficult to present Grant's generalship without presenting the history of the Civil War. Sherman said that General Halleck was a theoretic soldier, Grant a practical soldier. There was nothing that any of Grant's officers could do that he could not do as well or better. With a hard head packed full of common sense, leaving no storage for visions and fancies, he saw the facts in each situation.

It is difficult to analyze General Grant, because he is so simple and complete. Like Lincoln, he is like a sphere; approached from any side he seems always to project farthest toward you. Try to divide, and each section is like all the rest. Cut through him, and he is all the way through alike.

We can only catalogue his distinguishing characteristics. His leading characteristic in mind, was practical reason; in will, firmness; in moral nature, integrity; in religious nature, loyalty to duty; in emotional nature, love of family, fidelity to friends, and sympathy with humanity; in faith, New Testament Christianity; in manner, simplicity; in bearing, dignity; in scholarship, a mastery of English and of his calling; in achievement, a military genius; in the abiding motives for action, patriotism; in poise, absolute courage; in general make-up, preternatural endurance; and in all things, a man.

Sought substance of things

Grant was essentially great in all great matters. The qualities of his mind were such that he was moved only by the substance of things. As a student he won greatest credit in the heavy branches —mathematics, engineering, and fort-constructing. In his great campaigns he seized as if by the instinct of an infallible genius the points of advantage. He saw what was to be done. What more important points than Paducah, controlling the mouth of the Ohio; Shiloh, practically guarding Kentucky and Tennessee; Vicksburg, the gate of the Mississippi; Chattanooga, the key to Georgia and Alabama? He saw distinctly exactly what was to be done. He said to Bismarck, "We were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make a peace. We had to destroy him; no convention, no treaty, was possible—only destruction." This clear state-

ment contains the secret of his war policy, and made his brilliant career only a question of time and opportunity.

Fighting for the Union

He was fighting, like Lincoln, to maintain the Union. He came slowly up to the slavery question. In Missouri a frightened, panting negro ran into camp and up to headquarters, and said, "Mr. Officer, I'se a feared Massa will cotch me. Where can I go?" Grant said, "Take care of yourself. We are not hunting negroes, but rebels." The boys soon hid the slave under some blankets. Presently the master appeared and demanded the slave. Grant said, "We are not hunting negroes, but rebels. Take care of yourself." Grant simply did his present duty. When Lincoln struck the resources of the South by the Emancipation Proclamation he was ready for it and gave it his fullest support.

Seized strategic points

Every step of this man's long march for the rescue of the Republic is worth most careful study. But in the brief time proper for this lecture only a few things may be recalled and relived. Paducah, his first movement against the rebellion, showed the presence of the great General as certainly as did Mission Ridge. Quickly done, it opened the Ohio River, quieted the talk about neutrality in Kentucky, and furnished Grant's first important public document, in which he distinguished between acts and ideas, soldiers and citizens. Ordered

to make a demonstration before Belmont, he there fought his first important battle and won the first
First victory of that long unbroken list of victories which broke the world's record. His raw troops were so elated that they became uncontrollable. The officers were running about as on a Fourth of July celebration, making patriotic speeches for the Union. Unable to obtain order, Grant fired his own camp to attract the attention of the hostile gunners at Columbus. This new danger restored order to his own men.

Donelson Donelson and Shiloh, within a few days of each other, illustrated many of Grant's marvelous abilities. The acres of the dead at Donelson were paved so thickly over that one could traverse the field without stepping on the ground. Grant led the charges in person, passing continually back and forth, with that celebrated cigar in his fingers, before the men in the thickest of the conflict, imparting his own courage and determination to the raw recruits. He said of the conduct of these men, "That demonstrated that Western recruits could do anything when they were properly led." That cigar was mentioned in the dispatches, and in a few days thirteen hundred boxes were sent to Grant, and he received credit for being a great smoker beyond the fact.

Donelson, which Grant called "our first clear victory," marked a new era in the issue between

the North and the South. It transformed the strife from a parade into a war. It demonstrated the ability of raw Western volunteers to endure and win, under any circumstances. It sent North thousands of prisoners, more than had been taken at once in any field since the surrender of Ulm to Bonaparte. It broke the strategical line of defense of the sacred soil of the South. Immediately Bowling Green was abandoned. Nashville surrendered without a blow. Impregnable Columbus, which held the Mississippi and threatened the Ohio, was deserted, Missouri was secured, Kentucky was practically freed from invaders, and Tennessee was restored to the Union. Well might this battle, where we learned about "unconditional surrender," give new spirit to the army and the country, and turn all eyes upon the silent soldier whose form and face will never be forgotten.

Infallible instinct for victory

Here and at Shiloh Grant illustrated the supreme secret of all his fighting. It was this, as he stated it himself: "There comes always in a close battle a critical moment when both armies have done their best up to their natural endurance. Each is trembling and uncertain at the limit, anxious to see what will come next. To discover this supreme moment and then do more than any man could be asked or demanded to do, strike first and hard, is always to win." This is Grant's account of how he won his victories. This is the supreme gift of

genius, to do in that critical moment what is impossible to mere talent, namely, lift the common soldiers into heroes. This Grant did at Donelson, and repeated on every close field to Appomattox. This gave him what Sherman called the "infallible instinct of victory."

Never expected defeat

General Buell, coming inexcusably late after the battle, criticised Grant for fighting with the Tennessee River behind him and transports for only ten thousand of his forty thousand men. Grant said, "What of that?" Buell said, "You could not have retreated." Grant said, "We did not want to retreat." "But suppose you had to retreat?" Grant replied, "We could not retreat." Buell affirmed, "You might be obliged to retreat." Grant said, "Well, if we had been obliged to retreat, transportation for ten thousand would have been sufficient. It would have carried all there would have been left of us." He knew how and when to strike the effectual blow. Donelson and Shiloh thus became the beginning of the end.

Nature is true. She fosters no shams. So all great natures are true. History sooner or later sifts out all pretense. Grant took up into his nature the least possible that would drop through the sieve of the centuries. His first report about Vicksburg, that greatest campaign on record, was a telegram written inside the walls. He sought and valued only real results.

In the East he set himself to destroy Lee's army. The problem of the war
He said, "The problem of the war is not to take Richmond, but to destroy the military power of Lee's army." He said to a friend, as he went out to confront Lee, "It is a question of numbers and supplies. Lee has one hundred thousand men; I have one hundred and fifty thousand. I shall destroy as many of his men as he does of mine. By and by he will have fifty thousand and I will have one hundred thousand. Then I shall capture him." And he did. Both armies were greatly strengthened by reinforcements.

He says in his report as Lieutenant-General, His policy
July 22, 1865, "From an early period in the rebellion I had been impressed with the idea that active and continuous operation of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season or weather, was necessary to a speedy termination of the war. From the first I was firm in the conviction that no peace could be had that would be stable and conducive to the happiness of the people, both North and South, until the military power of the rebellion was entirely broken. I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy; second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere *attrition*, if in no other way, there should be nothing left for him but submission to the

Constitution and laws of the land." These profound convictions dictated his famous statement to General Meade, "General Lee is our objective point."

Lee's army the objective

General Lee was the favorite general of the South, and his army the center of the military power of the South. So when General Grant took command of all the armies of the Union he formed *one plan*, covering all the country and reaching every officer and soldier. Every soldier had his face set toward Lee's army. Meade on the Rapidan, Sherman on the Tennessee, Butler on the James, Sigel in West Virginia, and even Banks in Louisiana, on the far-away Red River, were to push on from whatever direction, against whatever obstacles, toward Lee's army. Thus, from the day he left the Rapidan, it was a constant, persistent, desperate, resistless purpose at all costs to wipe out Lee's army. A repulse was nothing provided it had cost the enemy a fair amount of loss to produce it. The order was simple: "Fight along the whole line!" From Spottsylvania, after six days of awful fighting, he telegraphed Secretary Stanton, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

After thirty days of "continuous hammering" he had so wasted Lee's army by attrition that retreat within the defenses of Richmond was a necessity. Then followed the gathering in of all the great

armies, till at Appomattox everything gave way before this continuous hammering.

Vast numbers

It is difficult to comprehend the vast numbers which this man handled and met. The Confederacy had, at its best, January 1, 1863, 750,000 available men. The Union's available force was 1,500,000. The North sent into the service during the war 2,656,553, the Confederacy 1,500,000. History certifies no such armies. Alexander fought his great battle of Arbela with 60,000 men. Hannibal started from Carthage with 102,000, but reached Italy with only 26,000. Napoleon had only 72,000 men at Waterloo. Grant took 75,000 prisoners in Virginia alone, and killed and wounded nearly as many more.

Courage measured by losses

The courage of these armies is as important as the quantity. Since Waterloo the modes of warfare have been revolutionized by the invention of better weapons. Before Waterloo Frederick lost in his battles 18.42%; the Austrians, in seven battles, 11.7%; the French, in nine Napoleon battles, 22.38%; all parties at Waterloo, 40%. Since that battle the Germans, in eight battles, have lost 11%; the Austrians, in two battles, 8%; the English, in four battles, 10%. In our Civil War, in eleven battles, the Union forces lost 12.89%, and the Confederate forces lost 14.16%. The "Gray" was not one hair's breadth behind the "Blue" in courage. Modern wars have furnished no soldiers

with the courage and endurance of these Americans. These great armies were made of the best metal. They could endure continuous hammering and go into a spiral scabbard.

Quality of soldiers

The quality also counts. The world has never produced better soldiers than these Anglo-Saxons. It is the best fighting blood of history. Fighting for liberty, they can fight on their own hook. Russia is prevented from using the best weapons in her service because her soldiers are not equal to the use of any but the simplest. But these Americans can handle anything that genius can invent. They have mastered all the trades, and can utilize them. They can build bridges, launch vessels, construct pontoons, repair weapons, create munitions, distill remedies, harness the forces of nature, dig trenches by automatic dredges, construct and operate railroad and telegraph lines, hurl whole divisions into a charge by a railroad train, wheel and deploy them by telegraph to meet cavalry or avoid artillery. Charging through a country, they can create a desert with one hand, and in an hour with the other hand reconstruct the whole civilization. A retreating Confederate, having been ordered to blow up a tunnel, responded, "Just as you say, sir, but it is useless; old Sherman is coming, and he always carries a lot of spare tunnels and he will put down another here in ten minutes." The quality of these armies exalts the abilities required to handle

them. Soldiers that are able by sheer skill to plug a breech-loading cannon, measure the millionth part of an inch in space and the millionth part of a second in time, compute the elements of interlacing curves, invent new formulas for computing the orbits of double stars, analyze the gases exhaling from a marsh, recognize any geological formation at sight, tell the resistance of every kind of a stone, and the tractile power of each of the woods, name every plant and give its known medicinal properties, transform a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle so as to utilize every particle, including hoofs, bones, and horns, utilize a herd of swine, utilizing everything except the squeal, extracting from the muscle and fat marches and bayonet charges, campaigns, marksmanship, and saber exercise, ideas, purposes, patriotism, characters, and heroism—such soldiers cannot be fooled with gold cord and shoulder straps. Such lions cannot be commanded by a stag. An army of lions can be led only by the king of lions. There is in the Louvre an original inscription made 450 B. C., which in extreme simplicity tells the glory of Athens, saying that "The Athenians fell in Cyprus, in Egypt, in Phœnicia, at Halise in Ægina, and in Megara in the same year." We get some idea of the greatness of this strife when we remember that these magnificent American soldiers fought over a continent, over territory fifty

times as large as all the territory touched by the Greeks, and held up their flag on all seas, defying all the unfriendly nations of the earth.

Vicksburg Campaign

The Vicksburg Campaign, exhausting all known military science and surpassing all campaigns known to history, crowns General Grant as the supreme military genius of all time.

Great rivers are nature's thoroughfares. The control of a river decides the sovereignty of the land. Rome struggled for two centuries to add the Rhine to her vassal rivers. The Elbe, the Nile, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Tigris, the Seine, and finally the Thames, acknowledged the supremacy of the Tiber. In the bloody years of the early sixties the Mississippi was the key to the nation's integrity. For an enemy to hold that was to bind the jugular vein of the Republic. Held, the death of the Republic was only a question of time. Opened, the death of the Confederacy was only a question of time. Vicksburg was the natural and artificial stricture. The passage here must be opened.

Importance of Vicksburg

Vicksburg was called by Beauregard "the Gibraltar of America." It is situated on a plateau two hundred and fifty feet high, surrounded by ravines and marshes and the Mississippi River. The strategic campaign of the war, the one supreme campaign of all time, was for its capture. The dark days of the war were from January 2,

1863, after the repulse of Sherman on the Yazoo with his Western fighters, to July 4 of the same year, when Grant marched into Vicksburg. These were days that taxed the faith of public men and the patriotism of private citizens. These were the days when Grant's supreme military genius and magnificent qualities of character were displayed. The campaign was destined to dismember the Confederacy, and open the Mississippi for national uses. It must be done before the end could be reached. Done, the end must follow. Grant set himself about it in the one campaign which he afterward in the quiet review of more perfect knowledge pronounced "the campaign which I do not now see how to improve."

Sherman's protest

At a council of war, in which the proposal to cut loose and go in back of Vicksburg was discussed, every officer present voted against it. General Sherman was so certain that it was a fatal blunder that he wrote two pages of protest and handed it to Grant. Grant put it in a pigeonhole in his desk and went on with the campaign. On the 4th of July, after they had entered Vicksburg, Sherman came into Grant's tent and General Grant handed him the protest, saying, "Here is a paper that may interest you. It is nobody else's business. I do not care for it." It never would have been known had not General Sherman, in his magnanimity, told it himself

as a proof of Grant's greatness and magnanimity.

In the first eighteen days of May, 1863, Grant, pushing toward Vicksburg, fought five great battles, won five important victories, took forty field guns and nearly five thousand prisoners, killed and wounded five thousand two hundred of the enemy, separated the Southern armies, aggregating sixty thousand, captured one fortified capital city, destroyed the railroads and bridges, and made the investment of Vicksburg complete, and sat down to reduce the stronghold by siege. This taxed him more than anything he had yet done. The tide was running toward the Confederacy. Sherman, with his invincible Western fighters, had been checked. The Army of the Potomac was continuing its defeats and its experiments in new commanders. Ohio and Pennsylvania were terror-stricken at the advance of Bragg toward Louisville. The Confederate armies were advancing everywhere. The peace-at-any-price party in the North were gaining victories in the elections. European writers pronounced the Union destroyed, "and mankind relieved from a dangerous and pestiferous Republic." France stretched forth a helping hand to monarchical ambition in Mexico. England and France were bound by agreement to raise the blockade, acknowledge the Confederacy, and stop the war. They were prevented from the

Dark days

attempt by the courage and fidelity of Alexander II of Russia, who answered their proposals, saying, "The United States is my friend and has been the friend of my fathers; if either England or France, or both of them combined, undertake that job, every ship and soldier of Russia is at the disposal of the United States, and that there may be no misunderstanding you tell your master, Napoleon, that I issue my orders to-night and my warships shall start at once for the harbors of New York and San Francisco."

The Union's need for haste

England was growing rich in building hostile ironclads, and in blockade-running, and in buying Confederate bonds. Ambassadors from Richmond scorned our representatives and intrigued against them in every court of Europe. The taxes were multiplying. The draft was increasing. The North was divided. The national credit was nearly gone. Gold reached almost three hundred. The tropical sun was marching up from the South to reinforce the Confederate armies. Surely these were weighty reasons for the speedy capture of Vicksburg. No mortal can measure the pressure on Grant as he bent his energies to the task in hand. Pemberton, with his brave warriors inside this Gibraltar, menaced him in front. The wise and skillful Johnston, with an increasing host of forty thousand strong, threatened his rear. Intrenched on both sides against two powerful

armies, in the heart of an enemy's country, he went patiently about the work. Night and day

The siege

the operations of the siege were pushed. Parallels and trenches were opened at every available point, batteries were planted, heavy guns from the fleet were borrowed and mounted on land duty, roads were made, siege materials were prepared, mines were sunk, and towers for sharpshooters were built. Across the gulches, and through the ravines, and round the hillsides, and up to the very walls, day by day and night by night, inch by inch, the encircling lines of burnished steel and blazing muzzles made their remorseless way. Pressed by the awful gravity of the situation, slandered and maligned by open and concealed foes in the North, distrusted by nearly all in Washington save Lincoln—this unwavering man, underfed, underslept, sleeping at times on a torn cot so he had to spread his limbs apart to rest them on the beams of the cot, dressed like a common soldier, toiling in the mud and rain—this desperate, purposed, uncomplaining, silent man, pushed his way up to the very gates of Vicksburg, and on July 4, 1863, pushed them open, never again to be closed against the Stars and Stripes.

Greatness of the victory

This campaign, exhausting all the inventions and appliances of the most perfect war science, has had no equal, and, standing alone, would stamp its author as a military genius of the high-

est order. It was in acknowledgment of "the almost inestimable service done" by Grant for "the country" in this campaign that Lincoln wrote that letter in which he said, "When you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong." These two mightiest men, with the greatest task of all time, never having seen each other's faces, with half a continent between them, struggling for one cause, stand hand in hand, brothers in the blood of greatness: the one tall, looking over the bulge of the centuries; the other compact, lifting the world. It was at a reception in the White House, after Vicksburg, and after Grant had been called East to take command of all the armies, that they first met. Lincoln was shaking hands with the passing and pressing throng of visitors, when looking over to the door he saw General Grant come in. Instantly he said, "There is General Grant," and pushing through the crowd and reaching over some of the people caught Grant's hand. They shook in silence. Then Lincoln said, "God knows that you are welcome." No flight of ages can ever separate them.

Sherman's view of Grant

General Sherman was asked by General Rusling, "Why is it that you and Sheridan are always talking about what a great man General Grant is? The people think that you and Sheridan are

great men." General Sherman replied, "The chief reason is because it is so. He is the only great military genius that the war developed. I know more about books than Grant does. I know more about men and about society than Grant does. I know what the books teach about fighting. I can put two hundred thousand men onto the field, fight them and take them off again, and that is not an easy task. But Grant has the infallible instinct of victory. I mean this, for instance: At Mission Ridge I commanded our right. I received an order to strike the rebel left. I was so certain that it was a blunder that I sent an aide to ask General Grant if he issued the order. The aide came back at the top of his speed, with the order to strike quick and hard. I put the men upon a double-quick and went against the enemy. We were thrown back like a rubber ball from a stone wall. As we picked ourselves up, under cover of a little wood, I received another order to strike again, hard as I could. Again we ran up against them and were dashed to pieces with heavy loss. Again picking ourselves up, the third order came to strike as hard as I could. Again we were thrown down, when rallying again I saw the main army under Grant moving on the rebel center. Now no book, no scout, could tell him that these three charges had diverted the rebel reserves and weakened the rebel center. Only his genius, his

instinct of victory, could teach him that. You can see the same genius at Shiloh. Grant came to my tent at the close of the first day, about ten o'clock, and said, 'General Sherman, what do you think of this day's work?' I said, 'We have been roughly handled.' Grant replied, 'Yes, but you must remember that we have not been idle.' Sherman said, 'That is the difference between us. I saw what we had suffered, but not what we had inflicted. Grant saw both.' Grant said, 'What about to-morrow?' I said, 'I will tell you to-morrow night.' Grant said, 'I will tell you now. Look at our position, with the Tennessee River behind us, with an impassable ravine on one flank and the gunboats on the other; we are accessible only in front. To-morrow turns on who is first in the field.' Going out of the tent, he said, 'Beauregard will have to get up early if he is in the saddle before I am.' At twelve o'clock I received orders to put the troops in motion. Grant alone has the infallible instinct of victory. Again to illustrate what I mean: Sheridan and I will talk. I will plan a campaign and Sheridan will say, 'That is good. I can fight that out successfully.' Then I will make another plan. This he will also approve. So for a dozen different plans. But we do not know which is best. General Grant will sit by and listen and say nothing. We appeal to him. He will touch one or two of them at

points, perhaps combine two of them. Then we will wonder that we ever thought of any other. General Grant is the only great military genius developed by the war." Then Rusling said, "Your march to the sea was a great campaign and will carry your name for all time." Sherman replied, "Tell me who commanded any of Alexander's divisions, if you can. The rest of us will drop through the sieve and be forgotten in a thousand or two thousand years. But Grant will go up and take his seat by the side of Napoleon and Wellington and Hannibal and Alexander. Once I was in the first class. It was at West Point. One day there appeared among the names of the cadets that of U. S. Grant. That cadet has taken and filled the first class."

Estimates by Confederate leaders

Chattanooga demonstrated his fertility in resources. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, said after the battle, "We have underrated General Grant. His achievements surpass anything done by Hannibal or Napoleon crossing into Italy." Jefferson Davis said, "The failure at Chattanooga was the worst calamity that had befallen the Confederacy. It broke the spirit of the South and the courage of the Southern armies more than any other event."

When I first visited Rome I spent five days studying that greatest of all buildings, Saint Peter's, and came to some realization of its perfect finish,

exhausting the power of all arts, and of its vast proportions. When I first went to this cathedral, I drove over to the paved plateau in front of the church. That plateau, partly embraced within two vast colonnades supporting heroic statues, stretching out like arms as if to embrace the world, contains many acres. Here is a Needle. Some pope borrowed it from Egypt. There is a vast fountain, yonder another. By these I went up the steps into the vestibule. Here I stopped to measure, with my eye, the front. That vestibule contains as many cubic feet as several ordinary churches put together. There is Saint George and the Dragon in bronze, huge size, on the steps going up into the eleven hundred rooms of the Vatican. Here is a little door like a rat-hole, curtained with a padded sole-leather curtain; a beggar lifted the corner, and I stepped in. The first instant I started. Why! I have come through the wrong door! I am out of doors! There is a little park two blocks away where the sun shines! But no, that is the light from the dome away yonder. I am in the church. Here I stand in the midst of these wonders. On a column yonder to the right are two marble cherubs, apparently about two and a half feet tall, holding a shell filled with holy water. I walked over to them. I was amazed. The cherubs are eleven feet tall if straightened up. I began to feel the vastness of Saint Peter's. The long lines of

Comparison with Saint Peter's

columns seemed of proper size. After some days I measured one of the four columns that support the dome. I was amazed to find them seventy-two feet on a side, not quite square. The dome is nearly five hundred feet high. On the roof of the cathedral live over forty families, an entire village, employed in keeping the building in order. The immense space accommodates fifty-two thousand worshipers at once. Every inch of this vast temple has been touched by the hand of genius. Here is a mosaic, showing the conversion of Christiana. There are the lions of Canova, supporting a pope's tomb. Yonder is another pope's face in bas-relief. Not a spot but speaks of the mighty dead. The great founders of their orders stand in chiseled marble up against the sides of these columns. It slowly dawned upon me, how great this temple, and how great the architect, Michael Angelo, and what a marvel he wrought when, as he promised, he "hung the Pantheon between the heavens and the earth"! I thought I had seen all I could comprehend of one man. My guide said, "Come away and see Michael Angelo's statues—his Moses, his David, and his Christ." I said, "No, I have seen enough of Michael Angelo." But I went. I knew I would. I looked at his David and studied it. I said, "If I had been Goliath that man would never have gotten me. I would have run." I studied his Moses. It awed me. I felt as Angelo

himself did after he had finished it. He struck it on the knee and said, "Moses, why don't you speak?" Then I saw and studied his Christ. At first I felt its majesty; then it drew me, and I wanted to bow at its feet. It bade me come. To me nothing surpassed these statues. The sculptor stands by the side of the architect. The hand that chiseled these majestic figures was no feebler than the hand that hung up the dome of the temple, conceived alike in the brain of a Titan and executed with the touch of inspired genius. It is with such feelings that I turn from my subject, General Grant, to take a hurried glance at President Grant, change my subject from *General* Grant to *Grant.*

Difficulties for his administration as president

As it is always difficult to do a prosperous business on a declining market, so it was difficult to make a brilliant administration on the declining feelings that followed the war. The pendulum had swung in the early sixties to one extreme. It had to swing back again. The vast expenditures of millions every day, the unnumbered contracts that furnished work and wealth and temptations, had engendered a spirit of gain equal to the tide of fierce passions that had swept everything along. Grant bent his great energies to the work of retrenchment and steady living. Within a few days after the surrender, before all the rebel armies were disbanded and long before the prisoners had reached their homes, Grant had mustered out the

Union soldiers by the hundred thousand, and disposed of much of the war material available for the uses of peace, thus stopping the increase of the national debt. A little later this purpose characterized his administration. His absolute honesty and integrity, like a rock in a rapid river, made a disturbance in the smooth stream of selfishness that had possessed the country in the administration of President Johnson. While the frauds and peculations were only a small per cent of the losses in the same way by the principal civilized governments, in proportion to the funds handled, their rebuke and punishment made them conspicuous. This opened wide the flood gates and introduced the most malicious and monumental system of slander and crimination that ever swept over the country. Silent and stolid as on the field of battle, the President showed himself as spotless as he was great, as wise as a statesman as he had been mighty as a soldier. The South emulated the North in praising him, and even England said, "No man has stained the President's honor or questioned his nobility."

National unity

We must measure an administration as we do a man, by the things achieved. By this rule, Grant's administration puts on vast proportions. The chiefest and most difficult thing to be done was to fuse into unity the parts of the nation so long in antipathies and so recently in fiercest con-

flict. Force can crush a foe, but it is the highest achievement of man's or God's government to soften and win conquered hearts. The greatest need of the nation, beyond every other consideration, was to make one nation out of the pieces that had been hammered together by the strokes of war. The highest achievement of statesmanship is to secure this unity. History furnishes but a few examples in which this has been done in the long centuries. England has finally after centuries gotten her Red and White Roses to grow in the same garden. Rome went to pieces, split by the feuds of the great families. The Greek states quarreled, fought, and died, subjugated by foreign powers. But Grant fought with so heavy a hand and so generous a heart that in half a decade the South was first to nominate him as their first choice for President, and in half a generation the currents of national life flowed freely throughout the whole body politic. It required great statesmanship to gain this most important victory of peace.

National credit

Next after fusing the national life comes the restoration of the national credit. An administration that could pass through a widespread, deep, and protracted financial depression and panic, and continue to pay off the national debt by the hundred millions and bring the nation's credit up to par, is no weak administration. The speedy resumption of specie payment made ready by

Grant's administration is honor enough for one man; as Webster said of Hamilton, "He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet."

The hand of the President that inaugurated and carried to successful operation the peace policy concerning the Indians is as strong as the General that maintained the government to have a policy.

Cuba

It needs no argument to-day to show the wisdom of Grant's policy toward Cuba. He was in advance of the people, and we now see that he was wiser. He advised Congress to purchase Cuba, and his political antagonists assaulted this item of his policy with such vigor that it carried away his friends with it, and both parties seemed to vie with each other in abusing the President for his suggestion. Grant said, "Well, if you don't want to buy it, you can wait and see," and we did see.

It was no mean measure of greatness to so befriend and strengthen our disturbed neighbor, Mexico, as to make her a faithful friend.

Alabama claims

What shall I say of the Treaty of Washington, by which the "Alabama claims" were settled by the peaceful processes of arbitration? He spoke to the troubled sea of international passions, saying, "Peace, be still," and all the nations heard his voice and obeyed.

With purity and temperance for the White House, with honesty and integrity for his adminis-

tration, with national honor and national credit at par, with specie payment for all debts, with peace for the poor Indians, with friendship for Mexico and hope for Cuba, and the Treaty of Washington arbitrating the "Alabama claims" for England, he will be honored as a great President. The sculptor will stand by the side of the architect, the President by the side of the General.

Great character

Grant had all the great elements of a great character. The day of criticism upon Grant is passed. Disraeli said, "Critics are usually men who have failed in literature"; so the men who criticise Grant are usually members of the Home Guards, of whom one says, "Home Guards, invincible in peace, and invisible in war!"

Mastered details

Grant had a clear, strong, frictionless mind. He had a close and accurate observation of all the details of a case. At Donelson under-officers were nervous that he said nothing about the situation. But when the moment came to act, he knew where every regiment and cannon could be found, every road that could be used, every bridge that could be trusted, and he issued his orders with the most minute details. He wrote them with no erasures or corrections, as one writes that which he has mastered. Sherman says, "No commanding general ever went more into the details of his work than Grant. The Vicksburg campaign was his, not only in its grand conception and projection,

but also in its minute details. I preserve many of his orders in his own handwriting, directing the various movements and expeditions, designating how many men, what tools, and how many, and what rations should be taken."

He had a wide and just comprehension of the undertaking set before him. The great plan that embraced every soldier, took in every army, and covered the continent and the surrounding seas, so that all faces were turned upon one point, all the forces like so many revolving grindstones turned round so as constantly to wear away the power of the Confederacy—this gigantic plan was the product of a great mind.

His memory

His memory was faithful and exact, furnishing ready material for the perfection of his plans. On the field of Shiloh he rode by where two private soldiers were eating their rations. He stopped and said, "Boys, have you any to spare?" They said, "Yes, General, you are welcome." He dismounted, sat down, and shared their meal. One of those men after the war joined the Genesee Conference. In the early eighties, nearly twenty years after Shiloh, Grant was to pass through the city where this Conference was in session. The Conference took a recess and went down to the train to extend their greetings to Grant. As the train stopped, this old soldier mounted the steps; just then General Grant opened the car door and stepped upon

the platform. Immediately he extended his hand, saying, "McKenzie, do you remember dividing your rations with me at Shiloh?" Twenty years of time with a great life full of great work, and the garb of a minister, did not prevent Grant's recalling the private soldier whom he had met on the field of Shiloh.

I said to him one day, "General Grant, I have heard that at your visit in Colorado a driver ran his horses down the mountain to stir your nerves, and said after the drive, 'I did all I dared, but I could not stir Grant's nerves.' Is there any truth in that story?" He said, "I do not recall any peril in the ride, but I do recall this: The leaders on the coach were a span of horses that had carried me over that road twelve years before, and I remembered them. I think that was good after all the things that had come to crowd them out. Don't you?" I thought so too.

Speeches

Nothing more surprised the nation and the world in this simple, plain man than his wondrous speeches and productions. I found him to be a most delightful, instructive, and fascinating conversationalist, with the widest and most accurate information, from the text-books of the public schools to the interior policies of foreign cabinets. In his later years he was undoubtedly the best informed man in the world. He met every occasion, all the world round, with exactly the right

speech and appropriate action. Smalley, of the Tribune, says, "I never heard a more perfect speech of its kind than his Guild Hall speech. He speaks everywhere, yet seldom repeats himself. His style is terse, clear, and in the best English."

Letters

His letters to his subordinate commanders are models of simplicity and clearness. There are no places for questions. No man of our time, not even President Lincoln, has coined more ringing sentences, that must pass current as long as the English language is spoken. Who can forget his reply to General Buckner, at Donelson, "No terms other than unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works"; his telegram to Stanton, from Spottsylvania, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"; his telegram while President to an officer in New Orleans, who was reporting in detail every order he gave, rings like the old orders—"Put down the rebellion, and report afterward." What can be stronger than, "Let no guilty man escape"? We remember his statement during one of his visits to the South, when the colored people crowded to see him, and wanted to touch him. The guards kept them back. Grant said, "Let them come; where I am they can come." We shall not forget the benediction at the end of his inaugural, "Let us have peace." He had a great frictionless mind.

Grant embodied firmness. He could not be other than firm with his clear convictions of duty, and with his stout, fighting Scotch blood, which had been marching for five hundred years under the old clan motto, "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure." Those old Scotch chiefs asserted themselves whenever Ulysses got into the thick of the battle and the crisis threatened to turn the wrong way. Then he was more resolute and unwavering than ever. It gave supreme quietness to his purpose. He could stand in the face of the most terrible storm of death and never show the slightest concern. He had no thought of giving up. Mrs. Grant was asked during the Richmond campaign, "Do you think General Grant will take Richmond?" She replied, "I think so. He is a very determined man." Firmness

This firmness, guided by his intelligence, made him self-reliant. This is essential to manhood. No man ever is very strong who is not self-poised. At Belmont, when an officer, in alarm, ran to him saying, "General, we are surrounded," he reassured all by saying, "Then we will cut our way out as we cut our way in." After Belmont, though an unknown Brigadier, he telegraphed to Halleck, "With permission, I will take and hold Fort Henry." After tardy permission came he telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the eighth."

Self-reliant

After the battle of Five Forks, Grant, wrapped in his blue overcoat, sat out in front of his tent, awaiting news from Sheridan. Two or three staff officers sat with him in the wet woods. Presently a messenger from Sheridan said, "Five Forks is won!" Grant listened, went alone into his tent, wrote an order, sent away an orderly, and, coming out, sat down and after a little remarked quietly, "I have ordered an attack all along the line." His whole career is full of these displays of his greatness. That first terrible day in the Wilderness the Union troops fought under great disadvantage. It is said that ten thousand men were killed in fifteen minutes. It was on haunted ground. For years no Union man could walk that way without running. Defeat was the unbroken history. Grant sat with his back to a tree and his face to a cigar. A scout ran up to him, saying, "The right is turned and in full retreat." Grant took out his cigar just long enough to say, "I don't believe it." Presently the fugitives came running by. Grant got up, walked down to the edge of the running current, taking that sphinxlike and impenetrable face with him, and said, "Boys, you can run if you want to for exercise, but you have got to fight it out here and now. You can't get over the river." Then he went back and sat down and smoked and let them run. An aide on his staff, whom I well knew as a member of one of our New York churches,

said to me, "I came up at this time and said, 'General Grant, General Lee is in your rear.' He looked up quietly and said, "Well, then I am in his rear, am I not?'" History has no better pictures of power.

Acted on own judgment

At midnight that night a council of war was called. Grant, beginning with the lowest in rank, asked each man, "What shall we do next?" Every officer advised retreat upon the works about Washington. Grant was silent. After all had spoken, Grant handed each a written order, with instructions to go to their own headquarters and read it. Each found that Grant had ordered an advance by the left flank. There was in the darkness of that terrible night but one man that could see the way out, and that was Grant. There was but one will that did not waver in the universal gloom and despair, and that was Grant's will. There went out from that gloomy tent only one purpose that carried the fate of the Republic in its death struggle, and that was the purpose of Grant.

Integrity

Grant's supreme quality was his integrity. This was under and through all his other gifts. He was all the way through alike. You might dissect him and you could find no soft spots. As a boy, he was noted for his integrity. Tradition says his father sent him to buy a horse, which the boy greatly desired. The father told him to offer fifty dollars for the horse, but if that would not buy

him he might give sixty dollars. The man, an experienced horse-trader, asked him, "What did your father say you might give for the horse?" He told him the fact: "I can offer fifty dollars, and if necessary I may pay sixty." The man, anxious to sell, was pleased to get this information, and said, "I could not think of selling him for less than sixty dollars." The boy said, "I am sorry. I wanted the horse, but I do not think he is worth more than fifty dollars, and so I can't buy him. Good day." The jockey was disappointed. The boy and the truth came out ahead.

Strategy

His deep integrity made Grant averse to much reliance upon strategy, and strategy did not fit the Civil War. It was a war for pounding, wearing, abrading. Strategy is good against the Chinese. The Chinese gunboats turn with the tide. They carry but one gun, and that stationary in the stern of the boat, so that half of the time the gun is pointed up the river and half the time down, and can never be changed. The English, seeing this, could exercise strategy and come upon them when the tide turned them the wrong way. I saw a fort at Taku to guard the entrance to the Pei-ho. The guns were incapable of being turned about. The English used strategy and landed two or three miles below and marched up in the rear of this fort and took it without ever facing the mounted cannon. The Chinese complained that the English

did not fight fairly—that they ought to have come up in front of their fort and given them a fair chance to shoot them. Strategy is useful against such a foe. But with Americans, commanded as these armies were, strategy did not count. It could never tire out Lee. Only one thing could subdue the South, and that was to wear them out. You cannot whip Americans. You can only kill them. The Southern armies had to be destroyed. So Grant comprehended the situation, and he went at his task with one intent, to wear them out. It is a proof of his greatness that he comprehended the strife from the beginning. He said to General Meigs, "I do not believe in strategy, in the popular understanding of the term; I simply use it to get up to the enemy as quietly and closely as possible, with as little loss as possible, then 'Up guards and at them!'" When he did not wish to tell anything he did not tell something else; he simply kept silent. He was always direct.

Wanted the truth

In the White House Grant was busy. A stranger called. The man on duty in the hall, knowing that Grant was busy, said to the servant at the door, "Tell the gentleman that the President is out." Grant overheard it and said, "No, don't tell him that. Tell him I am engaged and must be excused. I never lie for myself, and I do not want anybody to lie for me."

He wanted the truth told him and honored it.

During his second term considerable public feeling was worked up over the third term. Some men really feared it. A great man whom I knew—Bishop Simpson—feared it much, and said to me at Long Branch, "Only one thing can prevent Grant's becoming Dictator. We have no man to match him. He has never been defeated in anything. He has no counselors. He makes his plans and reveals them by their success. The only thing that can prevent his being Dictator will be in the fact that he does not want to be, if that be true." The influence of this conversation was still upon me when I called upon President Grant. I had preached the day before on "Economy of Power," illustrated by the waste in persecutions, taken from the history of the Roman Catholic Church. Grant was present. Leading me across the room till he came to the door of another room, he let go my hand and said, "Secretary Borie, come out here." Secretary Borie came out, and the President said, "Dr. Fowler, I have pleasure in introducing to you my Roman Catholic friend, Secretary Borie, who was in the pew with me yesterday." This was a close quarter, but not one in which a man could wisely show the white feather. I took Secretary Borie's hand and said, "Secretary, I am glad to see you, and I am also glad that you got the truth once at least." Secretary Borie said, "The President is facetious. I

Interview with Grant

was raised in that communion. Some members of the family are still there. But I believe every word you said, and I regard the hierarchy of Rome as the greatest enemy of the Republic." This made my escape from that tight place easy. A friend who was with me asked him, "President Grant, how about the third term?" Grant replied, "The third term is a question of the future." I thought, "Men about him want offices and might tell him anything. I do not want anything. This may be a good time to say some plain truths." So I said, "President Grant, pardon me, but I think the people imagine that the Constitution prohibits a third term." He said, "I think they probably do think so, but Congress has that in hand; next term is the long term. They can fix that matter if they wish to." I said, "I do not think Congress can control that matter. The man is not born that can be elected the third time." He said very quietly, "It takes a very wise man to tell what can be done in the future." I said, "Yes, in detail, but some things are evident. I come from among the people over in the Great Valley, and I must say that I am sure the people would trample out their dearest idol if he should undertake it." When this interview was ended I thought that it might be my last interview with him. But it was not. After that he treated me with the utmost consideration. He wanted men to tell him the truth.

Merely expedient things rejected

He said to me once late in life that he never tried but once in his life to do an expedient thing, for the sake of party, against his judgment. That was concerning the Inflation Bill. He wrote a message trying to satisfy himself that it was right to sign it, and so save the Republican Party in the West. All his Western friends were urgent, but he could not satisfy his convictions; so he wrote another message vetoing the bill. This absolute integrity, absolute honesty, absolute loyalty to the convictions of duty, cannot be overemphasized.

Surrendered property

I know of no sublimer picture than that of General Grant, advanced in years, having been betrayed by friends, handing over his fortune, and his home, with the treasures and gifts of a grateful world, to a man who could not possibly need them, simply because it was honest. It is one of the saddest pictures in history. Look at him. Old, war-worn, bidding farewell to his home and its many tokens and mementos of affection and honor, gathered from all the world, from princes, and kings, and emperors, and czars. See him stand before the portrait of his only daughter, taking his last look, with the tears running down his cheeks, then taking his wife on his arm and walking with her again down into poverty, and there sitting down with a bandage about his aching head, and a horrible and mortal disease clutching his throat, patiently, uncomplainingly, with his pen earning

daily bread for his family. My heart feels a great ache when I look at him who had saved us all when we were bankrupt in treasure and in leaders, and see him thus beset by woes and wants. But I am reconciled to the strange providence when I see the "form of the Fourth" in the furnace, and see that he has added to all his other gifts to us and our children this magnificent example of honesty and his "Memoirs." History furnishes no sublimer picture. General Grant was as true a man as ever lived.

Patriotism

It is refreshing to study this man's patriotism. He offered his services to the government in Springfield over and over again, only to have them refused. At last he was granted a place at a clerk's desk, and rejoiced that he was doing something for the defense of the country. After Shiloh the credit of the victory was given to a subordinate officer; he was stripped of all command, and practically put under arrest. Yet he did what he could to aid his superiors. After he was again restored to the service he wrote General Halleck, "I will again assume command, and give every effort for the success of the cause. Under the worst circumstances I would do the same." His soul burned with unabating zeal for the country. When starting on his journey around the world he said, "I believe firmly that if our country ever comes into trial again, young men will spring up

equal to the occasion, and if one falls there will be another to take his place." Again he said, "If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of one man, we should not have a country. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and their fields as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country."

Honored the common soldier

No man more clearly than General Grant saw the supreme figure of the war—the *common soldier*. He has dedicated his "Memoirs" "To the American soldier and sailor." As we look upon the luminous history of this struggle the first form that comes out of the smoke of battle and rises in the chariot of fire before our weeping eyes is that supreme patriot, the common soldier, who at the first tap of the war drum sprang from the couch of his ease and the home of his comfort, armed amid the gathering darkness of impending peril, took a hasty farewell of his wife and loved ones, and went forth to hunt for masked batteries in the darkness, and to die, if need be, rather than survive his imperiled liberties; who actually bared his bosom to storms of iron and rows of glistening steel; who did press over the breastworks and rush across slippery pontoon and stand mute under hostile guns; who did actually stand in death's highway that the Republic might be saved. We

do see, first of all, and, in the impartial judgment of infinite equity, above all, the supreme patriot of the war—the common soldier. Honor to whom honor is due. Grant said, "The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the result of the war as those who were in command."

Endurance

Grant had an almost preternatural endurance. He could outride any of his officers. He never tired out. General Sheridan once said to me, "I do not deserve much credit for my success. Look at me. I have large chest, small limbs, small hands and feet; no great demand for support; plenty of blood. I can ride twenty-four or thirty-six consecutive hours without the slightest fatigue. I was always at my best. I ought to win." Grant had this advantage. This physical endurance shadowed forth another type of endurance, his endurance of assaults and misrepresentations. He is the best abused man in American history. He seems to have marched straight up to the highest positions without a single faltering step, and he did. But it was in spite of the most bitter and constant and malicious detractions. He advanced as the ocean steamer does, in spite of the tides and storms. Every step of his way was gained in spite of the bitter opposition from men who ought to have helped him. After Fort Donelson his chief gave the credit to an inferior officer,

recommended an unknown man for promotion, removed Grant from his command, and put him, practically, under arrest. After Corinth, where he defeated Johnson and Beauregard, and drove back the Confederate advance in the West, he was neglected, criticised, maligned. Through the long campaign against Vicksburg every effort was made to supersede him. This would have been done but for the hard sense of President Lincoln, who said, "I rather like the man; he is the only chap that I have found that is doing what I sent him out to do, and I guess we'll try him a little longer." Through all his public life he was slandered and maligned almost beyond human endurance. Yet, through it all, he remained the same patient, silent, magnanimous, patriotic man.

Origin of Grant's silence

I once asked him, "Why do you endure so silently? The people will believe what you say." He replied, "Perhaps my habit of silence was confirmed if it needed confirming—it is naturally strong—more by a story told me by Henry Clay than by anything else. Clay said, 'The Whigs were anxious to carry Kentucky, to secure my reëlection to the United States Senate. A certain mountain district was needed, so my friends persuaded an old planter, a high-minded, honorable man, who had never touched public life, to accept the nomination for the Legislature, with the promise that he should have nothing to do with

the campaign. All went well till a short time before election, when a company of Whigs called on this old planter and told him that his opponents were saying that "when you gather in your hogs in the fall you are not quite careful enough to gather in only your own." "What! do they accuse me of stealing hogs?" "Well, not exactly; but that you are not careful enough." "It is a base lie." "Yes, we know that; but the voters at the other end of the district do not know it." "Well, I will go and tell them"; and so he did. He spent the rest of the campaign telling them that he didn't steal hogs.' " Grant asked Clay, "How did it come out?" Clay said, "O, the Democrats carried the district by about the usual majority. They proved it on him." Grant added, "This story has greatly affected my political life. Suppose I deny their falsehoods; it will not take long to find witnesses to swear to them. Then the case apparently goes to the public on the evidence. No, I do not fear falsehoods, but if in these things they told the truth about me I would be alarmed and helpless."

Personal courage

Grant had that supreme quality so necessary to the soldier—courage. He would sit and write his dispatches with shells bursting over his head within a few feet of him and never look up. Sir Francis Drake was playing a game of bowl at Plymouth, when a Scotch privateer announced the

coming of the Spanish Armada. There was a general hurrying to the boats and rapid orders for action. But Drake said, "Hold, there is time to finish this game and then whip the Spanish." Grant, walking about in the thickest of that dreadful slaughter at Donelson, with his cigar in his hand, was as cool. When France attacked Germany, and a messenger awoke Von Moltke and told him the French had declared war, he said, "The maps of France are in the second alcove, third drawer," then turned over and went to sleep again. Ney, about to lead a charge at Waterloo, looked down and saw his legs trembling. He said, "Shake now, will you, old legs? You would shake worse than that if you knew where I am going to take you." Grant had that courage with two modifications—first, his legs would not shake; second, he would have remained silent. The four characters known to history that were strangers to fear were Lord Nelson, Marshal Ney, John Brown, and General Grant.

Magnanimity

General Grant abounded in magnanimity. He writes to Sherman, "I have received your very kind letter in which you say you would decline or are opposed to promotion. No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I. If you should be placed in my position, and I subordinate, it would not change our personal relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support

you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win, while some would not coöperate because they were outranked."

Correspondence with Sherman

Again General Grant writes to General Sherman, "I wish to express my thanks to you and MacPherson as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your execution entitled you to the reward I am receiving you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction." To this letter Sherman replied, "You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in assigning to us so large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancement. You showed the same qualities at Donelson and Shiloh without our influence. You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation. But if you can continue as heretofore to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends and the homage of millions of human beings. I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype, Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to

nothing else than the faith of a Christian in his Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga—no doubt, no reserve—and I tell you that it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was you thought of me, and if I got into a tight place you would come to me, if alive. Even in the seceded States your word now would go further than a President's proclamation or an Act of Congress."

Favored promotion of others

Mr. Blaine, at the head of a committee of Congress, waited upon General Grant after his election to the Presidency and asked his consent to a proposition to give him a furlough for four years so he could retain his rank as General and avoid the question of promoting anyone else to it. General Grant peremptorily refused, saying, "I would feel mean to consent to any plan that would prevent other officers from receiving the promotion and honors they have earned as honestly as I have earned mine."

Considerate to the vanquished

General Grant under every test showed the finest qualities of human nature. God mixed him out of the best clay, and he was improved by every successive mixing. A Confederate officer says, "We owe to General Grant more than respect. We ought to love him for the consideration

with which he treated us." A distinguished member of the English aristocracy says, "Grant must be of the finest and gentlest nature to give such terms to Lee and to remain always so simple and modest." At Appomattox there was the simplest and gentlest treatment of the vanquished. There was no posturing for historical effect. No sword was demanded from Lee. When the overjoyed Union soldiers, rejoicing that the war was ended, that the Union was safe, and that their peaceful homes were in sight, saluted General Grant with cannon as he appeared, Grant forbade it, "lest it might unnecessarily hurt the feelings of his prisoners." How great appears this contrasted with the course pursued by William the Conqueror! Harold, the last Saxon king, fell like a hero at Hastings, showing the greatest courage and heroism. As the old Trojan mother begged the body of her son, Hector, from Achilles, so Harold's mother begged the body of her son from William. But William spurned her with a sneer, saying, "Let him lie in the sand; Harold mounted guard on the coast while he was alive, he may continue his guard now he is dead." How Grant's conduct contrasts with Darius the Great! The Athenians burned Sardis, one of his dependencies. Darius called for his bow and shot an arrow toward heaven, saying, "O, Supreme God, grant me that I may avenge myself on the Athenians," then

appointed a servant to say to him every day as he sat at meat, "Sire, remember the Athenians."

After the surrender at Appomattox Grant's officers wanted him to go over into the Confederate works. He started to gratify them, but meeting Lee he stopped to talk with him for two hours and the time came for him to go to Washington, so he turned about and never saw the inside of the lines he had sought so long to enter. There was no triumphal marching, as in Rome, with chained captives.

Seldom criticised

He often praised as generously as the case would allow, and he seldom criticised anyone. When Bragg failed at Chattanooga, Grant simply said, "I cannot see why he so acted." When Rosecrans by failure caused great embarrassment to Grant, Grant said, "I do not blame Rosecrans. I blame myself for not having a staff officer with him to keep me informed."

Sent to correct the terms of surrender given by Sherman to Johnston, he remained far in the rear, concealing his presence from most of the troops, refusing to take from Sherman the honor of the surrender which he had earned. When the resistance to the government ceased he treated all as Americans, as fellow-citizens.

Protected the defeated

President Johnson asked Grant, "At what time can Lee and Beauregard and other leading rebels be arrested and imprisoned?" Grant replied, "Mr.

President, so long as these men remain at home and observe the terms of their parole you never can do so. The army of the United States stands between these men and you."

Charles Sumner, with a committee, asked his coöperation in having a picture of Lee's surrender painted in the rotunda of the Capitol. Grant said, "No, gentlemen. While I can prevent it there shall be no picture in the rotunda representing a surrender in which Americans are the humiliated parties." No wonder the South was the first to tender him the nomination for the Presidency. He was preëminently a man of peace.

Disapproved useless risks

When necessary he could as quietly as he could eat his breakfast order "an attack along the whole line," though he knew that it meant certain death to thousands of men. Yet he never could endure any useless risk of life. When Blondin was to cross Niagara on a wire, Grant, though at the Falls, would not look at him. It was a useless hazard of a life. He could quietly order Sheridan, "Lay waste the Shenandoah," yet when soldiers were leaping their horses over hurdles for amusement Grant turned away, because it was an unnecessary exposure of life. When he was President a woman whose husband had been sentenced for a long term for some offense besought him for pardon. He asked her, "Why do you urge his pardon?" She said, "I am tired of explaining to

my children why their papa does not come home." Grant wrote the pardon while tears were stealing down his cheeks.

Home lover

A tender and touching word to his son, Colonel Frederick Grant, from his deathbed comes to us out of his fatherly heart, showing what estimate he placed upon right living. He said, "I had rather see you suffer as I suffer now than see you abandoned to any vice." When asked as to where he would be buried, he said, "I am not particular, only this, I want to be buried where there will be room for my wife to lie by my side." To the last the love and the hope of the Christian family.

Loved children

A little time before he went to Mount McGregor, the Sunday school class of Mrs. General Clinton B. Fisk, from the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, asked if he would sit at the window and let them sing for him. He consented, and when they had sung at the window of his room in Sixty-sixth Street he asked them where in the Park they were to have their lunch. They told him on Peacock Hill. In the afternoon he ordered his carriage and drove out there. They swarmed about him, and again at his request sang for him. This was his last ride to Central Park. He was a man of peace, and children and gentle people were drawn to him.

A Christian

The luster of this great man is increased by his love of peace. He said in Guild Hall, "Although a

soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means of peace."

He said to the Peace Society in Birmingham, "It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other General on the other side of the Atlantic; but there never was a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by sword."

Listen to his words to Bismarck: "The truth is I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little interest in military affairs, and although I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and I have been in two wars, I never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure."

Grant's judgment of his greatest work

Once when talking with him I asked him, "Upon what do you rely most for honorable mention among men?" I expected he would say upon his Vicksburg campaign, or upon his Chattanooga campaign, or upon his Peninsula campaign. I was surprised to have him answer without hesitation, "The Treaty of Washington." I remember how he emphasized his satisfaction over that treaty, by which the "Alabama claims" were settled without war. He said to me, "I regard that as the first of a long series to follow which will ultimately supersede war. England and the United States are so far advanced that such

settlements are possible. Soon France or Germany will join in this policy. When two or three more nations come up to this light they will not allow the other nations to fight." How simple he made the way appear for the coming of that time when wars shall be no more! This greatest warrior of all time had so much of the wisdom of the statesman and the vision of the prophet that he saw the coming time "when wars and warriors should be forgotten" and mankind would remember the author of the first great arbitration, the Treaty of Washington.

Never profane

It hardly seems necessary to proclaim General Grant a Christian. It goes without saying after such a life as his, so quiet, so gentle, so just, so full of integrity, so rich in Christian faith and in saving work. Those who knew him most intimately never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. A staff officer came into headquarters one day quite elated and said, "I have a good story. There are no ladies here, are there?" Grant answered, "No, but there are gentlemen." Sweet water does not flow from a bitter fountain.

Attended church

He was a regular attendant upon church. He told Senator Stanford that he never had a doubt of the immortality of the soul. He was a firm believer in Divine Providence. He said to Mr. Lincoln, in the presence of his Cabinet, when he received his appointment as Lieutenant-General,

speaking of the performance of his duties, "And I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men." This contrasts with the words of Miltiades at Marathon as favorably as a Christian civilization does with a heathen. He was urging the Greek generals to fight at once and not wait for the Spartans. He said, "If we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that we are able to get the best of it in an engagement, provided the gods give fair play and no favor."

Blessing at table

When he was Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers he gave all the aid possible to secure the uniform observance of religious services. As his mess gathered around the table he said to Chaplain Crane, "Chaplain, when I was at home and ministers were stopping at my house I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose a blessing is as much needed here as at home, and if it is agreeable with your views I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

You all remember those simple words, written on a card when he could not use his voice and handed to a Catholic priest who called on him, expressing the strongest faith in all denominations based upon the Scripture of the Old and New Testaments, and gratitude for the prayers of all Christians.

Ready to die

We are fully prepared to read his words to Dr. Douglas about his willingness and readiness to go hence: "If it is within God's Providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur."

Religious beliefs

As President, in 1876, he wrote to some Sunday school children in Philadelphia, "My advice to Sunday schools, no matter what their denomination, is, Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor to your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this Book are we indebted for all progress made in our true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.' "

He said to his pastor, "I believe in the Holy Scriptures, and whoever believes their teachings will be benefited thereby." At his own request he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He was raised in an old-fashioned Methodist family, and knew what being converted and having religion meant. He was too honest to take the sacrament without meaning its utmost implications. And among his last utterances he said, "I pray that we may all meet in a better world." This carries us up to the border of the unseen country.

His last letter

The great, calm, resolute, upright soul marches believingly and peacefully into the unknown, and stands wondering and adoring in the Eternal

Presence. The light of gladsome rest lights up the war-worn features. Unexpectedly, as his habit was in his great engagements, the works of the last enemy are flanked, and we have a communication to his wife, so sweet and tender that we forget the soldier, and our sorrowing hearts cling to the husband and father, as his letter to his wife comes back to us: "Look after our dear children, and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more that one of them would depart from an honorable, upright, and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given any cause for alarm, on this account, and I earnestly pray that they never will. With these few injunctions, and the knowledge that I have of your love and affection, and of their dutiful affection, I bid you a final farewell until we meet in another and I trust a better world. You will find this on my person, after my demise."

He approached death like a philosopher. Socrates, with the hemlock in his hand, was not more thoughtful. He entered into the last struggle like a warrior. Leonidas at Thermopylæ was not more determined. He triumphed like a Christian. Irenæus at the stake was not more confident.

Honored everywhere

In his life he was honored in every civilized land and court. The common people of England

crowded each other for hours on the streets and highways where he was to pass, that they might shake his hand, or at least see him. They knew he had preserved freedom for the common people. The courts and crowned heads of the world felt honored to serve him. The statesmen sought every available hour to consult with him. Even non-Christian nations asked him to arbitrate between them. No other man was ever honored in life all the world around as highly as this simple, modest son of our Republic. And in his death he was mourned in every palace and hamlet of the civilized earth. Federal and Confederate officers, Northern and Southern cities, republican and monarchical governments, men of all faiths and of all trades, princes and peasants, war-worn veterans and little children, united in the common sorrow. Badges of mourning were displayed in all the capitals and cities of the world. England's army and navy floated the Union Jack at half-mast. Her muffled drum-beat encircled the globe. By the instinct of the people, her bands forbore their joyous notes and joined in the universal dirge; and Westminster Abbey, crowded with the renowned of the kingdom, rang with eloquent and unstinted praise from her great preacher, gladly bestowed upon this modest man, once a "leather seller of Galena." From all lands, and over all seas, came the throb of sympathy and the sob of

sorrow. For General Grant belonged to the race, and as some one said over Webster, "The world is lonesome without him."

Greatest military genius

If the accurate apprehension of the entire case, a clear conception of the course to be pursued, and a wise adjustment of means for the ends to be reached; if the forming of the most comprehensive and farreaching plans, the combination of varied campaigns in one majestic system, the selection of exactly right men for each subordinate place, the accurate determination of what might be done by each army and division in a given time, so as to bring them to a common point at a given moment; if the control of the largest armies the world ever saw, the fighting of the greatest number of great battles without a single defeat, the conquering of the greatest hosts of the best fighting race known to history, the taking of the greatest number of great prisoners ever taken in a single war, marching armies through a hostile country farther than Napoleon marched going to Moscow, and farther than Hannibal marched in coming into Italy; if the patient and uncomplaining endurance of the most malicious misrepresentations, without being turned aside one moment from the great work intrusted to him, nor from the most generous magnanimity even toward maligners, where the requirements of the public service would permit, walking on in sublime and silent solitude, unmind-

ful alike of pestering assaults and Parthian arrows; if to write orders and reports aggregating volumes, under all the disadvantages of camp life, and in all the weariness of marches, sieges, and battles, and to produce contributions to current literature, and volumes of standard and permanent history, and put them into the purest English, with the simplest and clearest construction, destined to a place among the classics of the language; if to speak to the most varied audiences of peasants, farmers, merchants, bankers, statesmen, cabinets, monarchs, all the world around, always showing an accurate knowledge of the subject in hand, and perfect mastery of the situation, winning golden laurels in all fields;—if these unprecedented achievements, wrought with the steadiest hand and most unchanging countenance ever seen in public affairs, never doubting before the greatest difficulties, never shrinking under the heaviest burdens, never fearing in the midst of the greatest perils, never exulting over the greatest triumphs, never being elated by the greatest glory, never flinching under the most intense suffering, remaining always the same simple, quiet, reposeful man; if, according to God's standard—judged by "deeds done in the body"—these things are to be estimated in the measure of greatness, then we are compelled to acknowledge that we are in the presence of the greatest military genius of all

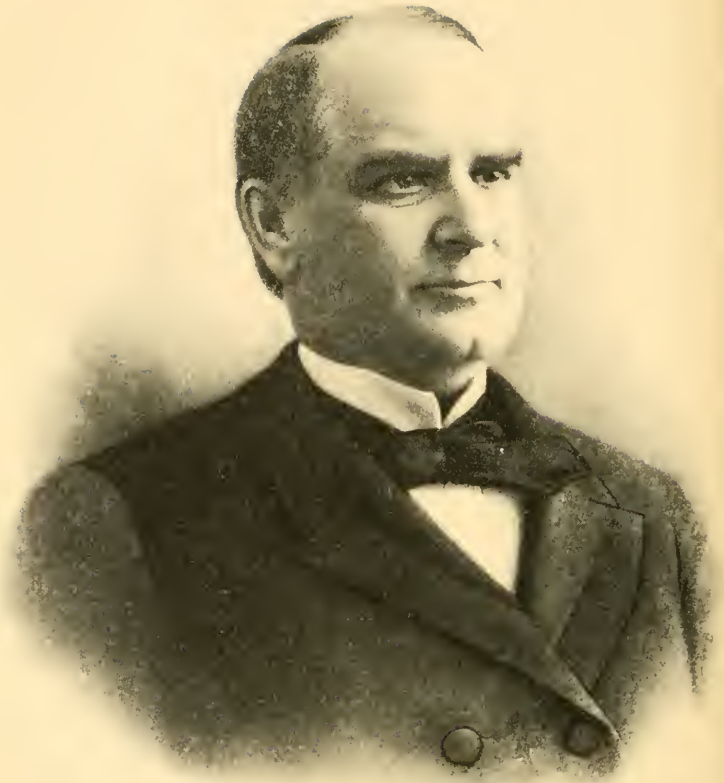
time, and one of the very few greatest characters of all ages.

Let us take one glance at his place in human history. I turn to the past. It is full of warriors. But among them I see no Grant. I do see Napoleon, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar, a sceptered hermit"; yet over his fields of glory and over his throne I read, "Selfish Ambition." I see great Cæsar, of majestic stature, but beneath his feet is the dying Roman Republic, and on his sword I read, "Merciless Despotism." I see far back on the summit of the Alps stout old Hannibal, but the dusky warriors that obeyed his command were marauders, living on spoils, and the spirit that spurred him to deeds of historic splendor was merciless and revengeful hatred. But here stands Grant, on the summit of his unprecedented deeds, in the solitude of his exalted character, rooted and grounded in the "arduous greatness of things achieved," a soldier, who conquered a great people and ennobled them by the moderation with which he used his victory; a ruler, who healed the wound in the breast of the nation and made its people one by the impartiality of his administration; a citizen, who walked fame's most illustrious heights, with such unaffected simplicity that the humblest citizen is drawn up to nobleness by the magnetism of his example; a patriot, who wrought for freedom with such exalted devotion that even the van-

Place in history

quished rejoice in his triumph. There he stands, with Washington and Lincoln, on the dome of these centuries, loved by his countrymen, honored by mankind, and to be remembered and emulated till the latest generation.

Friends, countrymen, brothers, from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and from all lands under the stars, let us cherish the memory of Grant and emulate his greatness, reproduce his many virtues, and perpetuate the Republic he preserved.



WILLIAM McKINLEY

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WILLIAM McKINLEY

TAKE out of Greece a dozen names, and you have made even that classic soil barren. Take out of America a dozen names, and you destroy half of our essential wealth. Carlyle said England would sooner give up her Indian empire than her Shakespeare. We can put no price on our great men and heroes.

We have some magnificent buildings. The National Library building in Washington is an inspired dream, crystallized by the wand of genius into marble and gold, so enchanting and majestic that we appreciate the bewilderment of the Arizona chief who had seen with Indian stolidity the government buildings, the new Post Office, and the Capitol itself, but gazing at the Library building, with its spacious stairway, its lofty columns and decorations in chiseled marble and tracery of gold, he threw up his hands in amazement, asking, "Made by man?" This and all these buildings are not the glory of America. You must seek that elsewhere.

We have some great and wonderful cities that for rapid growth, lofty buildings, and palatial homes are not surpassed anywhere on earth.

Men the true glory of America

These are not the true glory of America. Let the nations of the earth combine against us, swarm everywhere along our coasts and burn all our seaboard cities, and they would have done nothing. We would retire inland beyond their naval cannon and await them and welcome them to bloody graves. They might destroy to the last hamlet, desolate to the last hearth, and desecrate to the last altar, and still they would have done nothing. There would remain the invincible millions of freemen, with the productive continent beneath our feet and the free heavens above our heads, with our heroic history behind us and the long habit of liberty woven into our every fiber. There would remain the free, trained, human mind, swift as the light, unapproachable as the sun, strong as the Eternal purposes, resistless as destiny, and deathless as God. Here, here, in this field, we must look for the glory of America. When our free institutions have in this field brought forth a William McKinley, it is as if another sun had risen on the noonday never to go down.

Unit of measurement

Some distances are so vast that it is most difficult to find a unit of measurement. To measure the dooryards of our neighboring stars, the distance between the earth and sun can serve as an inch-rule. But when we wish to measure the diameter of the known universe, the wide orbit of the sun itself is too short, too infinitesimal. In

measuring such a man as McKinley it is hard to find a proper unit of measurement.

Importance of great men

Cortez, in his march into Mexico, suffered destructive defeat. Many of his men were killed and his vessels were destroyed. In his retreat his despair was dispelled by the sight of his shipwright safe and well. Having him, he knew he could make more ships. It was not the craft, but the builder, that was of priceless value. It is not the cities, but the citizens, that constitute the strength and glory of America. It is the great man that weighs in the scales of destiny. Cicero said of Cæsar, his great antagonist, "All the acts of Cæsar, his writings, his words, his promises, his thoughts, have more force since his death than if he were still alive." Louis Napoleon said, "For ages it was enough to tell the world that such was the will of Cæsar for the world to obey it."

Cæsar

Coligny

Admiral Coligny, the great Huguenot commander, embodied all the hopes of his party. Assassinated by the treachery of his king, the hope of Protestantism went down with him. His country lost the path to freedom, and wandered through the gloom of superstition and persecution into the crimson night of the Reign of Terror. He was great in character and achievement, but he left no foundation upon which Liberty could stand. France is only a tatter on the threshold of the twentieth century. William McKinley was

slain in the midst of his great work, but so firmly had he builded that the rumbling wheels of his funeral car did not jar the foundations of the temple he had helped to rear.

William the Silent

In some ways we find a measure of McKinley in William the Silent. Struggling for the freedom of Holland, having it as his task to stand against the despotisms of Europe and convert habitual defeat into victory, he so trained his people by their very conflicts that his principles remained and his martyr blood only cemented the foundations of the Dutch republic. He stands as the great sacrifice for that heroic people who formed for centuries the advance guard, the picket line, fighting for the world's civil and religious freedom.

The best types of McKinley and associates in sacrifice are found in our own history in the memory of living men. We turn from Cæsar and from Coligny and from William the Silent to the great martyr of our land.

A typical American

In William McKinley we see the typical American on his Mount of Transfiguration. Born on an American farm, he started barefooted in the furrow. Trained in the common school of economy, he carried the simple habits of the village into the White House. Marching in the ranks of the toiling millions of the Republic, he rises with Lincoln and Garfield to the solitude of the martyr's throne.

His death is a surprise to the civilized world, a shock to the human race. Lincoln was assassinated by the infuriated and incarnated spirit of civil war. Garfield was assassinated by disappointed personal lunacy. McKinley was assassinated by the incarnated, organized lunacy of anarchy. Lincoln was struck by a bolt from an exhausted thundercloud. Garfield was smitten by the paw of an uncaged wild beast. McKinley was carried away by a rainbow of promise suddenly twisted into a cyclone of wrath. We the American people are surprised beyond utterance. Those who looked into McKinley's face in that awful moment when the fatal bullet entered his body say that a most penetrating gaze, never before seen in his gentle eyes, pierced the eyes of the assassin, followed first by a look of surprise, then by a look of pity. So we stand to-day in the presence of this calamity that has befallen the nation, vainly trying to penetrate its motive and mystery, and wondering what world we are in where such crimes are possible. Though we cannot see the brimstone furnaces, we do grip our flesh with nervous hands to make sure that we are in the body.

The martyred presidents

McKinley sprang from good old Scotch-Irish blood. His line is traced by John J. Rooney, a high authority on genealogies, back to Hermon, the first king who ruled over all Ireland, from

Genealogy

whom sprang over eighty kings before the days of Saint Patrick. In more modern times his blood was mixed with Scotch, English, and Dutch, the finest mixtures to be found in the world. Thick and strong as is our English blood, we all know what thrift and enterprise are in this Scotch-Irish blood, how rich in patriots and martyrs it has been for centuries. Then through his mother comes that wonderful Dutch blood, more thickly mixed with love of freedom than any other blood in all these modern centuries. We must not forget that it is to Holland that we owe nearly everything in our free institutions—our written constitution with checks on the executive, our state constitutions federated in autonomy, our free church, free press, wide suffrage, secret ballot, free schools for boys and girls alike, free libraries, free judiciary, equal division of intestate land, public record of deeds and mortgages, for the accused guaranteed subpœnas for his witnesses and counsel for his defense, and the emancipation of married women. What a crop of rights and liberties! They cost the sacrifices and blood of the eighty years' war. They are worth all they cost, enough to enrich a hundred republics. All these the gift of the Dutch republic—a rich sea among those old Dutch dykes, a good sea in which to fish for heroes. McKinley comes of a long line of patriots and soldiers. It could hardly happen that an appeal should be

made to defend the flag in his presence without a prompt response. We are not surprised to see him wearing the uniform of a common soldier when he was only seventeen years old.

Chronology

The successive important dates in the life of the late President are as follows:

1844, February 26, William McKinley, Jr., born at Niles, Ohio.

1860–61—Taught school at Poland, Ohio.

1861, May—Enlisted as private soldier, Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

1861–65—His war record: Served on the staffs of Generals Hayes and Crook; became Sergeant; was made Second Lieutenant for gallant conduct at Antietam; served throughout the Valley Campaign; made Captain, and breveted Major "for gallant and efficient services." Mustered out, July, '65.

1865–67—Studied law in Warren, Ohio; admitted to the bar; went to live at Canton.

1869—Elected District Attorney of Stark County. Served '69–71.

1871—Married Miss Ida Saxton.

1876–90—In Congress. Elected to the Forty-fifth Congress as a Republican. Reëlected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congress. In Fifty-first Congress made Chairman of Committee on Ways and Means, and in that capacity pre-

pared the bill to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports, known as the McKinley Bill.

1891—Elected Governor of Ohio, 21,000 plurality.

1892—Made permanent Chairman Republican National Convention at Minneapolis, and received 182 votes for the nomination for President.

1893—Reëlected Governor of Ohio, 80,000 plurality.

1896—Elected President of the United States.

1900—Reëlected President of the United States.

1901, September 6—Shot at a reception in the Temple of Music, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo.

1901, September 14—Died at the home of John G. Milburn, No. 1168 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, from the effects of the wound received on September 6.

Inheritance

His education is a subject of inheritance. Some one has said that a man's training must begin in his mother. We prefer to go farther back. It must start generations before his mother. It is a long journey from one end of the cat-o'-nine-tails to the other. It takes at least five generations to so remake a bondman that the hollow of his foot will not make a hole in the ground. Nature uses many rugged and rough teachers in making a hero or in maturing a great people.

We were taken out of the nursery of the mother country and planted in the wilderness of the New World. See how we were developed and inured on the mountain side, to storm and tempest, while we were in that English nursery. This was the nursery in which we were sprouted and toughened for the wilderness. This was the school that enriched the blood and toughened the fiber of William McKinley. Thus nature made him strong enough to be gentle, brave enough to be true, and great enough to be unselfish. Thus he was prepared for the education that made him great among the great.

From his mother

The strong Holland strain that reached him through his mother allied him to the soldiers of William the Silent, and to the martyrs who purchased civil and religious liberty fighting the butchers of the Duke of Alva and on all the battlefields of the Netherlands.

Cæsar boasted that he was descended from Anchises and Venus through the famous Marius and the family of Marcius Rex. He says, "Our house united to the sacred character of kings who are the most powerful among men, the venerated holiness of the gods who hold kings themselves under their subjection." McKinley's line runs back on one side to the father of eighty kings, and on the other to the martyrs of the eighty years' war for religious liberty. History will never

lose the name of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, nor of Aurelia, mother of Cæsar, nor of Atia, mother of Augustus, nor of Mary, mother of Washington, nor of Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln, nor of Nancy, mother of McKinley. A necessary part of true education and of possible greatness is a divine call to be borne by a great mother.

Education

Sprung from such stock and from a mother with hard common sense and exalted religious convictions as old as Protestantism, he was prepared to make the most of all his chances for education. His education was in the common school, where he caught ideas and flies, the public caldron which must be kept boiling, for boiling it will work off enough to keep it healthy, but let it cool and stagnate and it will soon make room for the man on horseback. So the public schools must be defended. We must stand around if need be with red-hot bayonets and keep them from every hand that would rend them and from every tongue that would slander them. From the public school he went to Poland Academy, and Allegheny College, where he mastered the course to the senior year. Seeking health, teaching school, and drilling in the army were his best chances for discipline. The responsibilities of a commissioned officer almost constantly on the firing line were his ablest teachers. After these drillmasters had

turned him over to the pursuits of peace, the careful study of law further prepared him for his high duties and destiny.

"McKinley luck"

Sometimes we have heard of the "McKinley luck." This phrase sounds like the snarl of envious mediocrity. I have exploited this lead and can report on the subject. He never wasted either strength or time. He kept himself well groomed, always in hand, never slouchy. He took no chances of leaving an unfavorable impression either by dress or by manner. He approached the care of a gentleman. He avoided making enemies. He carefully made friends. His clothes were kept up to regulation requirement. His weapons were as bright as the brightest. He spent his spare hours reading the biographies of great generals. He was almost obnoxious to the criticism passed by Cicero upon Cæsar, that "he scratched his head with one finger so as not to rumple his carefully combed locks." One comrade said of him as he passed, "Billy Mac is almost a dude." An old veteran replied, "You watch that lad. I have studied him. He will be a General yet." He studied carefully everything he had to do. He soon became the authority on whatever subject he needed to handle. As a law student he was known as "Mr. Dig, Dig, Dig." When he opened an office he made himself useful to the other lawyers about him. He was thorough. Anything

that was worth doing was worth doing well. When he copied a paper for a lawyer it was so carefully done that the next paper to be copied would be brought to him. This habit gave him cases from other offices. "Dig, dig, dig," is the secret of the "McKinley luck."

In Congress he bent his every energy to the thing Congress gave him to do. He mastered the statistics of all the productive pursuits of the country. He wrote hundreds of letters to men on all sides of his questions so as to know how things looked to them. He questioned men and treasured their information. He could give from memory the figures on the production, export, and import of many if not most of the commodities handled by his tariff. During the Spanish War it became necessary to know the equipment and supplies of a certain obscure garrison. The papers were not at hand. McKinley gave them from memory, and later comparison verified his figures. This explains the "McKinley luck."

His sayings

His sayings can be placed in the same catalogue with the aphorisms of Lincoln and Grant—not always so intense, but comprehensive, showing grasp and discipline of mind. I clip from a collection of one of the great dailies:

"A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies."

"Patriotism is above party, and national honor is dearer than any party name."

"I believe in arbitration as a principle; I believe it should prevail in the settlement of international differences. It represents a higher civilization than the arbitrament of war. I believe it is in close accord with the best thought and sentiment of mankind; I believe God puts no nation in supreme place which will not do supreme duty."

"An open schoolhouse, free to all, evidences the highest type of advanced civilization. It is the gateway to progress, prosperity, and honor, and the best security for the liberties and independence of the people. It is the strongest rock of the foundation, the most enduring stone of the temple of liberty; our surest stay in every storm, our present safety, our future hope—aye, the very citadel of our influence and power. It is better than garrisons and guns, than forts and fleets."

"The want of the time is manly men, men of character, culture, and courage, of faith and sincerity; the exalted manhood which forges its way to the front by the force of its own merits."

"The American home where honesty, sobriety, and truth preside, and a simple, everyday virtue without pomp and ostentation is practiced, is the nursery of all true education."

"Christian character is the foundation upon which we must build if our citizenship is to be lifted up and our institutions are to endure."

"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of man more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency."

"The men who established this government had faith in God and sublimely trusted him. They besought counsel and advice in every step of their progress. And so it has been ever since; American history abounds in instances of this trait of piety, this sincere reliance on a higher power in all great trials of our national affairs."

Success in Congress

His leadership in Congress was achieved by constant study and application to the matters in hand. A wide and careful reader, he became acquainted with almost every subject that could come before Congress. In 1889 he was put at the head of the Committee on Ways and Means, on account of his wide information and tireless industry, where he achieved a national reputation and molded the policy of the government and of the country. His policy became the policy of the country. His name is attached to the distinguishing legislation that formed a chief issue between the great national parties. Congress furnished him a wide and inviting field for the development and use of his great powers. Brought into close relation and often into intellectual strife with the great men gathered there from all the States, he was under constant incitement to mental activity. It was a most strenuous life. No college curriculum could have been better fitted to the maturing of his faculties. "Dig, Dig, Dig," is the secret of the "McKinley luck."

As a soldier

Napoleon once said, "In war men are nothing; a *man* is everything." There is a gulf, almost as impassable as the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, between the common soldier and the general commanding. It takes a whirlwind of fire and a favoring Providence to lift a private over that gulf. The battle is the general's. The private is only

food for powder. All history so describes the strifes of war. To write a history of the common soldier is like writing an epic upon a page of a city directory. Yet General Grant dedicated his wonderful "Memoirs," books that will be read as long as the English language is read, "To the American soldier and sailor"; and he said, when leaving America for his celebrated trip around the world, "The honor for saving the Republic is due as much to the soldiers who carried muskets as to the officers in command." The man who made the actual sacrifices for the country, who endured the sore privations, slept on the ground uncovered in the rain, ate scant supplies of "hard-tack," waded the streams waist deep in the midst of floating ice, who pressed his way over slippery pontoons into the hot mouths of blazing cannon, who actually bared his bosom to shot and shell, to bayonet and saber, who paved with his body the highway for cavalry hoofs and artillery wheels in order that Liberty might have the right of way —that man was the common soldier.

Enlisted as common soldier

While McKinley enlisted as a common soldier, and never till the very last rose above the rank of a company officer, yet it is fitting for us to pause a moment on his war record.

On the 11th of June, 1861, he went to Camp Chase, in Columbus, Ohio, and was personally inspected by General John C. Fremont, once a

Republican candidate for the Presidency, who looked him over, thumped his chest, saying, "You'll do." McKinley said, "I am going to do the very best I can." That day General Fremont spoke wiser than he knew. He little dreamed how much that lad would do. That was a wonderful regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. Its first Colonel became General Rosecrans, Major-General commanding the Department of the Cumberland. Its Lieutenant-Colonel was Stanley Matthews, afterward United States Senator and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Its first Major was Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward General, Governor of Ohio, and President of the United States. That was a distinguished regiment. In its ranks, disguised in the uniforms of common soldiers, were Lieutenant-Governors, Congressmen, Judges, and one more President. This regiment justified the boast that there were brains enough in the average Northern regiment to stock a whole Congress.

"Baptism of fire"

On September 10, 1861, at Carnifex Ferry, fighting against General Floyd, once Secretary of War, McKinley received his "baptism of fire." This is the sacrament of war that fixes the character of the private soldier. When a lad sees the column shifting position, regiments deploying into the field and putting aside their knapsacks, and sees the staff officers gathering about the generals, ready

for use, then his pulse quickens and he has to swallow a lump in his throat. When his regiment files out into line, taking him with it, and he sees the enemy whirling their artillery into place, and off to one side, under cover of some knoll or strip of timber, the long tables of the surgeons and the surgeons themselves with their aprons on and their assistants by them with the knives and bandages ready and waiting to be used, and then looks along the waiting line of his comrades and knows that in ten minutes some of those well, sound, manly forms will be on those tables, under those knives, and that those limbs now so ready to march will then be carried away by the cart-load to be buried —then the black angel of destiny feels of every fiber of the lad's being, and the hero in him leaps to the front and stamps him for all future battles and campaigns. The heroes in the great volunteer armies of the Republic are so thick that, like the blood-washed throng on the jasper sea, no man can number them.

His bravery

Do you wish to know how our Ohio lad handled himself in this "baptism of fire"? Come with me to Kernstown, near Winchester. General Crook, with a small force, including General Hayes's brigade and the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, is fighting an overwhelming division of General Early's army, and is obliged to fall back. One regiment, the Thirteenth West Virginia, evidently

has not received the order to retreat. With the cool pluck of tigers they are standing against the great army and are being rapidly separated from their friends and surrounded by their enemies. Ten minutes will fix their fate. They will be buried yonder where they are so doggedly fighting, or yonder in the famine pens of Richmond or Andersonville. General Hayes sees the peril, quickly calls Lieutenant McKinley, and asks, "Lieutenant, can you take the order to that regiment?" "Yes, General," was the response. "It is a dangerous errand." "I know it, but I will go." Turning his famous bob-tailed horse that way, he gave him the rein and the spur and was off like a bolt from a catapult. It was a long ride over fences and ditches, in the open view of the enemy. One officer said, "He can't make it"; another, "He is a dead man." Boys from his old company called, "Billy Mac, come back. It is impossible." The enemy saw him and their sharpshooters aimed at him. Their bullets whistled about him. But on he rode. A rebel battery was trained on him and a shell went screeching after him and burst behind him. Another and another screeched after him. Then down go horse and rider as a shell bursts on a fence as his horse is leaping it. "He is dead," said a staff officer, and Hayes, bowing his head, said, "I knew he would never go through it." But out of the smoke and dust

of the exploded shell up sprang the Lieutenant and up rose his horse. In a second he mounts and is riding again at highest speed toward the orchard beyond which was the fighting Thirteenth. McKinley halts before the Colonel and delivers his order: "General Hayes orders you to retreat; you are unsupported." The Colonel replied, "Retreat? Well, we will have one more whack at the scoundrels." Lieutenant McKinley directed the way back to their brigade. When he came to General Hayes, Hayes grasped his hand, saying, "McKinley, I never expected to see you in this life again. You did your duty well." No officer with stars on his shoulders ever did a braver or more heroic deed. This is only one of unnumbered deeds of heroism performed by starless shoulders. As Grant said, "The country was saved by the boys that came from the shops and the farms to fill the ranks. When the safety of the country depends upon one man, we will have no country worth saving."

His promotion

William McKinley was twice promoted for courage on the field. Sent with orders to General Duval to march by a certain ravine road, he found the road impassable for an army. Stating the case, he changed the order and General Duval arrived in time to save the day. Captain McKinley reported to General Crook what he had done. The General in surprise asked Captain McKinley, "Did

you know you might be cashiered for that?" The Captain answered, "Yes, sir." "Did you know that in case of disaster you might be shot as a traitor?" "Yes, sir." "Would you take the chances, knowing this?" "Yes, sir." He was perfectly willing to face anything to save the day and the army, and act on his own judgment.

Signature of recommendation

His promotion is no surprise to us. The boys in his command enjoyed his advancement almost as if it were their own. But the names that appear on his recommendation and new commission are incapable of being duplicated in all human history. General Crook wrote, "I have the honor to earnestly recommend Captain William McKinley, Twenty-third Ohio Infantry, for appointment to a higher grade than his present rank, for bravery, gallantry, soldierly conduct, and distinguished services during the campaigns of West Virginia and Shenandoah Valley." General Sheridan indorsed it, "Approved. The appointment recommended is well deserved." This was also indorsed by General Grant, who approved it. Finally it received the supreme approval by the hand and name of Abraham Lincoln. McKinley, Crook, Sheridan, Grant, Lincoln—the paper bearing these names, three of which have been Presidents of the United States, would make an heirloom till the coming of the judgment day. On July 26, 1865, McKinley was mustered out of the service as a Major,

to be again mustered into the service by the American people as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Senator Foraker says of his action during the Spanish War, "He was in reality, as in name, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the Navy of the United States. He marshaled our forces on land and on sea, and struck quick and hard and everywhere. Not a regiment was organized, not a ship was put in commission, not a movement was made, not a battle was fought, except with his personal knowledge, approval, and direction." It was his personal order, against the advice of his Cabinet, to Dewey, to "find and destroy the Spanish fleet," that hurled Dewey into Manila Bay and hurled the Spanish squadron down to the bottom of the bay. It was his personal order that hurled the warships of Sampson and Schley against the fleet of Cervera. It was his order that pushed our land forces against El Caney, and rushed them up San Juan Hill. It was his order that crushed the Spanish in Porto Rico. It was his order that put a fleet in readiness to move on the seaports of Spain, if Spain had hesitated to sue for peace. The unbroken series of victories that exalted our arms and glorified our flag belonged to him quite as much as to the officers he selected to execute his will. As Commander-in-Chief he demonstrated ability of a high order.

Directed Spanish War

As a lawyer

When he turned his back on promotion in the regular army he turned to the study of the law. The principles of the law make a field for the deepest study. The law is a great and honorable profession. It is an absolute necessity to a free government. There must be some place of final confidence and of consequent peril. In a Republic that place is not in the Executive. If the President seeks to overthrow the government, Congress can tie him hand and foot in one hour and impeach him in another hour. It is not in the Senate, for the Lower House holds the purse strings and can starve them into loyalty before their second election. It is not in the Lower House, for the people have too frequent judgment days for danger there. The place of final confidence and consequent peril in a Republic is in the Supreme Court. Here revolutions can be wrought without powder. Judge Taney changed the government from a free government into a slave despotism by one decision declaring that the Constitution protected slavery in the Territories. The Supreme Court is the place of peril. We cannot have a free country without a great and unimpeachable Supreme Court. We cannot have a great and unimpeachable Supreme Court without a great and learned bar. McKinley selected this noble profession as the field of his work. Success soon met him at the door. Position and affluence soon called him by his given name

as if he were their favorite son. When he decided to enter that profession he went to Albany Law School, where he dug and dug and dug his way through. Then he went home. When his mother met him she asked, "Did you pass, William?" "I did, Mother." "And now you are an out-and-out lawyer?" "Yes." "William, I want you to promise me one thing. Don't ever take a law case that isn't clean." "I'll promise that." "And don't ever take a case unless you are sure your client is in the right." "I'll promise that too." He kept these promises to the end.

Habit of success

He won his way on that basis to a good practice, was prosecuting attorney for his county a term. As a lawyer he did his full share of unpaid work for the poor. He soon acquired the habit of success. Events favored him. Once he defended a prominent surgeon who was prosecuted for large damages for malpractice in deforming a leg he had set and cared for. The plaintiff was brought into court and exhibited a very crooked leg. The case was clear to the jury. The lawyer for the plaintiff declared it was neglect, because the man was poor. It all looked bad. But McKinley had observed the plaintiff, and called him again, and asked him to show the other leg. After some wriggling and objection, the judge ordered the other leg uncovered, when the judge and jury burst into uproarious laughter. The other leg was

more crooked than the one that had been treated." The case was dismissed and McKinley asked the court to advise the man to have the other leg broken and treated by his client!

In Congress

In 1876 his friends took him out of his law office and sent him to Congress, where he remained with the exception of one term till 1890. Here he achieved greatness in work, in influence, and in reputation.

His first speech in Congress was made on the tariff and his last upon the same subject, and he made many other speeches in those notable debates on that national issue. This has caused many people to regard this as his specialty and think that he did not talk of much else. Nothing

Speeches

is farther from the facts. Read his speeches on "Payment of Pensions," "Purchase of Government Bonds," "Death of John A. Logan," "Civil Service," "Direct Tax," and "Hawaiian Treaty." Add to these the great variety of subjects he discussed outside of Congress on all kinds of occasions, such as "The American Farmer," "Our Public Schools," "New England and the Future," "The American Workingman," "An Auxiliary to Religion," and scores of other subjects, before clubs, literary circles, on lecture platforms, before colleges and universities, and one is amazed at the vast amount of work he could endure. He had the culture of the typical, best American.

He read widely, criticised carefully, classified patiently, and retained accurately a vast store of general knowledge. These gave him the respect and retained for him the confidence of the strong and great men whom he encountered in Congress and in Washington.

Administration

His administration is a high demonstration of ability in the field of the most honorable practical politics. His two terms as Governor of the great State of Ohio were masterpieces of good government. They did not furnish, either to competitors in his own party or to enemies in the opposing party, any clubs with which to maim him in the race for national honors. It is difficult to find cleaner or more satisfactory administrations than he gave us in the White House. He found the country impoverished, the treasury overdrawn, and the national debt bounding up by the hundred millions. He left it in a most prosperous condition, furnaces blazing, exports multiplying, labor abundant, wages unprecedented, and the whole land at peace. The strong business men of the country gathered about him and indorsed his policy. He quieted the mutterings in his own party, reconciled all factions, attached to himself personal rivals, mollified the asperities of political opponents, made many of them contented with his policy, and most of them warm personal friends. He so compacted his party and disarmed his

political opponents that Congress was ready to do his bidding and an earnest desire was almost equal to an enacted law.

United North and South

He pontooned the bloody chasm, making the nation one, more successfully than any other man had done since the old nullification debates in the days of Calhoun and the agitation of the slavery question. His journeys and speeches in the South allayed much of this old prejudice, and his management of the Spanish War drew the sections together. Leading Confederate officers led the boys who had worn the gray and their sons back into the ranks under the old flag, and marched with the sons of both of the old armies against a common foe. The Confederate mother whose son went with Lee into the Spanish War and who wrote him never to darken her door again, but when she read how the boys went up San Juan Hill wept and reflected and wrote her son, "You can come home now; I have a United States flag over the door," was only the representative of a great class. One private in a New York regiment was the only man in his regiment to volunteer for the Spanish War. When asked why he enlisted he said, "Boys, I must go. My father was a Confederate soldier. When he was dying he said to me, 'I fought as best I could to destroy the old flag. Now, if that flag is ever assailed, I want you to fight for it. Swear you will.' I swore I

would, and I am going to do it." That man represented a host who love the country and recognize the new condition of things. The wisdom of McKinley's administration made these revelations to the country and to the world. He has made us one nation, and woe to the nation that forgets it. This alone would give William McKinley a pedestal upon which he can sit secure in his fame to the latest generation.

Statesmanship must vindicate itself by results. A surgeon said, "We had a splendid operation in our hospital to-day. You ought to have seen it." Some one asked, "Did the man live?" The surgeon answered, "No, they always die in that operation, but it was a splendid operation." That surgeon could not apply his rule to statesmanship. That must succeed. Measured by this rule, McKinley's statesmanship is of a high order.

Statesmanship measured by results

When he went to the White House we were a moderate sea power in these Western waters, contented with our coast and lakes. It is no secret that Chile, after her war with Peru, felt able to chase us off the sea. She did not attempt it. But you could not talk with a Chilean naval commander without seeing that he was certain of their ability to resist us. To-day things have changed. Once we were a young nation, a mere boy among the nations. We stretched our limbs in the wilderness of the western hemisphere and wondered at

the great old nations beyond the sea. They patronized us and ridiculed us and pretended to despise us. We kept chopping down our forests, digging down our mountains, plowing up our fields, building up our defenses, and saving up our margins. The mother country assumed to inspect us a little too much and came over here to punish us. But we got angry and told her she was not our mother, that we did not recognize her even as a stepmother; so we boxed her ears and sent her home to meditate on the difficulties of punishing a half-grown boy who has been shifting for himself for a time.

The nation's growth

We had a splendid father, George Washington. We are as proud of him as it is possible to be. May his name never be spoken except with the most profound reverence! He suited us perfectly. His wisdom was inspired. It fitted our youth. Nothing could have been better. He said, "Beware of foreign entanglements." This was just the garment we most needed. It fitted us like a bib. We put it on and held on to it. So we stayed at home and hugged our bib. Once the pirates of Algiers were defying all the Old World, and even interfered with our merchants. Then we laid aside our bib and went over there and taught them not to meddle with the Stars and Stripes or we would give them the stripes till they saw the stars. After that we sailed home, put on our bib again,

and stayed in our own seas. We sailed around in the South Atlantic, and wore our bib. We were perfectly contented with our coast line and neighboring seas. We grew and grew, till our bib looked like a patch on our breast, but we held onto it, expecting to wear it forever and stay in our South Atlantic waters forever. But on February 15, 1898, the Spanish touched off a magazine under the Maine while we were sleeping in Havana Harbor. We went up into the air. Then we came down everywhere, to stay. Our bib was blown off by that explosion, and we have been compelled to take up a man's burden and do a man's work.

Three epoch-making events

The three greatest strides the race has made since the tragedy on Calvary are: First, the conversion of Saint Paul. That opened the door to us Gentiles and widened Christianity out from being the religious cult of the Jews in that little subjugated province at the foot of the Mediterranean, to becoming the religion of all the races and of all the ages. Second, the firing on Fort Sumter. That took up this conquering, Anglo-Saxon race, and baptizing them in blood has made them fit for the highest uses. Being now free, we can make others free. Since Fort Sumter we have a liberty and life worthy of the highest propaganda. We are begetting freedom and free constitutions everywhere. And, third, the blowing up of the Maine. That made these American Saxons one.

We scold each other and quarrel a little yet; but we are like wrestlers on a swift vessel. We may at times wrestle for dominion in small things, but we go, and go together. We are one nation. This Spanish War, a war against the hereditary enemies of mankind, made all these Saxon families essentially one. Prince Henry's visit was not possible before Spain went out of the western hemisphere. Now Edward VII and William II and our Rough Rider, Teddy the First and the Last, can put their heads together and dictate peace to the rest of the world. Not a soldier anywhere on the earth can lift a foot without their consent. We have been lifted up into one of the great world powers that must be reckoned with in any settlement of boundary lines or spheres of influence. Once in great councils all eyes were fixed on Bismarck; now Uncle Sam is much observed. Where he sits is the head of the table.

McKinley's diplomacy

McKinley's highest statesmanship is typed in his diplomacy. Statesmanship at times has seemed like the crutches with which weak administrators have hobbled out of the path of progress. It has always been so where statesmanship has been made up of the false schemes of tricksters and mere politicians. And diplomacy has long stood for duplicity. Napoleon's prince of diplomats, Talleyrand, said that language was the means of concealing our ideas. Diplomats have been boat-

men, looking one way but going the other. Salisbury listens carefully to all the Russian Minister says, in order to know what Russia does not intend to do. McKinley invented a new statesmanship and a new diplomacy, which set forth exactly what he thought ought to be done and how he intended to do it. His statesmanship and diplomacy were his seven-league boots with which he strode into the center of things and into the future.

Integrity of China

His diplomacy in Peking exhibited the highest statecraft. He first and alone comprehended the necessity of preserving the integrity of China. A long war between China and the Western nations meant the partition of China to pay the bills. This meant the advancement of Russia, and the retirement of England from India, a new lease of life to heathenism, and the exclusion of the United States from the one remaining great market of the world, the Far East. It was the greatest game ever played by diplomats on the world's chessboard. There were most weighty reasons why the Great Powers should parcel out Chinese territory. The cheap iron ore and cheap coal that enabled our manufacturers to sell their pig-iron and steel rails in London and Berlin and Paris demonstrated that these nations must yield commercial supremacy to the United States. These iron pigs and steel rails were like the first flakes of snow after

the battle of Borodino outside the walls of Moscow, that taught the old Bonaparte that events had deserted him and that his destiny was fixed. The seizure of nearly all the available seaports of China and the extension of spheres of influence awakened the ancient sleeping Heathen Giant. The Boxer troubles were only the foam on the surface of a deeper tide. To dismember China would involve two great unmeasured calamities, world-wide and ages long: first, the prolongation of heathenism by the century—for evangelization fares better under Chinese rule than under Russian repression; second, the narrowing of the world's marts, by the loss of the most-favored-nation clause. This means the closing of our factories and the cooling of our furnaces in the not remote future. This means mobs of hungry men instead of groups of prosperous workmen. And this means standing armies and multiplied armories instead of rattling factories and thriving villages. McKinley had the ken of the statesman and the vision of the prophet. His objective point was the integrity of China.

Continued diplomatic relations

The first move was the shifting of a pawn, or at most a knight, on the board. It was to keep the Chinese Minister at Washington, the continuance of diplomatic relations with China. True, Chinese soldiers were uniting with the Boxers, and the Empress Dowager encouraged and rewarded

them and promoted the enemies of the "foreign devils." Still McKinley called it a riot and maintained peace with the Chinese government. He brought all the Powers to the same ground. This eliminated fourteen of the nineteen provinces of China. This averted a long war and narrowed the damages so much that they could be settled in money instead of land. The long struggle of the Powers to secure ends inimical to all interests but their own made the work of that settlement most difficult. In the end it greatly exalted American influence.

The "open door," which McKinley kept open with the full weight of his presence, means the vast increase of the wealth and power of this country. On one side of us lies Europe. She has poured her wealth into America. Now, to the west of us lie Japan, Korea, and China, with five hundred millions of people, three times the population of Europe, one third of the human race. Soon, long before the end of this century, these will be Christian lands. They will demand the commerce of Christian nations. Great cities must spring up in the path of this trade. Our great deserts will be crowded by industrious millions. Cheap electrical power will lift the water onto those rich plains, till blooming like a garden they will support a population as dense as is now supported in the valley of the Ganges. The open

The "open door"

door, the door kept open by McKinley's statecraft and diplomacy, means wealth and multiplied blessings to the thousand millions of freemen that shall yet cultivate this continent and dictate peace to the Old World.

Reciprocity

Reciprocity is the watchword of the twentieth century. McKinley, in his last round of the sentries, gave out this password. By it the nations will pass in and out of the common camp. It is the slot in which *protection* can work without straining the machinery. It exchanges exclusiveness for neighborliness and brotherhood. Proclaimed from the Pan-American Fair, it struck and fitted the Americas from pole to pole. These continents are bound together. They face a common destiny. They are linked by the great law of supply and demand. Lying on opposite sides of the equator, they command all the seasons and all the crops all the time. When we are in the cold grip of winter South America is in the lap of summer. When we are enjoying the smiles of summer they are struggling with the blasts of winter. Soon we shall have direct and rapid steamship lines plying from continent to continent. Soon railroad express trains will unite us. Then with refrigerator steamers and cars we can trade as adjoining towns. When we are in winter they can pour their spring and summer products into our marts, and when they are wrapped in winter

we can pour our fresh vegetables and products into their lap. Thus teetering across the equator, we can multiply the blessings of each and grow rich and strong together. Reciprocity means that South America, a great continent, with as much arable land as has North America—for it is narrow in the frigid zone and wide in the temperate and torrid zones and has a table-land that carries the temperate zone within eight degrees of the equator —that South America and North America shall help each other. Thus the semi-temperate belt is extended upon which both corn and oats can be raised as well as cotton and rice, and the productive power of the southern continent is brought up to compete with the northern continent. Thus united, we can secure a great future.

A magnificent legacy

There has come to us out of the long past a statement that the swan in the night before it dies sings a wonderful song. This may be a myth. But it is no myth that William McKinley the last day of his public life gave a wonderful utterance. It was a magnificent legacy. That last speech, delivered at the Fair, will pass down in the history of this government like a clear, sharp bas-relief, cut on a precious stone, showing President McKinley with his face toward the future. Just protection and reciprocity, arbitration and not war, commerce and not slaughter, one family of nations, brothers and not enemies—this is a magnificent legacy.

Greatness in achievements

McKinley's, like Grant's, fame depends upon "the arduous greatness of things achieved." It does not depend upon the accident of an assassin's bullet. That one bullet could reverse the ballots of eighty millions of citizens, but it could not secure permanent fame. The depths of our hearts are powerfully moved by the barbarous and brutal way in which our honored and much-loved President was torn from us. We feel like children about the casket of a father. But this is not fame. All this will drop out of sight as our aching hearts, one by one, in that near to-morrow, drop into the open grave. We will melt away into the receding past like evening mists. Other generations will soon come who do not know those heartaches. These are not fame. Fame rests on achievements. A new lease in the life of a nation, a bend in the stream of human history, an epoch from which nations and civilizations reckon and take their bearings—to cause these to be is to secure fame.

To end the Spanish empire and cruelty in the western hemisphere, and to found the American empire in the eastern, will grow greater through the centuries. To preserve the open door and autonomy of the Chinese empire, and thus hasten the Christianization of those multiplied millions, is to secure a pedestal for permanent fame. To project a new world power into the affairs of the world just when the presence of such a power is

necessary for the perpetuation of British rule in India, and thus secure a new lease of life for the British empire, the bulwark of Protestantism, is to leave footprints on the highway of advancing civilization which the dews of many centuries will not obliterate. So much at least is secure.

Pericles said, "I do not know how to play the fiddle, but I do know how to make a small town over into a great city." McKinley might have said, "I do not know how to braid gold lace, but I do know how to make a western nation over into a great world power."

Goodness

Great as McKinley was, and solid as is the foundation of his fame, resting as it does on his achievements, yet his greatest characteristic was his goodness. This struck all who approached him. It shone in his genial face. He was no goody-goody man. He was business always, and his goodness was a part of it. It shone like a candle, because it was lighted. He was not one of those lighthouse keepers who, when they have kindled the lamps in the lighthouse, go and ring the bell to let people know that they have so kindled the lamps. His light shone itself. He did not shine it.

His mother said, "William was always a good boy. I do not believe that he ever told me a lie." He always wanted to do good to men and bless them. Every little occasion was improved. A

bird-dog will dart off the moment he crosses the track of a bird. It is his gift, his instinct, his nature. So McKinley scented a chance to do good. A page in Congress was careless and tricky and was dismissed. He was in trouble. McKinley took him and talked to him an hour on his mistakes, and on the boy's promising to do right and be honest he secured his reinstatement. The boy kept his word. At odd times McKinley advised and encouraged him. He was finally rewarded by seeing the boy a vigorous, useful minister.

Helped comrades

In the fighting at Antietam, McKinley's regiment was pushed for two days without rest and with little to eat. McKinley was in the commissary service and did what was never done before. He cooked meats and prepared coffee, and took them to the front under most difficult conditions. He caught and hitched up a pair of mules and drove them forward till the mules were shot, then conscripted another team and served the hot meat and hot coffee at the front on the firing line, in the heat of the battle. The exhausted men cheered for Billy Mac, took new heart, and pushed the fight. Anything to help the men.

He would give up his dry tent to a sick soldier and stand in the rain himself. He would loan his blanket to a soldier who needed it. In crossing the Salt Pond Mountain the roads were almost impassable. It was a heavy drag at the best.

McKinley would loan his horse to some exhausted soldier. Once he helped a poor old contraband woman who was following the army. She had several bundles and three or four children. The little ones cried. McKinley carried one of the children as much as a mile, and helped the colored mother over more than one ditch. Such a thing shows a man's heart. There is nothing put on about that.

Conscience above party

When he was working on the Tariff Bill a Democratic manufacturer came to him and said, "My Democratic Congressman will not hear or help me. I have no claims on you, but I want to represent my business to you." McKinley told him to bring his figures. He brought out his own figures and compared them and worked with that man till midnight, then thanked the man and said, "You have helped me. It would have been wrong as we had it."

Once in Congress, Samuel J. Randall, then old and feeble, was delivering a carefully prepared speech on the Mills Bill. His time expired. Members objected to his proceeding. He held up his withered old hand and begged for time. Men objected. Then McKinley, in a clear, strong voice, caught the chairman's ear and said, "I yield to the Democratic gentleman from Pennsylvania out of my time all that he may need to finish his speech." Both parties applauded. That

is the act of a good man, and it takes also a great man to do such a thing.

Ambition to be helpful

His whole life was keyed to help his fellows. The purpose of his years of work on the Tariff Bill was to so perfect it that it would bring prosperity and happiness to his countrymen. A Russian officer was called across the empire in winter to bring certain information to the government. After weeks of sledging, night and day, he reached Saint Petersburg. He sat in the anteroom and fell asleep. He was so exhausted that it was impossible to awaken him. The officers walked him about, burned his arms, tried every way to rouse him, but in vain. The sledgeman, learning the situation, said, "I can awaken him." He seated him as in the sledge, and then crawled up on one side and called in his ear, "Count, the sledges are ready." Instantly the man was on his feet, wide awake. He had locked himself in on that combination. The combination that always held McKinley was the chance to bless his fellows. Cry "Help!" in his ear, and he was awake all over.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head

And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.'

"The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Sacrificed to maintain honor

His goodness rose into the highest ranges of character. He followed his principles into private life, preferring to be defeated with his principles rather than to win without them. He went into poverty to keep step with his honesty. He turned his back on the nomination to the Presidency in order to keep company with his honor. In 1888 McKinley went to the convention pledged to support John Sherman. Some of the Ohio delegation voted for McKinley. He sprang to his feet, faced the convention which was turning to him, and shouted, "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I cannot remain silent with honor. I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me." This checked the tide, as all knew that he would never take the nomination if it even shadowed his honor. Again, in 1892, he was chairman of the convention, and the cry was started for McKinley. The convention was wild for him. He was pledged to Harrison.

He refused to let the movement have a hearing, and declared that he was not a candidate. This is a virile goodness that no winter of neglect can kill and no fires of temptation can blight.

Public virtues

We must pause to mention some of his public virtues. Perhaps the highest public virtue of the citizen is patriotism. As it is certain that no man can be true to his God who is not true to his friends, so it is difficult to understand how a man can be true to his God who is not true to his country, when that country is blest with just laws and free institutions. Patriotism is the religion of the state. In all ages men have counted it as essential to every great character. His enlistment before he was eighteen, and his long and brilliant service in the Civil War, never hesitating in the path of duty, elevate him among the best in this constant inspiration for service. When admonished against some course he proposed to follow, that it would make him unpopular, he answered, "If I can only serve through one term with credit to myself and honor to the country, it will be all I ask." This patriotism was made conspicuous by the courage which never failed him, either in the ranks or alone. A high British authority on military matters affirms that "any people uniformed, drilled, and in line have courage." They are so surrounded that it is easier to keep in line than to break out. But to stand alone on the picket

line, within range of sharpshooters, or go alone along the firing line, requires something, courage or heroism, call it what you will, that is not the natural possession of every soldier.

Gentleness

With all his promptness and executive ability, he had also undisturbed evenness and gentleness of temperament. He was always gentle and kind. He was so simple that his public honors did not disturb his simplicity. He loved the common people, and was fond of serving and helping them. He observed the children of the people. One minute before he was shot he was shaking hands with a little child.

Honesty

His absolute honesty was seen in his surrender of all his property. His wife added her estate for his obligations. It was only to help a friend that he used his name, but that name must not be soiled. It is good to see such honesty. When a man takes his wife out of a home of luxury and then, for the sake of honesty, to help another, walks with that wife down into poverty, to start again in the hard hand-to-hand struggle for existence, then there is no doubt about the sincerity and elevation of his honesty and honor.

The bond of martyrdom

There are some strange links connecting our martyred Presidents. The bond is only on the surface. But the bond of martyrdom sets them apart by themselves.

In 1890 McKinley was present at the ceremonies

connected with the dedication of a Garfield memorial on Decoration Day. He was called out by the crowd and said, "No President since Washington, Lincoln, and Grant has been closer to the hearts of the American people than James A. Garfield. I heard him twenty-four years ago pronounce a eulogy upon the lamented Lincoln. He used these words, and now let me apply them to him, the second martyr in the holy and heroic succession." Let me now quote them for President McKinley, the third martyr in the "holy and heroic succession":

"Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;
Who breaks through birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;
Who made by force his merit known,
And lived to clutch the golden keys,
To mold a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whispers of the throne;
And, moving up, from higher to higher,
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire."

Exaltation of the home

His whole life was an exaltation of the home. He kept it sweet and pure. It seems under his care like a dream of Eden. First, in filial love

to his wise and godly mother. Never a day passed without his visit to his mother when he was at home, and when absent he wrote to her every day. The love she bore him was reciprocated. It was one of the features the people were wont to study and admire. The better nature of every man was drawn toward the busy public servant who never forgot his mother.

Love of mother

"Mother" is the sweetest word in the language. How our hearts turn back toward those sacred memories, the wrinkled old face, the thin gray hair, the shriveled hands, the bowed form! How glad we would be to have those wrinkled brown hands on our heads once more! They would make our old hearts leap with the joy of youth again. This man cherished his mother to the utmost. From the Governor's office, or from his desk in the Capitol, or from the chair of state in the White House, every day, always, went a letter or a telegram to cheer and comfort her.

Many a time the people, looking upon him helping her to the church or walking with her down the aisle to the communion, have thought of Washington and his mother, and have opened wide their hearts to let this man sit in the same sacred chamber with the "Father of his Country."

Home the unit of government

But this was not the only touch sanctifying and exalting the American home. The home is an Anglo-Saxon institution. It is eminently an Amer-

ican institution. The home is the unit of our government. The public land is held for families and homes. We are not a nation of tramps, but of families. It is in our blood to make a home. We will go out and settle anywhere on the land where we can make a home. Some races must live in cities, in gangs. With a chair on the broad sidewalk of the capital, and a closet on some fifth floor where they can sleep, some races are happy. Not so with the Saxon, and especially the American. We stick in the soil and make a home.

Makes us colonizers

This makes us colonizers. This conquers the earth. The Latin races once had India; now the Saxon is there. The Latin races once had the New World; now the Saxon is there. The Saxon is planting his homes in South America, till he controls the commerce. His laws and money and business are much in evidence in Europe, in Africa, in Australia. It is the triumph of the home. It makes us colonizers. Gamblers and pirates and freebooters are always poor. Colonizing nations grow strong and rich. In the old Norse mythology Thor is struggling with the serpent that encircles the earth. When he is exhausted and faint he touches the earth and that renews his strength. So these colonizers, these home-builders, touch the earth and are renewed for the time-long conflict against the serpent.

The American is a home-builder. President

McKinley has exalted womanhood and the home. Many a young couple seeing the tenderness and continued courtship of this great man and that sweet, beautiful woman, that nestles so close to his side, have caught its contagion and have gone forth to make another home.

Mrs. McKinley

William McKinley married Miss Ida Saxton, January 25, 1871. We have thought of Mrs. McKinley as gentle and inoffensive, clinging to him, turning her sweet face up to his strong, tender one, and so it has seemed. He has always been on duty, or pleasure, by her side. Never a day when absent, in which he did not write her once or twice and telegraph her often, usually every two hours, knowing she needed him. In Columbus, as Governor, he boarded in a hotel opposite the Capitol building. He never entered that building by day that he did not stop on the steps and lift his hat, a signal, to his wife watching him from her window. It was known as the McKinley signal. She traveled with him when it was possible. She sat by his side at the table in the White House. They spent hours side by side on one of the great sofas there, and the other day, when she took her farewell of the White House, she was led over to that sofa and kissed it. It and the memory were all she had left.

His coworker

All the years she has been his companion, familiar with his great enterprises, talking over his

heavy work with him, pouring the light of her woman's instinct into the dark places, often leaving a path of light for him to follow. Her health broke with the loss of her children and never returned, but her instincts never flagged and her absorbing interest in all his great work never relaxed. She steadily prompted him to his high purposes. She said many years ago that he would be President of the United States, and she never weakened in her faith or was bewildered in her visions. As we watch these lovers through these wonderful years, we see a holy light settling down from Heaven upon the American home. Possibly this work of exalting the home may endure in its blessed influences as long as the widened borders of our empire.

A Christian gentleman

It is hardly necessary to refer to this man's Christian life. We cannot touch him but we feel the inspiration of a Christian life in its best and most practical form. Born of Christian parents, nourished under the Word of God, he never looked upon himself except as under obligation to God. At the age of fourteen he was soundly converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He constantly held its faith, used its means of grace, attended its services, and labored for its advancement. He studied the Bible, claimed its promises, and enjoyed the peace of communion with God. His whole life exemplified the life of his Master.

He never treated any man unkindly. He was always gentle, showing the spirit of Christ. Even when he was shot, as he looked into the eyes of the assassin and surprise gave way to the consciousness of what had been done, there was no sign of anger. He wondered why the man wanted to kill him. Then pity filled his face till tears stood in both his calm, clear eyes. We all remember the wonderful things that came up out of his heart: "Do not tell my wife"—the old lifelong care for her; "Love is stronger than Death is strong." Then, looking at his own hand red with his own heart's blood, he saw on the floor before him the assassin lying in his blood, and he said, "Let no one hurt him." We cannot but think of Him round whose cross we danced in coarse mockery, clanking our chains which he came to break in his face, as he bent his pierced hands over us, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then the unselfish regret, "I am sorry to be the occasion of harming your Fair." No man is stagy in such an hour. Those wonderful words bubbled up out of his deepest nature.

No vindictiveness against assassin

On the surgeon's table he wondered why the man wanted to shoot him. No word of reproach, only surprise and pity. As he was taking the ether and was sinking into unconsciousness, Dr. Mann saw President McKinley's lips moving, and,

Resignation

stooping to catch what might be his last words, he heard him distinctly say, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done." Later, when the end did come, he said, "Good-bye, all. Good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." With these words of gentle submission on his lips, he passed on to behold the King in his glory.

His life a living argument

Providence writes his plans upon the broad heavens in characters so large that few men, if any, are able to read them. As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are God's ways above our ways. Yet he comes out to us at most unexpected turns. While men are gazing into the heavens bewildered with the heat-lightning of higher criticism, God exhibits at our feet, on the very floor of science itself, his unanswerable argument, the supernatural mosaic, made out of the lives of his servants and copied after the pattern in the heavens. The facts of such a life as McKinley's must be handled by any science that deals with the subject. For any science that would ignore any single fact in its field would wreck all its theories and cease to be a science. This argument from his life has swept over the country almost as widely as the sacred hymns that bubbled from his purple lips. A lawyer in New York told me of a lawyer who visited him in his office and said, "I am an agnostic. I do not believe in God. There cannot be any God. But when I see so

strong and clear a man as McKinley go down to death with such confidence and assurance, I am compelled to say that I may be wrong. He must be right. I must review the situation." Dr. Bloom, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, says that to his own knowledge and in his own experience not less than twenty skeptics have renounced skepticism on account of the Christian fortitude and courageous death of President McKinley. These living stones make the walls of the city coming down from God out of heaven, and they are the defenses of the truth. Let the comma chasers—men who spend their lives chasing a comma around the tail of a pronoun, trying to land it—go on with their heat-lightning. While the Church can produce even some fruit like McKinley the ax will not be laid to the roots of this tree. And while our free institutions can produce such patriots as William McKinley there will never be room on our soil for a throne or for the man on horseback.

Opportunity for leadership always open

It is the glory of American institutions that they pass the magnet over every particle of the soil and draw up every atom of mineral. They are not confined to a few deposits of ore. That is why the output of the true metal is so great. It has been the misfortune of England in her African War that she has been compelled to select her leaders from the limited supply in the aristocracy,

where indulgence begets effeminacy instead of heroism. In our Republic every path leads to the front. It may have the poor man's cottage at one end, but it may also have the White House at the other end. The genius of our liberties, like the sun, shines upon the mountain side and in the lowly valley. It warms and quickens the oak on the spur of the crag and cheers the tiniest blade of grass by the low creeping rivulet. That genius of our liberties walks throughout all our borders hunting for heroes. She cannot be deceived by the tin models at one end of society, nor by the rags at the other. I see her yonder, picking her way through the wilderness of a new continent, and taking a young surveyor by the hand, as if he were her betrothed. I see her yonder, walking by the cabin of the frontiersman, and leading away a tall, lank boy. There, in a leather store in an obscure inland Western town, she finds another boy. There, by the towpath, she has picked another lad. And, yonder, in a little Ohio village, she has found another. She leads these lads to the White House. Then, standing before all the monarchies of all the aristocracies of the world, she holds up Washington, and Lincoln, and Grant, and Garfield, and McKinley, saying, "See what I can do. I have made these out of the common people—richer treasures than can be found among all the crown jewels of all the ages."

Gems in common soil

See that chemist, Nature, picking up a handful of slime from the gutter. It seems to be only slime, composed of clay and sand and soot and moisture. Watch the transformation as the chemist touches the slime with the wand of his genius. The clay catches the azure of the sky and throbs a deep-chested sapphire. The sand catches the soul of the sunset and earth and sea and air, and the opal reflects all the colors of the rainbow. The soot catches the spirit of the noonday sun, and the diamond scintillates all the colors of the universe. And the moisture rounds into the sparkling dewdrop. So watch the genius of our free institutions, touching with her magic wand a handful of soil called the common people. Here stands up the matchless patriot, the Father of his Country. Here steps forth the great Emancipator, whom all the world loves and venerates. Here marches out the Field Marshal of all the ages, and all the world wonders. And here in our midst sits the Hero of Peace and the Angel of Prosperity, while all the races join the universal brotherhood. Monarchy may make great institutions, but the Republic makes great men. "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Freedom from faults

How shall we picture this last great man so as to see him on all sides? How can we exhaust Nature's alchemy so as to know all the elements mixed and balanced in him! We find in him integrity without severity, sincerity without austerity, gentleness without weakness, meekness without stupidity, patience without indolence, dignity without coldness, scholarship without pedantry, eloquence without ostentation, courage without rashness, caution without cowardice, liberality without prodigality, prudence without parsimony, reason without infidelity, and faith without superstition.

"The elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This is a *man!*"

"He *was a man*, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

Whence his greatness?

Do you ask whence his greatness? Study the men that faced the fires at Smithfield, and the men who fought under Cromwell, and the men that waded out up to their armpits from the Mayflower and prayed on Plymouth Rock, chin-deep in the snow; study the men who marched from Bunker Hill to Valley Forge and won liberty for mankind from Concord to Yorktown; study this life from the prayer room of Nancy McKinley, in Niles, Ohio, to the room of triumph in the Milburn residence on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo,

from which he went up to report to God, and in all this you may find whence came his greatness. It was warmed in by the lips of maternal love. It was prayed in by a mother's anxious heart. It was worked in by the close economies of tireless industry. It was rubbed in by protracted drilling. It was worn in by long marches. It was steeped in by the dews of night. It was pressed in by the long watches on the picket line. This is whence came his greatness, where the veteran found his power.

A son, loving, thoughtful, obedient, he secured the blessings of a happy mother and the blessing of Almighty God. A husband, devoted, faithful, pure, tender, and watchful as the stars, he exalted the American home. A soldier, brave, vigilant, prompt, he performed every duty with alacrity and courage. A scholar, thoughtful, industrious, he was practical, mastering the departments of knowledge involved in his pursuits. A leader in Congress, he illumined every subject he discussed with the fullness and accuracy of his information and secured the attention and retained the confidence of his colleagues by the clearness of his statements and the candor of his convictions. An exalted politician, he harmonized his party, conciliated his rivals, pacified his opponents, and justified his measures by their success. A Christian, he illustrated the saving power of grace, and retained the

favor of God. A man, he represented the typical American on the Mount of Transfiguration. He has gone into history, to be catalogued with Washington and Lincoln and Grant, and to be loved and honored forever. As a nation, we are proud of so many supremely great men. As a Church, we say, Blessed be Almighty God who hath matured such a character to show forth the power of his grace to transform and save in every walk of life.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON—A PROVIDENTIAL MAN

This brief address was delivered on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's Birthday before the Hamilton Club of Chicago. Bishop Fowler never regarded it as more than a sketch, intending some time to add to it and make a full lecture upon the character and life of Washington. It is, however, so beautiful a portrayal that it did not seem right to omit it from this volume.

WASHINGTON—A PROVIDENTAL MAN

STANDING on Mars' Hill, on the little leveled spot ten or twelve feet square, surrounded by the old stone seats of the Court of the Areopagus, I felt I was on the most classic spot known to men, on the loftiest battlefield of history, where Christianity, marching up from the conquest of fishermen, began the conquest of philosophers. Facing in the distance the ruins of the magnificent Temple of Jupiter Maximus, I saw on my left the Acropolis, crowned with the Parthenon, the beauty of Athens and the glory of Greece, and on my right the rocky platform from which Demosthenes thundered against Philip, and the dark cut in the hillside, where dear old Socrates spent his last night and drank the hemlock; and just at my feet the Agora, the park of Athens, where her citizens walked among the statues of her heroes and of her gods and learned the news from their armies and recited the stories of their valor. The true defense of Athens was not the Acropolis, with its walls and gates, but the Agora, where her citizens were transformed into patriots and heroes. Standing here to-night on this level place, sur-

Athens and

her defense

rounded by the seats of these sages and statesmen and by these sages and statesmen themselves on this high battlefield, the battlefield of ideas, where the great idea of Liberty has been enthroned and sceptered, that idea which we ourselves have seen, clothed in the homespun of New England, in the business gray of New York and the great Northwest, and in the deep blue of the army and navy, take this continent by the rim and shake it till our lakes boil and our rivers gurgle like open arteries, shake it till it shakes the vulture out of our eagle, and the coward out of our citizens, and the bondsman out of his chains—standing in this presence, and in this higher presence, it is fitting that we pause in the heat of our daily strifes and come up to this exalted field and walk among our heroes and the statues and shades of our mighty dead, that we may recount their achievements, recall their valor, emulate their virtues, and stretch ourselves up against their greatness that we may grow to greater measurements.

Liberty exalted

Our heroes men sent of God

These men are sent of God. They come with God's secrets. When they walk into the world the race goes down on its knees before them that it may learn the truths they came to reveal. It is difficult to think of additional proofs that Washington and Lincoln were inspired of God. They rose to the comprehension of their tasks. In the midst of many conflicting and counter-

currents they steered straight to the landing for which their precious cargoes were shipped. Like birds of passage, in spite of winds and storms, in spite of clouds and nights, on and on, over lakes and rivers, over forests and plains, over wastes and deserts, as if guided by some unseen hand, they sped on tireless pinion, with infallible instinct, to the perpetual summer of unfading renown.

Washington inspired of God

Study the work of Washington, and what more could he have accomplished had he been inspired of God? In the directness of his march from obscurity to dominion his course does not suffer by comparison with the course of David. In the great principles he illustrated, in the arduousness of his undertakings, in the vastness of his achievements, he has no second claim to be a man after God's own heart. I cannot think that God builds a ship with infinite skill, laying her beams and bending her knees and setting her masts and curving her prow and adjusting her rudder and spreading her sails, perfecting "each minute and unseen part" with all the wisdom of divinity, and launches her with the delicate touch of tenderest attention, only to abandon her in the storms of the deep to drift to unknown shores or go down in mid-ocean. He rocks the cradle of Samuel no more than he guides the steps of the good man in all ages. The same unerring mind and almighty hand

that guided Moses from Egypt through the wilderness to the promised land guided Washington from the hardships of foreign oppression through the wilderness of colonial strifes and confederate helplessness to the wide and endless domain of an enduring Republic. In the mount of inspiration God showed to Washington the pattern of the great Temple of Liberty.

God waits for workers

God waits for his great workers and great ideas. He is always ready for every forward step. He withholds no good thing. Omnipotence is not enriched by the increments of compound interest or blessings withheld from the needy. Withholding does not enrich him. So he seeks always everywhere for the open heart of want that he may pour himself into it. Thus he is always ready. Thus he waits for his instruments. He waited for Martin Luther and for John Wesley, for Oliver Cromwell and for George Washington. The times and the cause and the man must be fitted into each other. Then the race seems to be thrust forward a thousand years in a single lifetime. In autumn the forces of life in these Northern forests seem destroyed. But let the glad sun of spring kindle its fires around the sources of life. Then suddenly, almost in a day, the life of the forest springs out in a waving, laughing leaf and blossom. The forest was accumulating its forces to leap forward when the spring should unlock the lid

of ice. So the race in many a dark and stormy age reserves and accumulates its forces to leap up to some higher level when the God-appointed, God-smitten, God-anointed man makes his advent.

Men of his time

The times into which Washington came were unprecedented. The New World was filled with civilized men, having all the independence of savages. They brought with them into the New World religious convictions of sixteen centuries of Bible instruction and the experiences of one century of protesting. In knowledge and science they were the heirs of all the ages. They built a new society in the wilderness out of materials that had been seasoned in the kilns of Europe for two thousand years.

Fear of centralization

These elements, like untamed horses, increased the danger by increased strength. Each man organized himself into a government of his own and applied it to the wilderness. The only thing he feared was God. He feared the King, but he did not know how to spell royalty. Any power outside his own settlement had the same terror for him. Thus he shunned centralization only to fall into anarchy. The struggle of the Revolution was only a preparatory school to make him ready for more perils. He could fight the redcoats easier than he could trust his second-door neighbor. When the British, the common foe, retired, a greater foe appeared—sectionalism. During the war he

allowed the Continental Congress to do without authority what he would not authorize after the war. That Congress raised armies, appointed officers, ordained foreign ministers, raised money, built a navy, made treaties—did very much that constitutes sovereignty, and all this with no authority except the presence of the British, who were present to prevent the doing of these things. When the British departed, the power of the Continental Congress also departed. Congress could not raise troops, nor levy a tax. It had no power to enforce its will. It had every element of dissolution and not one visible element of durability. Its credit expired. It had no money of its own. It sought to utilize English and Spanish silver. It was too poor to use gold, the rich man's currency. It had no securities. It exhibited a people revolting against Congress, unable to see why it was better to have an oligarchy called Congress taxing them than one man called a King. In these extremities the Superintendent of Finances was in the habit, when hard pushed for money, of drawing upon our Foreign Ministers for money when he knew that they had no money and no securities. John Adams begged from door to door in Holland for money to meet these drafts, and finally, after weeks of begging, made a hard loan from some Jews.

Danger of dissolution

This Congress had no money with which to pay

the soldiers, and so could neither keep nor dismiss them. It was absolutely helpless. In June, 1783, eighty soldiers from Lancaster marched upon Congress, then in session in Philadelphia, and demanded their pay and mobbed the chamber. The helpless Congress appealed in vain to the State of Pennsylvania for protection. It also appealed in vain to the city authorities of Philadelphia. Citizens went their way and let the soldiers besiege Congress. At last Congress fled across the river and on to Princeton, where the college sheltered them. Thus the Congress that had maintained a great war for seven years and had completed an immortal treaty, browbeating England and France, was absolutely unable to stand against a handful of eighty mutineers. No wonder Algiers and Tripoli made slaves of American citizens and drove the young flag from the sea.

Helplessness of Congress

The revolt of 1787 demonstrated the utter helplessness of the Confederate Congress. The States, alarmed, left Congress to restore order. Yet Congress did not dare call for troops to suppress the revolt, but evasively asked for troops to fight Northwestern Indians. The loss of everything was complete. Even courage and integrity were gone. The prize secured by the Revolutionary heroes was gone. But over this wild sea of anarchy came one figure walking like a spirit of light upon the turbulent waves, coming to the swamped and sinking

Above this anarchy rose Washington

ship of state. That figure was the commanding and stately form of Washington. His voice was heard above the waters and by the waters saying, "Peace, be still." He spake, and the Federal government sprang into being. He beckoned with his authoritative hand, and a Federal army made the will of the Federal government supreme. He sat down in the rocking seat of the central government and made the chair of the national authority as firm as New England granite. The Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, and the Cavaliers of Virginia and South Carolina became brothers. The government of the people, by the people, for the people, rose up a colossal form among the nations of the earth, where there are more liberties, more spelling-books, more New Testaments, more civil and political rights, more wealth, more comforts, more happiness for every thousand inhabitants than were ever known in any other age or among any other people.

His strength and courage

Washington possessed the great traits that specially qualified him for his mission. I can only catalogue them. He had almost preternatural physical powers. This opened his way to the hearts of the pioneers and made him a fit representative of a nation stretching its young limbs over a raw wilderness. Had he been an effeminate dude no amount of genius would have given him a

hearing or the hearts of the people. He had that high-priced gift of courage. Events adhere to bravery. Mankind instinctively honors the Greek mother who gave her son a short sword, saying, "If it is short, step forward one step"; also that other Greek mother who gave her son a shield, saying, "With it or upon it." Courage made Washington great. His great dignity added much to his authority. No man ever twice made familiar with him. Bonaparte said his greatest difficulty in his first great campaign in Italy was "to keep his officers from patting him on the shoulder." A gentleman tried it once on Washington, but Washington said, "What have I done that you should insult me?" He was as modest as he was dignified. A gentleman once tried to flatter him. After mentioning and praising Washington's great achievements, to which Washington patiently listened, he said, "I must give it up. You are the first man I ever saw that I could not flatter." Washington smiled. The man said, "There, I have won my wager."

Dignity

As a patriot Washington is supreme. His desire to be "indulged" in the comforts of private life after the eight years of war and great responsibilities, in which period he had turned aside but once to visit his home, and that only for a few hours, tells the story of his sacrifices and devotion to his country quite as clearly as the

A patriot

liberality which made him decline any pay for all his services, and led him to advance out of his private resources to the struggling country for emergencies sixty-four thousand three hundred and fifteen dollars. How this contrasts with the dishonesty and selfishness of the Duke of Marlborough, who purposely kept on his pay-roll the names of many dead soldiers that he might enrich himself from the spoils of his prostrate country!

Next above Washington's patriotism stands his simple, hard, everyday common sense. This made him a great commander and a wise statesman.

Social position and style

In the wise Providence that shapes the destinies of nations we cannot forget the peculiar training and social position and character that fitted Washington for his most difficult work. The people were accustomed to the insignia of royal power. Government to them had much pageant and display. They could hardly conceive of the republican simplicity as real government. As some African natives danced around the missionaries in great glee when they saw them praying to an invisible God, so the colonists could hardly conceive of a government without pomp and ceremony. This demand Washington easily met. He was, with the single exception of Mr. Girard, the wealthiest man in America. He supported great style with his servants, four-in-hand and outriders. At his great levees he and Mrs. Washington stood on a plat-

form a little elevated and were protected from contact with the people by a cord and by a guard. Our simplicity would hardly tolerate such style, but it was the proper halfway house between royalty and democracy.

Fitted to his time

Washington and Lincoln more perfectly than any other Americans represent their respective ages. Each in a marked way, showing the nice adjustment of Providence, embodied the sympathies and wants and ideas of his time. Interchanged neither could have succeeded, but placed in God's order they stand forth in magnificent, colossal proportions, to be remembered forever.

The American triumvirate

To-night we are especially honored in being permitted to stand in the presence of this great American triumvirate. Here before me is that silent soldier whose face and form mankind will never forget. He alone of all the great commanders will survive the flight of time. As only special scholars to-day can tell who commanded the different divisions of Alexander's armies, while every child knows the name and deeds of Alexander himself, so it will be with General Grant. His great comrades will drop through the sieve of the centuries and vanish from the memories of men. But he will rise into great distinctness, easily holding the foremost place with Napoleon and Wellington and Cæsar and Hannibal.

How can we address ourselves to the great cen-

tral figure of this hour? For nearly a century Washington stood alone. History has many great characters, like mighty torches illuminating the ages behind us. I see Bonaparte, with the weird magnetism of fate about his classic face. Yet he was very selfish in every ambition and failed in every great purpose. I see Cromwell, England's greatest ruler, but his achievements vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. I see Cæsar, beneath whose tread the solid earth seemed to tremble, yet his power was cruel and bloody. Here too are William the Silent and Cincinnatus, making the dark places of national conflict brighter by ameliorating gentleness. Yet, in spite of this noble company of the mighty dead, for nearly a century Washington has stood alone, in the consummate harmony of his abilities, fitted to the work given him by Providence. Soldier, statesman, President, patriot, we gladly break the solitude of your greatness by placing near you Lincoln and Grant, thus completing the triumvirate whose fame shall never grow old.

GREAT DEEDS OF GREAT MEN

This lecture was first prepared and delivered about the year 1872 in substantially its present form. It was subsequently delivered during a period of thirty-five years in all parts of the United States, Canada, and in many foreign lands.

GREAT DEEDS OF GREAT MEN

The power of example

CÆSAR once saw some strangers in Rome carrying in their arms some dogs and monkeys and fondly caressing them. He immediately asked them, "Have you no children in your country?" He felt that such an example would be pernicious to the Roman youth, who must be familiarized not with monkeys but with the deeds of heroes and with the statues and characters of the gods. Sparta felt the force of this law of character, and nearly a thousand years earlier brought all her children to public tables and reared them under public care and at public expense that they might hear their warriors and great men discuss the deeds and the glory of their heroes. So much did they thus enrich the blood of their sons that soon every Spartan measured his own value by his ability to serve his country. The glory of Sparta was the end of all their living. Soon common Spartans were invited to be the kings and commanders of the surrounding nations, and for five centuries Sparta ruled Greece, when Greece was making the history of the race, and her sons went forth to reap the rich harvests of the world's glory.

Desire to arouse ambition

Allow me to pause here, on the threshold of my theme, long enough to say that my object this hour is not merely to amuse you, nor yet to recall to your minds certain events of the past that might interest you; but it is rather this—to so present this subject as to awaken in some minds a love of the heroic, and a love of country, and a love of the race, and a thirst for renown, that shall exalt by so much the dignity of citizenship. I wish to arouse that subtle and sublime spirit that slumbers in every bosom, that rises above the narrow coffers of selfishness, and measures its own magnitude by the wants of mankind, that stretches even beyond the instinct of patriotism, the religion of the hearth, the lichen clinging to some native rock or crag, refusing for centuries to be transplanted even from the banks of the Shannon or of the Clyde to the banks of the Thames or the Hudson—that inspired and prophetic spirit that kindles in the soul the fires of an all-dominating ambition which can never be quenched this side the grave. If I can give my countrymen a vision of their possible greatness and expose to the gaze of American youth such an enamoring view of Liberty that they will never be willing to survive her or live without her, then these things which have been recorded for our admonition and instruction will not have been uttered in vain.

All the great races have searched for the foot-

prints of their deities. Egyptians, Greeks, Hindus, and Arabs have found certain marks on the barren desert or on the bald summits of the mountains that have been transformed into shrines where their thought has been elevated. In Ceylon, even to-day, on the top of Adam's Peak, certain excavations in the rocks are held to be the footprints of the Great Spirit. Brahmans and Buddhists and Moslems constantly climb the mountain to worship and grow strong in their best communions with their deities. Let us go up into the mount with our heroes and commune with the spirits of the mighty past and see if our faces may not catch the radiance and shine into the world's darkness.

Humanity's search for greatness

God's great teachers are great events and great men. These are inseparable in the world's history. Whenever the good cause is helped forward and a new era is inaugurated in human society, you are sure to find some great soul, armed with the best weapons of his age, moving at the head of the advancing column, and making room for the new evangel. When such a one comes fully into the world, the race goes down on its knees before him and listening to his words learns the secrets he was sent to reveal. The revealments of these souls are the warp and their deeds are the woof of that wondrous garment which we call civilization. These revealments are essential to the unity and compactness of the race. They are the bonds

God's great teachers

of compactness between remote ages and widely separated peoples. It inheres in their greatness to belong to all times and all races. Toussaint L'Ouverture in his dungeon, appealing to the old Napoleon in the ever-memorable words, "The greatest of the Blacks to the greatest of the Whites," stands in the judgment of mankind on the same level with his captor. For history is unable to distinguish between that famine dungeon in the Alps and that fever island under the equator. Both alike, in spite of their keepers, belong to the race.

Need of great leaders

Great men are priceless. We recognize a certain inheritance in all greatness. As an old Chinaman once said, "A sage is the instructor of a hundred ages. When the manners of Loo are heard of, the stupid become intelligent and the wavering determined."

It is difficult to overstate the value of a true leader. The great Greeks, who have had their hands in every batch of human clay that has been fashioned into beauty or molded into power since the days of Agamemnon, used to say that "An army of stags with a lion for a leader is better than an army of lions with a stag for a leader."

Napoleon felt this need

In 1805 the old Napoleon swept over Europe like a tornado of fire and vengeance. Armies were consumed in his breath, governments crumbled at his touch, and thrones vanished before his glance.

With his victorious legions he pushed up into Germany and rapped on the gate of the walled city of Ulm. It contained twenty-eight thousand of Austria's best troops. They were well supplied for a long siege, and well armed. But at the rap of Napoleon they threw open the doors and admitted him without firing a gun. Men said to Napoleon, "The like of all this is not found in all history. This alone will carry your name to the latest generation." But Bonaparte was cold and morose and mad. There was no glory in victory, there was no comfort in conquest. Victory had no charms for him. Those about him did not know why, but he knew. For on that very day he received word from his immense fleet with which he expected to conquer England. It had met the hero of Aboukir Bay and had been ground to dust in the grip of the Saxon. Napoleon finally growled out through his set teeth, "*I* cannot be everywhere." Great men are worth their weight in gold when we come to the hinges of destiny.

Leadership of colored standard bearer

The same great truth is illustrated by the colored standard bearer in one of the battles of the Civil War. Pushed well up in front, he soon found himself alone. The breath of battle had swept away his comrades. The Captain called out, "Bring back that flag; you will lose it the next you know!" He answered, "Massa Captain, dis

yer flag never goes back. You bring up dem men dah!" "Dem men" went up "dah."

Value of wisdom

One wise man in a company or community is enough to put everything to rights. You let a sunbeam into a rat-hole and it spoils it forever for a rat-hole. The rats must either reform or move out. Put one wise man into a community and he will drive out the follies. "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Knowledge is contagious. Once liberated in a community it insists on driving out the ignorance, just as naturally as water insists on running downhill.

The past is full of the great deeds of great men. History records what the chiefs have done. Civilization is but the sum of the products of the greatest thinkers and the greatest workers. Monuments, books, art, architecture, inventions of all kinds, from the oldest philosophy to the newest toy, from the steam-engine to the praying machine of Thibet, all these are but the crystallized deeds of greatness.

Generals are indispensable

Bonaparte once said, "The presence of the general is indispensable. He is the head, he is the whole of the army. It was not the Roman army that subdued Gaul, but Cæsar; it was not the Carthaginian army that made the republic tremble at the gate of Rome, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian army that was on the Indus, but Alexander; it was not the French army that carried the war to the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne;

it was not the Prussian army that for seven years defended Prussia against the greatest power of Europe, but Frederick the Great."

Greatness a slow growth

Greatness is of slow growth. This is the law with but few exceptions. We are born babes and grow to manhood. But the babe must have the soul of a man or it will never reach maturity. Even an ape cannot be cultivated into a man in all historic generations. Now and then a great worker comes who seems to have the seal of royalty from the beginning.

Exceptions in genius

Pope

Pope felt the stirrings of his genius in early childhood. He said of himself, "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Byron

Lord Byron was called and elected to greatness by his genius. Even in the nursery he could manufacture his own rhymes. A female acquaintance of his mother, who believed that when she died she would make her first landing on the moon and then skip away to some other clime that might suit her better, annoyed him for a specimen of his poetry. Worn out with her teasing, he said, "I will give you a specimen if you will let me alone." She signed the contract, and he, steadying himself against his crib, gave her this specimen:

"There is an old woman in Aberdeen,
The cursedest hag that ever was seen.
When she dies, which I hope will be soon,
She verily believes she will go to the moon."

History informs us that her interest in the young poet fell off!

Burns

Robert Burns, that poet of the heart and of the hearth, that seraph in the furrow, that divine voice in the lips of a peasant, was never anything more than a child, a child of nature, and his songs are not creations but inspirations. His "Cotter's Saturday Night" is as true as the cooing of a babe. When he was first invited to dine at Dunlop House, the housekeeper, Mrs. McGuistan, a Westland dame, was distressed to see her mistress entertain a plowman. Mrs. Dunlop called in the maid and asked the poet to read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which he did. The Scotch lassie threw up her head, shaking her red locks, and said, "Nae doubt, gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but to me it's naething but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae tauld it ony other way." Such criticism insures immortality.

A few souls come to this world so full of gifts and power that they are incapable of surprise—like grand old Richard Cœur de Lion, who was born with double teeth on both jaws all the way around, ready for use. You cannot touch them but the light will blaze out of them. They are at home in every emergency. They not only do their part on stated occasions when they have the text before them, but they are able to interpret events

and plan a campaign in the saddle. Shakespeare, who has enriched the English language not less by the three hundred encomiums he has extorted from nimble tongue and rapid pen than by the forty or fifty products of his genius, was equal in readiness and resources to all his great characters combined. Playing once in the character of King in one of his own plays before Queen Elizabeth, he had his presence of mind tested by her Majesty. She intentionally dropped her handkerchief on the stage to allure him, if possible, from the dignity of the sovereign. But he instantly exclaimed: Shakespeare

> "But ere this be done,
> Take up our sister's handkerchief!"

It is indeed bewildering to know how a man can always do exactly the right thing. I feel about it a little as the German philosopher who shut up in his study evolved a camel from his internal consciousness, his true inwardness, who said at the end of forty days and nights of reflection and introspection, "There remains only one unsolved problem in the entire field of metaphysics, and that is, How did the Creator get the bark into a dog?" We cannot understand the process, but we must accept the fact.

Spenser came to this world with one supreme, all-mastering gift—an exquisite sense of the beautiful. He seems to have been clothed upon with Spenser

this glory before he arrived in this world. When he had finished his "Faerie Queene" he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages and ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. He read on in a rapture and cried, "Carry the man another twenty pounds." Proceeding further he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he shouted, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read further I shall be ruined!" Such souls seem a law unto themselves.

Benjamin West

You could hardly pardon me if I hastened over this part of the subject without pausing to drop at least one sprig of laurel on the grave of that genius that presided over the Royal Academy of Art for so many years and presided over the tastes of England's king for nearly forty years—America's first great painter, Benjamin West, of Philadelphia.

At seven years of age, with no instructor but his own genius, he gazed upon a smiling babe in a cradle and with a common pen transferred the vision of beauty to paper. His natural genius saw the beauty of form and color in everything about him. The natives of that early day were his constant study. The first time he visited Rome the artists took great interest in his coming and tried to surprise him with the beauty and power of the Apollo Belvedere. They fixed the

statue in a room by itself, properly surrounded for artistic effect, with the lights adjusted to give it every advantage. Then they went with him to behold the statue. When the lights were turned on and West saw it, he exclaimed, "How like a Mohawk warrior!" And the declaration has in it the genuineness of untrammeled genius.

These marvelous displays of genius are, after all, but partial exceptions to the law of the slow growth of greatness.

Progress even in darkness

Open History's soiled and crowded volume. The nations emerge into the light like coral continents, because millions of unseen builders lift at them in the darkness through succeeding ages. Some warrior with larger brain and heavier arm than his fellows finds better weapons and better skill, discovers the prejudices and passions of his times, masses these about himself and his sons. His tribe feeds on the fat things of other tribes, grows into dominion, crystallizes, has a surplus, and so storehouses, and so defenses, and so settlements, and so cities; by and by civilization and a great nationality. But it takes not one step from the hut toward the palace, or from the stone hatchet toward the Monitor, that is not a step into the darkness to be illumined by later victories.

Romulus broke the skull of Remus with a club in good savage fashion. More than seven hundred years later Brutus showed the coarse hand of

murder but little softened or improved. Achilles drew behind his chariot around the walls of Troy the mangled body of Hector, his royal victim. Nearly a thousand years later Alexander sleeping with Homer under his pillow was but little more humane. It is the work of centuries to build up a civilized nation, a work that has yet to be completed. Great Britain is undoubtedly the best specimen, and see what a hard road she has traveled to reach even her faulty development.

Great men believe in themselves

Great men believe in themselves. No man ever gives this world a turn or two on his own account who does not believe in himself. I once heard George D. Prentice say, "Show me a man with a great idea of himself and I will show you a man who will never have another great idea." This is so well said that one almost wishes that it were true. But it is not true. A man must believe in himself to reach results. Faith is the cohesive power in the mind. Without it the diverging and disintegrating faculties would be no better than a mob of instincts and impulses. This gives the faculties unity and repose, without which great achievement is impossible. There has been a word of prophecy, or a favoring oracle, good omens in the stars above, or in the sacrifices beneath, or the profound conviction of a divine call, or of an election of Fate that has helped the great workers on to victory. It may be a voice like Abraham's,

or a vision like Jacob's, or a blazing bush like that of Moses, or a test like Jephthah's, or a revelation like Paul's, or a cross like Constantine's, or a trance like Mohammed's, or a call like that of Joan of Arc, or a conviction like Cromwell's, or a star like Napoleon's; whatever be its form it is centered in the sublime faith of its subject, a faith that laughs at impossibilities and waits patiently for the inevitable. There seems to be in nature a subtle law that makes faith the coupling-bar that attaches every great soul to events.

Pessimists never great

History has yet to record the first case in which God has used a man for large work who habitually looks upon the dark side of things. Some people seek a reputation for wisdom by prophesying failure. They are always croaking. But, mark my words, no croaker ever yet did any great thing. God has no confidence in the men who slander his government and his Providence. No army ever won a great victory with the flag at half-mast.

Faith a condition of greatness

Napoleon

The first Napoleon, on his Italian campaign, when he was only a boy in years, spread out his future before his uncle. His uncle shook his head and said, "Dreams!" Napoleon stepped quickly to the window, and pointing up into the noonday sky said, "Do you see that star?" "No," was the reply. "I do," he answered, and that star led him to the summit of human renown. Faith is one condition of greatness, and no man ever yet held

the confidence of his fellows who did not believe in himself.

General Wolfe

General Wolfe, to whom Pitt committed the care of the French and Indian War, was invited on the day before sailing to America to dine with the great Secretary and with Lord Temple. Pitt wished to give some parting verbal instructions. The campaign was the theme of conversation, and poor Wolfe seemed to lose his head in the company of these statesmen. He drew his sword, rapped the table with it, patted the hilt, flourished it around the room, and talked about the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. When he was gone Pitt threw up both arms and exclaimed, "Good God! that I should have intrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!" But the result demonstrated that the embarrassed and excited soldier only spoke out what he felt in his veins.

Wordsworth

Wordsworth, the poet of the twilight, who lived in such calm and peace with nature, with society, and especially with himself, expected everything and was not much disappointed. Some have thought that his greatest gift was his confidence. But somehow he was always on the winning side. De Quincey said of Wordsworth's luck, "If he needed a place or a fortune, its holder was sure to die or resign. If I held a place he needed, forthwith, and with the speed of a man running for

his life, I would lay it at his feet, saying, 'Take it, take it, or in three weeks I shall be a dead man.' " Wordsworth once said, "I could write like Shakespeare if I had a mind to." Charles Lamb remarked, "All he wanted was the *mind to.*" His faith in himself was sublime. Once at a literary party in London Milton's watch was passed round as a precious relic. He looked at it calmly, passed it to the next man, then took out his own watch and passed that after Milton's. It may not be too much to suggest that without this supreme faith he never would have become the Poet Laureate.

One of the old masters in painting was asked with what he mixed his paints, and replied, "With brains." Robert Hall, looking out through his prison gates, was asked by a man who recognized him, "Doctor, what brought you here?" "What will never bring you here—brains!" There is vigor about these statements.

Robert Hall

By all these cases we come down to the great law that greatness is of slow growth.

I wish I dare give you a little metaphysics. You do not like metaphysics, but I do. I like them because you can prove anything by them. If I understand the situation, you are not giving this lecture, but I am. I will give you a little metaphysics. Evolution, the great scientific idea of our own age, has this in its favor, that it is never in

Perfection is the ultimate ideal

a hurry. Watching the order of events, we have borne in upon us by almost resistless power the conviction that God follows the law of slow processes in all departments of his activities. With a being that is self-existent, and therefore without beginning and without end, the ideals of his action must be not speed, but perfection. If he needs it he can throw in a few million years, reaching his ends without ever giving him one gray hair or one wrinkle. To him perfection must be the final cause. Omnipotence needs no increments from compound interest. Perfection is the mark to which the arrow takes its way through the weary processes of countless ages. In such a universe no intelligent creature can expect to stumble on greatness. Lord Wellington said, "No general ever stumbled upon a great victory."

Burke

Edmund Burke stands as the synonym for greatness. One day he had overwhelmed Parliament till the groups of statesmen were anxiously asking, "Where does that man get such wisdom?" His brother, Richard, amazed and bewildered, stood alone in a reverie and was overheard saying to himself, "How has Ned contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family? O, I see it! When we were at play he was always at work. I shall rival the ease with which he seizes immortality with the certainty with which I seize oblivion." It is the old law of patient endurance.

Sheridan asked Woodfall, the reporter of the House of Commons, what he thought of his first effort. Woodfall said, "You have missed your calling." Poor Sheridan rested his head on his hands for some time, then responded with great vehemence, "It is in me, and it shall come out of me!" Seven years later—as long as it takes a young man to go through college and through a first-class professional school—as long as it took Jacob to earn a wife—he made his great speech in the Warren Hastings case. At its close the whole audience broke forth into tumultuous applause, and Mr. Pitt said, "Perhaps an abler speech was never delivered." A motion was made to adjourn, "so that the House might have time to recover their calmness and collect their reason." So carefully did Sheridan prepare for great occasions that it is now known that he prepared even his wit and sometimes waited for years for suitable opportunity for practicing it. One specimen is found among his papers, written and rewritten over and over again, condensed and sharpened, till after several years he practiced it upon Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons with the most extemporaneous air, saying, "The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts." This flash of wit was all the more cruel from the fact that it was itself almost as old as a mummy.

Sheridan

Cromwell at Dunbar

Down yonder at the Firth or Race of Dunbar old Cromwell is penned in by Scotch lakes on three sides and by Scotch plaid on the other. Those Scotch lads under Lord Bishop Leslie, the ablest commander of his time, taken even man for man were rough customers to meet on the moor. Here they were overwhelming in numbers and impregnable in their intrenchments on the hill. Cromwell sat still and waited. His officers came to him, saying, "General, Leslie is intrenched, and we are lost!" They were terror-stricken and almost ready to mutiny. But Cromwell, with the decrees of God in his heart and the destiny of civil and religious liberty on his shoulders, said, "The Lord will deliver the Philistines into our hands," and, knowing his antagonist, he waited. On the morning of the third day, at dawn, a scout ran into his tent and said, "General, the Scots are in motion!" Cromwell sprang from his couch, ran out of his tent, and, looking along the line of nodding plumes and glistening spears, springing upon his horse, shouted, "The Lord hath delivered the Philistines into our hands!" And in forty minutes the pride of Scotland was broken, her clansmen slaughtered or disarmed, and Cromwell well on the way to the Protectorate. He believed in himself and in his plan and in his men, and so could abide his time.

Newton

Sir Isaac Newton, goaded by some one for his painstaking preparation for life, said, "I care not

how late I come into life, provided I only come fit." It is this law of slow growth that makes it true that mutinies never occur under captains who have come up from before the mast. Patience to wait and courage to hold on are the elements that settle the questions of victory and greatness.

Edward III at Cressy

Come with me out to Cressy. I love to go to Cressy, for it was first at Cressy that the Saxon was permitted to fight for English freedom. Before that only Normans must fight for England; but Edward III went out to Cressy with our Saxon sires. There we stood that day, bracing each other—short, stout fellows, with heavy arms, heavy shoulders, and heavy limbs, blondes, with cold blue eyes, that could look into the face of death and not wink—clothed in quilted tunics with which to tangle the spears and armed with heavy cross-bows and long shafts with which to feel for the ribs of the Norman knights. And yonder the knights come, clad in mail and with their horses clad in mail. Their lances are poised, and they come at the top of their speed. They have ridden over the peasants of Europe as over flocks of sheep, and they calculate to ride down these Saxons. On they come, but we brace toward them and receive the shock. We parry their spears, we dodge between their horses, we slit their saddle-girths and tear them down, and we give them some exercise that they had not expected.

In the midst of this shock a man ran over to Edward, who sat on a windmill watching the fight, and said, "Sire, we must have help." But Edward quietly asked, "Is my son, the Black Prince, killed?" "No, Sire." "Is he wounded?" "No, Sire." "Then run back and tell the boy he must earn his spurs, and tell him that these Saxons will take us through." And they did take us through, and they have been taking us through all the despotisms and all the kingdoms of the earth ever since.

The Saxon a bad neighbor

I am rather glad I am a Saxon. But the Saxon is a bad neighbor. We never keep house with anybody without making him do our work, and then we pay him if we feel like it. The Saxon is the butcher of the races. The Saxon is the robber of mankind. Just look at our history a little and see how we have carried things with a high hand. You may take either that great nation over the sea or this equally great one this side of the sea. It does not matter much which you take first; the record is about the same. If we take that one, see what they have done. Within the memory of living man we have seen Christian England crowd opium down the throat of the Chinaman with a red-hot bayonet, compelling him to sign a treaty, while in tears he cried out, "You will ruin my people." That was a bad thing to do. A little later we see Protestant England unite

with Roman Catholic France to whip Greek Christian Russia in the interest of the Mohammedan Turk. That is a hard theological problem! Still later we have seen Evangelical England crowd her iron prows into the Bosporus to defend the harem. That is a bad record, but ours is no better. I am glad it is no worse. It could not be; but it is no better. We have met three races, and what have we done with them? We met the Indian, and he would not work for us. So we killed him and took his scalp and his pony and his land, and then we sang the long-meter doxology. We have also met the African, and he would work for us, and we enslaved him. Now we have met the Chinaman, and we do not know what to do with him. He will work for us, so we do not want to kill him. He will not be our slave, so we do not want to not kill him. The Saxon is a bad neighbor. But this ought also to be said —we have never robbed a people that we have not left them richer than they were before, and we have never enslaved a poeple that we have not left them freer than they were before. The quiet courage of Edward went down into the cold blue eyes of the Saxon and warmed his blood, and he has been taking us through. I am rather glad I am a Saxon.

Once the soldiers of Cyrus cried out, "We are fallen among the enemy and are lost!" when he

restored courage by asking, "How are we fallen among them any more than they have fallen among us?" Such men do not need breastworks from which to gain glory.

Great men self-poised

Great men in their great deeds must be self-poised, must keep the center of gravity within the base, must button up the majority inside of a single overcoat. Cicero asked the Oracle of Delphi, "By what means shall I attain the greatest and most honorable fame?" The Oracle replied, "By always following the dictates of your own judgment." Cicero said, "This pleases me." Alexander, centuries before, came to this same Oracle desiring a favoring and favorable response. He happened to come on a day when it was not lawful for the priestess to prophesy. He tried to bribe her, but she declined his bribes. Having exhausted every other argument, he seized her by the arms and dragged her into the temple. As she went over the threshold she cried out, "O, my son, thou art invincible!" He said, "Go, go, that is all the Oracle I want!" The ability to extort this prophecy involved the ability to make it good. It is one of the characteristics of greatness that it is able to control circumstances.

Cicero

Alexander

William the Conqueror

Come with me and look at William the Conqueror as he pushes up toward Great Britain. He stands in the prow of the foremost boat, determined to be the first man to land. As the

keel touched the gravel he sprang from the boat, but his foot was caught in a rope and he fell on his face on the beach. That was an evil omen—the gods were against him! He knew he must recapture the faith of the superstitious Normans at his heels. So seizing both hands full of gravel he sprang up, shouting, "By the splendor of the earth, I seize this island with both hands!" and the Normans cried out, "William, the Conqueror!" and followed him the next day out to Hastings. He was superior to the superstitions and gods of his time.

American illustrations avoided

Some of you may have noticed that I have not given any American specimens. This is not by accident. It is set purpose, and for exactly nine hundred and sixty-three distinct reasons. First—O, you need not be alarmed; I cannot give all these reasons to you!—if there is any American present who does not know beyond the possibility of doubt that we can whip all creation and not half try, he is beyond hope; there is no use talking to him. And, second, we can hardly touch a great American without touching politics. And I have found in wandering up and down the earth now and then a man who does not know enough to agree with me in politics. Men do not gladly pay their money to see the heads knocked off their idols, so I am obliged to avoid American specimens. But there are two cases which I think may

be introduced with safety. They are out of politics. First let me show you a picture of men who believed in themselves. You are familiar with the scene. It is that old Mayflower, in a December storm, on the New England coast, feeling for a landing. Men are slid down the side of the vessel into a little boat. Soon they are covered with sleet as with a coat of armor; soon their boat is also covered with ice; they pull for the shore; soon they are overturned in the surf and wade out up to their armpits in the cold salt sea, making their way to the shore at the hardest, dragging after them their boat. They pull it up into the snow and there they walk back and to, beating a path for themselves more than knee-deep. They are in great haste. They must land. They are sick on the Mayflower, sick on the deck, sick in the hold, sick in the cabin. Famine has clambered up over the side of the ship and holds the tiller, and death paces back and forth as if in command. They must land. They are in great haste. But there they walk back and to, all that night through, and all the next day, without shelter from storm or savages, under pressure for food and for a footing, the winter upon them, with every motive for haste and action, still they abide their time. All that dreary December day, while it snowed and sleeted and froze and blew, they prayed and sang and walked back and to, not stopping so much as to

Mayflower

build a fire until six o'clock at night, for it is God's holy Sabbath day. They can die if need be, but they cannot violate God's holy ordinance. Grand old men were these, good seed with which to seed down a continent, good material out of which to make a republic. I never think of these heroes waiting on this stormy land, in the snow and sleet of that winter Sabbath, but I feel moved as in the presence of the bravest men of our race and bless God that the imprint of the Puritan is everywhere. I would to God we could return to the quiet Sabbath of old New England. There is no danger in this direction. No craft ever stranded on Plymouth Rock. If we go down it will be in a warmer sea, in the maelstrom of our passion and pride, and in our forgetfulness of God and his ordinances. These men in the pressure of all their motives were able to bide their time, for they believed in themselves.

Grant in the Wilderness

The other American picture which I will venture to introduce is down there in the Wilderness. There he sits, with his back to a tree and his face to a cigar. You recognize him. It is haunted ground. Union men have not been able to pass that way without running. A scout comes up and says, "The left is turned and in full retreat." He takes his cigar out of his mouth long enough to say, "I don't believe it," and smokes on. Presently a stream of fugitives comes rushing by. He gets

up, goes down to the side of that running stream, takes with him his sphinxlike and impenetrable face, and says, "Boys, you can run for exercise if you want to, but you must fight it out here and now, for you can't get over the river." And he went back and sat down and smoked. A member of his staff whom I knew, a member of our Eighty-sixth Street Methodist Church in New York city, Mr. Keyes, came up just at that instant and said, "General Grant, General Lee is in your rear." Grant replied, "Well, then I am in his rear, am I not?" He believed in his men and in his plan and in himself. History has no better specimen of courage.

Great deeds depend on great motives

In our day we have many inventions for saving power. The engines in our ocean steamers consume only a small per cent of the fuel that was once required for the same amount of heat. If we keep on we may reach a state, and I fear some of us are going that way, where we will save all the fuel, and where the more we burn the more we will have left. But, in the present order of things in this world, if you wish to get the power out of your engine you must put in the fuel. So if we are to produce great deeds we must have great motives. This engine which we call the human mind can bear the pressure of a hundred million tons to the square inch without straining a single flue. The framework may tremble a

little, but the engine itself does not rattle. Who can measure the pressure on a mind in a day of battle when the commander knows that a nation and a civilization depend upon his clearness? We have no figures to measure the strain upon a mother when her helpless darling babe, that relies upon her for everything, dying in her arms looks pleadingly into her face. If you could load this world onto a human mind as the body is loaded upon it, it would walk off with it with the same ease. There is power enough in the engine. All we need is fuel.

Nearly all the great inventions have been reached by some soul inspired with holy zeal. The hunger of the soul for God impels the great achievements. Columbus walked over the Old World seeking help to find the New because he felt he was called of God to open a way to unsaved millions. He went from the sanctuary to the sea, from the sacramental altar in Spain to a beach of prayer and thanksgiving in America. This hemisphere is a trophy of the missionary idea. Gutenberg discovered printing when he was searching with exhaustless patience for some means of furnishing the Bible to the common people. The martyrdoms that have shed at once both shame and glory upon the race have come from love of God or love of country.

Columbus

Gutenberg

Saxon civilizations have always had one great advantage over all other types of national life in

Conscience of Saxons

that they rest upon *conscience*. Unless you can pinch the Saxon with the grip of obligations you cannot move him. Take out of him his moral conviction and he will not stand up any more than an empty bag. Remove the pressure of obligation and it would be more difficult to get great achievements out of him than it would be to capture a band of Sioux with a navy of canal boats.

Motives of the nations

It is significant how the manufacturing, producing, aggressive, conquering, thinking races of our time are related to these motives. You can distinguish these races by the motives that move them to action. If you want to get any power out of a Spaniard you must give him a cock or a bull or a heretic to torture; then he will act. If you want to get any power out of the Italian you must give him a stiletto for enemies, a charm for witches, a picture for his sweetheart, and a good hope of booty for himself; then he will act. If you want to get any power out of a Frenchman, the liberty-praising, glory-loving, light-jewelry-making Frenchman, you must put his name on the bulletin board, a spangle on his hat, and give him three hundred and sixty-five new soups every year; then he will act. Not long ago, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a Frenchman nearly had a fit. He went in the second day and called for his soup, and they brought him the same kind that he had

the day before. He sprang up and said, "My gracious! gracious! What a country is this, with three hundred religions and only one soup!" Yes, we have outgrown the soup age. We are out on the plains of destiny, making religions for mankind. In order to get any power out of the German—the regular old-fashioned German, who has the architecture of a haystack, so when you push him over he is almost as tall as he was before—you must put a table of logarithms in his vest pocket, a theodolite in his hat, and give him something to protest against between bayonet charges; then he will act. If you want to get any power out of the Englishman, the regular old "John Bull," you must give him rare beef, overripe game, and an awakened conscience; then he will act. If you want to get any power out of the Yankee, who is so much like his cousins over the sea, you must awaken his moral sense, give him a field for fair play, room in which to wriggle, and a sixpence boot money; then he will act.

Battle cries

At the battle of the Pyramids Napoleon shouted, "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you from the summit of the pyramids!" At Trafalgar Lord Nelson said, "England expects every man to do his duty!" General Grant's battle cry was, "God and the spelling-book!"

Children's cry for bread

But all the races are influenced by the motive that operated upon poor Erskine, a lawyer with

brains but without briefs. He sat at the table one day and heard the case of a common Englishman who was being prosecuted for slander by a right noble lord. Erskine said, "The man is right and ought to be defended." The man sat a little ways up the table. He said, "That young barrister shall have one retainer," and went down the table and retained him. Erskine found four great lawyers on the case before him. The great lawyers said to his client, "You must settle! You must settle! You will be ruined if you don't!" Erskine said, "It may be my old calling" (he had been a sailor), "but I would fight." The Englishman got up and gave Erskine a regular bear hug that took him off the floor, and said, "Well, we'll fight!" and at it they went. The four great lawyers practically surrendered the case. The judge was about to render his decision when Erskine arose and said, "My Lord, I cannot remain speechless when I see an English subject about to be robbed and an English judge about to stain his ermine!" That threw everything up edgewise. They had not heard it after that fashion in that locality. Erskine went on with the case and gained his suit; and before he went out of the Inns three thousand pounds were placed in his hands as retainers and the way was open before him all the way up to the woolsack. Some of his friends asked him, "Erskine, how did you dare thus to speak to the right noble lord, the

judge?" He said, "I will tell you. I felt that moment as if my hungry babes were pulling at my robes, saying, 'Father, father, now is your time to get us bread.' " I doubt if any man ever comes to his best abilities until he stands with his empty hands to keep the wolf away from his loved ones.

Struggle of France against England

The first two decades of the nineteenth century give us pictures of power that ought not to be omitted from a talk like this. The picture in the first decade is a section of the old fight against the Latin races that has been waged with such varying fortunes ever since that band of adventurers on the banks of the Tiber began the conquest of the world by the capture of the Sabine women. Indeed, the yelping of that Roman litter has filled the history of twenty-five centuries. The bloody struggle against Bonaparte was but a link in the chain forged by that monstrous wrong which had been committed against mankind in the name of religion. Taken together it was hardly an even fight. France had only one man, Napoleon, while England had two, Lord Nelson and Lord Wellington. But that was the game of Providence. It was too much to ask Napoleon to wrestle with both Nelson and Wellington. This was his disaster. While he pounded one, the other pounded him. If he pushed the English on the land they pushed him on the sea. They kept him

bleeding in one leg or the other, and thus they made his death only a question of time.

The two conflicts

Two syllogisms refuted all the argument of his twenty years of blood. The first was called Trafalgar, and fell across his pathway in the first decade of the nineteenth century. The second was called Waterloo, and fell across his pathway in the second decade of the nineteenth century.

The old Napoleon embodied more power, more ability to cause things to come to pass, than any other character in modern secular history down to his time. Europe was beneath his feet. The ancient kingdoms were swept from the map. Only one will was left in Europe—Spain prostrate, Austria vanquished, Italy helpless. The adventurer from Corsica was dictating law from the palace of the Hohenzollern family, while his illustrious legions carried the eagles of France through the streets of Berlin. On all the earth only one spirit opposed him, and that was the undying, unyielding, unforgetting, unresting, unforgiving spirit of Great Britain. She was the soul of the allies. She never dreamed of compromise. She never considered alliance with him. The other powers might be diverted, enticed, cajoled into dragging the Emperor's cannon, but Great Britain never. Great Britain had only one policy, and that was war to the bitter end; made only one argument, and that was victory or death;

Spirit of Great Britain unconquerable

sought only one end, and that was the annihilation of Bonaparte and the destruction of his military government. Absolutely the only thing he could do with those stubborn Saxons was to scrape their island bare of every hoof and hamlet, of every babe and blade of grass. Then he could dispose of the rest of the world at his leisure. With a genius that could read events without doubt or wavering, and with an ambition that was incapable of satisfaction, and with a will that was familiar with accomplishing the impossible, he deliberately undertook what he was pleased to call "sponging out the Saxon civilization." While he walked over Europe, burning cities and building sepulchers, he collected a mighty host with which to trample out the English civilization.

Character of leaders at Trafalgar

He said to Talleyrand, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, "My fleets have disappeared from the sea. But there is yet time, if they hasten to the Channel. I embark my army. I land in England, and in London I sever the knot of all impending coalitions." This was his purpose. An unexpected defeat of his Admiral Villeneuve enraged him. He was a truly great admiral, hardly second, if at all, to Lord Nelson. The courier bringing the news found Napoleon standing on the shore looking out toward Great Britain, where dwelt the only foe he feared. Villeneuve, fearing Napoleon's wrath, pulled his ships out from the shore so that

the returning message might not come to him, for he knew that that would cost him his head. He repaired his fleet, joined with the Spanish fleet, exercised constantly his men at the guns, and on the 19th of October, 1805, started out, with a fleet of forty-two sail and eight frigates, down toward Gibraltar, looking, looking for Lord Nelson. He found Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, and he found a foeman worthy of his steel. For Nelson before coming out of the Thames said, "Bring out my coffin and have it lettered. I may need it when I come back." (His coffin was made out of the mast of the flagship that bore him at Aboukir Bay —Aboukir Bay, great in his history, there where he was second in command but led the fight. His superior officer signaled to him to come back, but he put his glass up to his blind eye and said, "I see no signal, officer; victory or Westminster!" And he conquered.) Nelson at Trafalgar appreciated the importance of the struggle and the strength of his antagonist and resolved on victory. He divided his own fleet into two lines of battle, leading one himself in the Victory, and Collingwood in the Sovereign leading the other. Every inch of canvas was spread that he might come up to the Frenchman as quickly as possible. While they were coming up Nelson wrote in his journal, "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general

a great and glorious victory. May no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, characterize the British navy. For myself individually I commit my life to Him who made me. . . . To him I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to my care. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Nothing below this devotement could have prepared Nelson for the great work he was to do for the civilization of the nineteenth century. The hero of the sea must needs be almost superhuman. As suggested by Lamartine:

Lamartine on requirements for great naval leader

"The variety and extent of the faculties which must of necessity be united in the same individual, to constitute a great naval leader, astonish the mind, and raise the perfect sailor beyond all comparison above ordinary warriors. The latter require only the single firmness which faces fire unmoved; the former must be endowed with the double valor which equally braves death and the fury of the elements. But the self-possession which suffices on shore will hardly be found efficient on the ocean. All the resources of intelligence must be combined with courage in the chief who directs the maneuvers or the broadside from the quarter-deck of an admiral's vessel, or any other man-of-war. He must be endowed with science, to steer his course by the heavenly bodies; unwearied vigilance, to preserve his ship from storms and quicksands; skill in handling the sails, which regulate the immense machine like a master-key; prompt daring, to rush into fire through tempest, to seek one death through another; self-possession, which dictates when to strike, or how to parry the decisive blow; devotedness, which rises under the certainty of destruction and sacrifices a ship to save the fleet; a prudent boldness in assuming the risk of responsibility in sudden

emergencies, when a moment or a maneuver may decide the fate of an empire. Disasters which cannot be foreseen or calculated, dark nights which scatter the squadron, storms which swallow up the vessels, fires which consume them, currents which run them aground, calms which neutralize them, rocks which dash them in pieces—to foresee, provide for, and endure all these contingencies with the stoicism of a mind that fights hand to hand with destiny; a narrow deck, with few witnesses, for the field of battle; a thankless glory, always ready to disappear, which is lost in a moment, and frequently never reaches the ears of your country; a death far distant from all you love, a coffin shrouded in the depths of ocean, or cast overboard as a fragment of shipwreck! This is the epitome of the sailor! A hundred dangers for a single ray of glory —ten heroes concentrated in a single man! Such were the great naval warriors of France, of Spain, of England. Such was Nelson, the first and last of England's Titans of the sea."

Battle of Trafalgar

As the fleets neared each other Nelson ran up into the rigging of the flagship the ever memorable words, dear to every Saxon, "England expects every man to do his duty." Then standing on the deck he looked along the lines of the squadron. As soon as the officers had time to interpret the signals to the men he saw the redcoats standing on the decks waving their hats. Nelson caught hold of Harvey, the captain of the Victory, who stood by his side, saying, "See, see, the day is ours; Great Britain is here in person!" They close in; ship grapples with ship; they struggle on the boiling and bloody sea. The roaring of artillery mingles with the rattle of small arms, the falling of masts and spars, the crackling of flames, and

the groans of the dying. A round shot carries away the head of Nelson's secretary standing by his side; the next a chain shot piles up eight dead seamen at his feet. The deck of the Victory is strewn with the dead. The smoke of battle shuts out the light of the sun. Soon the ricks of the dead make it almost impossible to pull back the cannon for reloading. Soon the sawdust which has been sprinkled on the deck to keep the men from slipping in the gore is carried overboard by streams of blood. Nelson says to a lieutenant, "This is hot, but give them back!" The air is full of splinters and missiles, and all manner of deaths. It is hot with slaughter and burdened with burning powder and the stench of dismembered bodies. Every ship becomes a Thermopylæ, where the combatants struggle not for victory but for death. The pall of smoke that hangs over these floating sepulchers seems like a frown of infernal wrath, and the blazing portals underneath look like streets in hell. A breeze springing up lifts the smoke and reveals the French Admiral Villeneuve sitting on the quarter-deck of his frigate, with every officer slain, with six hundred of his crew piled up in death around him, with his masts gone, with shrouds and tops and yards and rigging and every sail carried away, with nothing left but a rocking and helpless hull. This was only a specimen of the French fleet, one globule of blood of that

rocking, sinking clot called the French navy. The victory is complete, but Lord Nelson is dead. Trafalgar, added to Aboukir Bay, wrote Nelson's name above every other name in the annals of the sea and taught mankind again that it is vain to fight against God. This is the work of Trafalgar.

Great fools

Another class ought to appear at this point, worthy of great respect because there are a great many of them. I refer to the great fools—men who spend the greater part of a natural life in teaching a white mouse to back up an inclined plane (I saw one do it once, and I did not know which to admire most, the white mouse or the other one!)—men like the great Dr. Parr, who had the reputation of writing the best Latin since Cicero. He was in Parliament one day. It was a great day on that stage of modern civilization. The Secretary stood alone. "Peace at any price!" was the cry all over England. Hour after hour Pitt pounded away at his argument for the defense of England and the English Constitution. Those peculiarly self-poised men went over to the government benches one by one as they were persuaded by the great argument. When Pitt saw that he had a good working majority the speech ended; and when the applause was silent men went out of the House with their fists clenched, saying one to another, "This means blood, but it means victory

Dr. Parr

and honor." Dr. Parr, going out of the House, was asked by a member of Parliament, "Well, Doctor, what do you think of that speech?" And little dapper Dr. Parr stretched himself up to his full dignity and said, "Well, sir, indeed, sir, I threw upon the speech my entire grammatical intellect, and I did not detect a single mistake." He might just as well have backed a white mouse.

Beecher's critic

He was not so fortunate as the elocution teacher (you will remember that an elocution teacher is a gentleman who teaches a dog how to wag his tail) who went over from New Jersey to hear Mr. Beecher, and when the sermon was closed he crowded himself up to the front and said, "Mr. Beecher, I am an elocution teacher from the State of New Jersey. I came over to hear the greatest American preacher, but I am disappointed, disappointed." "What is the matter now?" said Mr. Beecher. "Well, sir, I counted eighty grammatical mistakes in your sermon." Mr. Beecher said, "Is that all? I would have bet this old hat there were over eight hundred if you hadn't told me." Some men are too great even in their flaws to be handled.

Dr. Hall and his substitute

Dr. Robert Hall, the great English preacher, had in his head what I think mechanics call "an eccentric," and whenever it came around it lifted the machinery up out of gear, and then he wouldn't do anything; he wouldn't preach and he wouldn't

pray, and the managing board had to keep a cheap man near by to put into the pulpit in case the Doctor got out of gear at the wrong time. One day he was out of gear and they put a little fellow in from the seminary who read a composition. He thought he was preaching—perhaps he was. When he had gotten through Dr. Hall said to him, "My young friend, you have done me a great deal of good." And the little fellow said, "O, Doctor, it can't be that I hear such words from such a man as you are. I never expected such a compliment as that in all the days of my life. I will tell it to my children and my children's children, to the latest generation." The Doctor went right on as if nothing had been said—nothing had: "You have done me a great deal of good, sir. Before I heard you I thought I never could preach any more, but now I think if that stuff will do I can try it again." Some inquiry among his "children's children" has failed to develop to which particular one he told it, but it has gotten out.

His eccentricity

One time Dr. Hall was sick and being watched by two good old women. He was on a lounge, and while he slept they talked. One said to the other, "An infidel died last night in B Street and the devil came after his soul." Dr. Hall sprang up, saying, "What is that you say?" and they said, "We didn't say anything." "Yes, you did,

for I heard you," he said. They said, "An infidel died last night in B Street and a devil came after his soul." "Of course he did; what would the devil be good for if he didn't come after the soul of such a man as that?" "But, Doctor, they say he came in the form of a black cat as large as a yearling calf." Then said the Doctor, "Of course he did; I have seen him myself." And they asked him, "How did he look, Doctor?" and he said, "I saw him coming down the street and the pavement sank beneath his feet like the waves of the sea, the waves of the sea, and he looked like majesty in ruins, majesty in ruins!" No man can read or hear that description and not get glimpses of a magnificent structure.

Conditions at Waterloo

The second decade of the nineteenth century gives us the second scene referred to in this same tragedy of crime and slaughter. This time it is a struggle between the two great land captains, Lord Wellington and Napoleon, the most renowned and most self-confident men of their time. Everything combines to intensify the interest. The troops, exactly seventy-two thousand on each side, are largely the veterans from twenty years of blows and carnage. The prize is the dominion of the whole earth. The field is Waterloo. Here stands the Belgian lion to-day. This is where the crest of the battle was reached. This is Waterloo. Yonder to the left of us, the road from Nivelles

coming up behind us is intersected at an acute angle by the road in front of us from Genappe. The elevated plane in this acute angle at our left is Mont Saint Jean. Wellington is there under the old tree, long ago divided up among the families of England. To our right is the Chateau de Hougoumont, with its brick walls running around the orchard and the barnyard and the garden, brick walls which the French took for redcoats, where Cooke stayed with the Scotch guards for seven hours while Jerome Bonaparte with the flower of the French army tried to drive them out—for seven hours, while Blücher crept through the woods toward Waterloo. To-day they will point out to you a place where a door at the head of the lane leading up to Hougoumont swung open and three times a Scotch colonel reached out his arm and closed it. At our left is a small clump of trees supporting the right of the allied army, and behind us, close to the horizon, is the forest out of which Blücher came at sundown with the fresh German troops. In front of us, well back, is La Belle Alliance. Napoleon is there, glass in hand, confident of victory, waiting for the ground to harden so he could handle his artillery, for it rained that night. It was God's battle. Napoleon was an artillery officer—the best the world ever saw. He fought all his battles with his cannon. He held them in the grip of his genius like a great

pistol, swinging them around, pulverizing in the ranks of the enemy here a place and there another, crowding in with a saber called cavalry or with a bayonet called infantry. He waited for the ground to harden from before the dawn, waited until nine o'clock, waited until eleven o'clock, waited until one o'clock, while Blücher crept on through the woods toward Waterloo. At last he thinks he can swing his cannon and gives the order to begin the dreadful debate.

The problems of the battle

These great chiefs have different problems to solve, each working according to the style of his genius. Wellington is cold, methodical, working by rule, venturing the least possible, keeping a way open of escape. Napoleon is the perfection of genius. He is a rule unto himself. He simply goes in to win. He leaps in to do the best possible thing and take all advantages. Wellington has three fixed points—Mont Saint Jean, Chateau de Hougoumont, and that clump of trees which he must hold. Napoleon's task is to come and take them. Through the long hours of that afternoon they each struggle for these points. Jerome Bonaparte comes with music and banners and troops at double-quick, determined to have Hougoumont. And yonder, on the left, come the old veterans of the French army, without music, without banners, walking steadily over the field. They have marched over the battlefields of Europe for

twenty years, and why should they hasten now? They are determined to take that clump of trees. Late in the afternoon the allied armies on the left fall back on the plain, writhing like a great wounded dragon, and crawling out behind Mont Saint Jean. On the right of the allies Hougoumont is on fire. Cooke is out and Jerome Bonaparte is in. Napoleon, looking through his glass, sees the front of Mont Saint Jean peeled bare from every living foot and hoof. He knows by the inspiration of his genius that the critical hour has come, and he gives the signal to Marshal Ney to bring up the Old Guard, the glory of the army of Italy. There they come, horses with their necks arched, banners waving, bugles playing, sabers gleaming! They pass the scaffolding upon which Napoleon stands. He waves his handkerchief to Ney, the signal to move, and Ney returns a military salute. They drop into a dead run and sweep on and on and up against the front of Mont Saint Jean. Wellington sees them coming, and throwing up his clinched hands he shouts, "Magnificent! Magnificent!" But on they come, riding down everything before them; and suddenly up rise the old squares of England, five deep, kneeling down in front, reaching over from behind with their long bayonets to receive those desperate horsemen. Within the squares are the British cannon, which they load and push up to the front. The men fold back like

The critical hour of battle

The charge

a sheath of flesh on a lion's paw, and let out those red-hot claws to tear the most magnificent squadrons the world ever saw. On they come, at full speed, in solid lines. The brave leader answers the discharge of the artillery with the military salute. Wellington feels the earth melt beneath his feet. He is silent. His teeth are set. His lips are white. On comes Ney, at the head of the Old Guard. This host has swept many a field, and never once have they turned their backs upon the foe or even been repulsed in a charge. Every man is a hero, and Marshal Ney is at their head. They come with the weight of many victories. The first square is trampled out. The French cavalry dashes on. The squares melt and contract, but stick to the ground. Some are broken in by the heavy horsemen. Six out of thirteen have melted in the awful fire. The cavalry ride round these squares with slackened rein and shoot down the men with their pistols. Still these stubborn Saxons refuse to do anything but die. A Scotch fifer sits on a broken gun-carriage and plays right on, according to order, till the battalions are killed and a saber stroke cuts off the music with his head. Ney, having lost four horses under him, now marches on foot. One epaulet is gone, cut away by a Scotch saber. The star of the Legion of Honor, which adorned his left breast, has a ball hole through it. His plume

The battle of the English squares

that the Emperor has watched on so many fields is gone. His sword is broken. Still the remnant of the Old Guard dashes on after him. Seeing a hundred years of glory condensed into a single hour, he sends to the Emperor for infantry. Napoleon exclaims, "Infantry! whence does he expect me to get them? Does he expect me to make them?" At the same moment Kemp, on Wellington's left, called on the Duke for reinforcements. "Impossible," answered Wellington; "we must die on the spot we occupy!" The spirit of the Iron Duke inspired every soldier. One officer said to a young lieutenant, as he handed him his third sword, "How savage you are to-day!" "Why not? We are here to kill the French, and the more the better!" One London prize-fighter attacked seven French soldiers and killed five of them before the other two killed him. The Iron Duke was not greater than the iron soldiers. Great Britain was on the field of Waterloo in person. Wellington, walking back and to under that old tree, watch in hand, said, "Would to God that night or Blücher were come!" Seeing the squares melt, he said, "This is hard pounding, but we will see who will pound longest." Seeing one of the squares yielding a little he went down toward them, and his shrill voice rang above the din of battle, "Stand fast, old Ninety-fifth! Old Ninety-fifth, stand fast! What will they say about us to-day in England!"

And the Ninety-fifth stood fast. They melted and went into the ground, but they did not surrender. Hougoumont was taken. The left had fallen back; now the center was giving way before the broken sword of the bareheaded Ney. Seven squares out of thirteen are no more. Sixty English cannon are spiked. All is lost, but one Iron Duke and Almighty God, when suddenly there comes a new sound out of the woods. Ney hears it and throws open his uniform and shouts, "Come on, come on, and see how a Marshal of France dies on the field of battle!" Blücher, pulling down his Dutch cap, says, "Men, we must give these English rest," and driving his spurs into his horse he went at the top of his speed. They ride by, sabering to right and left. The old French Guard is dead. The Empire is ended. Napoleon is a factor of history; and Wellington, Wellington is the idol of England. The problem between the Norman and the Saxon, stated on the field of Hastings seven hundred and fifty years before, has a new and final settlement. This is the work of Waterloo.

Heroism is not a lost art

Heroism is a moral quality. It may be the glory of the humblest man or child. High station furnishes a pedestal on which the glory of an heroic achievement may be exhibited, but it is no part of the act itself. Many a private soldier has stood on picket under the guns of a treacherous foe, when his humble duty was as noble as the

conduct of the officer whose sleep he guarded at such peril and whose name appears on the bulletin. The flaxen-haired lad from Pennsylvania, who wrote from the famine at Andersonville to his commander, saying, "Dear General: We can die. Don't compromise the country. Don't let my mother go hungry. God bless you. Amen. Good-bye," would grace any monument. Once at Andersonville while the men were starving to death, more than a hundred a day, the prisoners were called out and addressed by their keeper, he telling them that Grant had been defeated, that the Union cause was practically lost, that if they would join the Confederacy they need never face their friends in battle, they could be put on guard duty over the forts, and soon when the war was ended they could go home and see their families again. An Irishman among the prisoners said, "Mr. Officer, may I speak a word?" And the officer, looking at his skeleton, thought it would be safe to let him speak, and said, "Yes." Pat stepped out in front of the line and upon a little box that was there and said, "Attention, squad! Right flank, back to death! March!" The entire company of prisoners faced about and marched back into the prison. Two days later they carried out the lifeless remains of poor Pat, starved to death, but a hero. There is something about the devotion of the common soldier that

exalts him to a greatness that is solitary and sublime.

Admiral De Winter

At the battle of Camperdown, where the Dutch were humbled before the English, when Admiral De Winter left his own wreck and came on board the Venerable, the flagship of Lord Duncan, a common seaman exclaimed, "Myn heer Admiral, we have been long on the lookout for you. I am glad to see you with all my heart. You will be kindly received on the quarter-deck and so you ought to be, for you fought us like a dragon, and knocked us about with your balls like ninepins. Now let me shake your Honor's hand!" There was the soul of a king in that blunt English tar.

Virginia express saved by a boy

Yonder in the mountains of Virginia some workmen find a railroad bridge has fallen. The Lightning Express is due. They are stunned with amazement and stand still while the train thunders on. A little boy, nine years old, leaps onto the track and runs toward the train, with both arms held up. The engineer sees him and whistles and rings the bell, but the boy sticks to the track. The engineer whistles "down brakes" and reverses the engine and slides up to within four feet of the boy and stops. He cannot run over him. The train is saved. The passengers, when they see that from which they have been saved, laughing and weeping, pass him about and kiss him and endow

him. You can do no better thing than that boy did anywhere under the stars.

Soldier defies army surgeon

Yonder in Tennessee a drunken surgeon, in charge of a smallpox hospital, often left the dying and dead side by side three days at a time unvisited. Sometimes he sent them with the dead cart too soon. One day a boy from Illinois was riding as guard with the dead cart to the place of burial. He noticed in the heap that was piled in the cart one man whose breast heaved. He called the surgeon's attention to the fact. The surgeon—and those surgeons were mighty men—swore at him and told him to mind his own business, the man would be dead by the time he could get him well covered up. The boy pulled out his revolver and holding it on the surgeon said, "Take him out or I will put you in, quick!" The surgeon took him out. So would I under the circumstances. There was a General Jackson in that boy. You can do no better thing than that boy did anywhere under the stars.

Old slave saves soldier

A man got out of Andersonville and he told me he found outside what they all wished to find—a colored hand to lead him. It was an old slave woman, bowed nearly double under ninety years of bondage. She led him past the outer guard and away to her cabin. There she covered him up in the corner with leaves and fed him and watched him till he grew strong enough to march. Then

she pointed him on the way to the Union lines and bade him good-bye. After a little he turned around to take a farewell look at the grand old colored woman. He saw her going backward toward her cabin, turning over the leaves with a stick. He said, "What you doing, Auntie?" "O, honey, Ise just a cobberin' up dem signs, dat's all." You can do no better thing than that old colored woman did anywhere under the stars.

Police heroism

One night in New York, No. 497 Broome Street was burning. A poor man with his wife and six children lived on the third floor. He with great difficulty made his way to the street with his family. On counting, one was missing. Isabelle, aged ten years, had been left behind. Both parents were nearly frantic. A policeman, Roundsman Byrnes, rushed into the burning building and up to the third floor, found the girl unconscious, took her up in his arms, wrapped his overcoat about her, and made his escape to the street with burned hands and face, but with the rescued child. You can do no better thing than Byrnes did anywhere under the stars.

Devotion of railroad engineer

On the Central Pennsylvania Railroad, just west of Altoona, an engineer was pushing his way up the mountain with his express train of passengers, when he saw just before him four cars laden with stone broken loose from a train and coming down on his track at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

Quick as thought he whistled on the brakes, uncoupled his engine, and went up alone to meet the monster. They fished him out from under the broken engine, alive but badly damaged.

I was giving this lecture one night in Altoona, and when I came to this part I saw a man close to the platform stretching himself and going through contortions. The first thought I had was, "That man is going to have a fit. We'll see how he comes out." I noticed the people in the audience rising up and some standing on the seats looking at him. I soon found out that that was the engineer, going through the struggle again. You can do no better thing than he did anywhere under the stars. Heroism is not one of the lost arts.

Great speeches

When the Egyptian wishes to write history he paints it. So some men, when they would do a great thing, talk it.

Mirabeau

Mirabeau, rising in his place in the French Assembly, when the King's troops came in to disperse the body, glared on the advancing bayonets, then springing up onto his desk he shouted, with an imperial wave of his hand, "Out! go tell your master that France defies him!" It was enough. The soldiers, awed by his spirit, retired from the Assembly.

Demosthenes

Demosthenes spoke and the Athenians cried out, "Lead us against Philip!" And Philip himself said when he read the speech, "If I had heard that speech of Demosthenes I should have

cried out with the Athenians, 'Lead us against Philip!' "

Whitefield

Whitefield is preaching yonder. Lord Chesterfield sits in Lady Huntingdon's pew and listens. The preacher compares the sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him. On the edge of a precipice he has no guide but his staff. This slips through his fingers and skims away down the abyss. Unconscious of peril, the beggar stoops down to regain it, and stumbling forward—"Good God, he is gone!" shouted Lord Chesterfield, who sprang forward out of his seat to save the beggar. Preaching in New York, he described a storm at sea, ending with the words, "The tempest rages, our masts are gone, the ship is on her beam ends! What next?" Six sailors sprang up at once and shouted, "Take to the long boat!"

Webster's reply to Hayne

Daniel Webster replied to Hayne of South Carolina in the United States Senate. Hayne had insulted New England and especially Massachusetts. Webster is to reply. The Senate Chamber is packed. The Foreign Ministers' gallery is full. The reporters' gallery is crowded. The strangers' gallery is jammed. Over yonder, in the strangers' gallery, sit a company of men from New England. They have been walking about Washington for a day or two, not knowing whether they had any right to exist or not. They thought they would

go up to the Senate and hear what the Bay State orator might have to say. They are waiting to hear his speech. Calhoun is in the chair. Webster walks over to the clerk's desk and calls for the reading of the resolution. Hayne sits on the front seat before him, and during the speech reads a newspaper upside down. Webster goes into his speech, through that most magnificent of all openings, about the mariner in stormy weather. Those men in the gallery listen. He soon catches Banquo's ghost and throws it back at Hayne. Those men in the gallery straighten up and look at each other. He pushes on in his great argument, which has never been answered and which put tens of thousands of men into the Union army after Webster had gone to his rest. Those men in the gallery leaned forward and held their breath. He delivers that magnificent eulogium upon Massachusetts. They sob and cry like whipped children. At last he comes to that inspired close in which, in a manner peculiar to himself under great mental excitement, he spoke with his arms by his sides, gesturing only from his wrists downward, saying, "Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" The Senate was silent and motionless. Nothing could be heard but the hoarse breathing and sobbing of the senators. After two minutes of this sobbing silence, Calhoun, white with rage, brought down his gavel and screeched

at the top of his untunable voice, "Order!" and the convulsion of the Senate declared the victory of the Massachusetts orator. Disunion and nullification were laid for a whole generation and could not lift their heads again till Webster was dead.

Great acting

You remember the answer of the great actor, when asked by a preacher how it was that actors could do so much more with their fictions than preachers with their truth. He said, "You present your truth as if it were fiction. We present our fiction as if it were truth." Any soul that gets down to the core of things is sure to be felt. When Betterton acted Hamlet, Booth tried to act the Ghost. The look of horror on Betterton's face overcame Booth so he could not proceed. Fannie Kemble tried to play Ophelia to her father's Hamlet, but the torrent of his emotions swept her out of her wits and she could not utter a word.

Booth

Kean

Doubtless the greatest acting known to history was Kean's rendering of the character of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's drama. The character is admitted to be the greatest embodiment of villainy and passion ever presented. Kean undertook to master it. For more than a year he studied the language, refusing to present it. His wife says that he often spent the whole night before the mirror studying his expression and action. By and by he was announced to act at Drury Lane Theater.

Great descriptions are left us of how wonderfully he did. When he came on the stage, Lord Byron, who sat in one of the stage boxes, whispered to Tom Moore by his side, "Something dreadful is written on his countenance. I have never seen on mortal such an expression of power." Throughout the play Kean bore himself like a demon, but in the last scene he was the incarnation of evil. He shook like a tree in a tempest, before the whirlwind of his passionate vengeance. And when he was removed from the stage his face, turned back to the spectators, was so awful that Lord Byron, seized with convulsions, fell forward as one dead. Screams of terror rang out from the boxes and the gallery. The pit rose *en masse* to escape. Mrs. Glover, an experienced actress, fainted on the stage. Mrs. Horn, also playing in the piece, staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight of Kean's agony and rage; and Munden, a veteran player, was so transfixed and terrified by Kean's awful countenance that he had to be carried off like a frozen man. Kean gave them one look into hell. And no other hand has ever since been able to lift the lid.

Acting is powerful only in proportion as it rises above acting to being, to reality. So ability is weakened by apparent sharpness. Philip of Macedon was once called on to judge between two men of doubtful character. Hearing the case, he or-

dered one of them to flee out of Greece and ordered the other to flee after him.

Old Archelaus, once being in the hands of a garrulous barber, was asked by the barber how he would be shaved. "In silence," he replied. Evidently that was not a Philadelphia barber.

Great integrity

Pitt

History contains some instances of great dignity and justice. One cannot but admire the integrity of Pitt. His influence was felt for seven years by our fathers in the struggle of the Revolution. He did not hesitate or waver in his war policy. But no people under the sun can do better justice to his integrity. A favorite with the King, everything was within his reach, but he stoutly refused everything that looked like enriching himself. His country needed all her strength. He often offended his Majesty by refusing clerkships which brought money without work. One clerkship, worth three thousand pounds per year, was urged upon him by the King. Pitt avoided it by hunting out Colonel Barré, a political antagonist, who had a pension of three thousand pounds. To save this sum to the country, Pitt had the clerkship conferred on the Colonel. King George offered him the Garter as an expression of his confidence. Pitt refused to accept it. In 1789, when the King's health was giving way and a change of administration seemed imminent, some London gentlemen, knowing Pitt to be poor, desired to provide for his comfort

after his removal from office. They proposed to give him one hundred thousand pounds. Their names were to be concealed as a secret of honor. Pitt was approached through his secretary by one of these gentlemen. He refused to accept, saying, "If at any future time I should return to office, I could never see a gentleman from the city without thinking, 'He may be one of my subscribers.' " Such men have made English justice a glory throughout the world.

Sir Thomas More

Sir Thomas More, who added such luster to the Bar and Bench, made it an invariable rule never to take a case until he had examined it far enough to know it was just. Then he first tried to reconcile the parties without a suit. If that failed he directed the parties on both sides how to proceed with the least expense and trouble. As Lord Chancellor he took the poor as his wards. He sat every afternoon in his open hall and allowed any who had a case to state it, without the aid of bills, solicitors, or petitions. He once rendered judgment against his own son-in-law. It is encouraging to our age to know that this impartial justice brought him to the block for beheading and quartering. The King, as a testimonial to his great virtues, commuted his sentence to simple decapitation. He responded, "God preserve all my friends from such favors!"

A gentleman once presented Sir Matthew Hale

with a buck. Afterward a case in which this gentleman was interested came before him and he refused to allow the case to proceed till he had paid for the buck. The gentleman withdrew the case, saying, he "would not appear in a court where his honor was suspected." Sir Matthew Hale

During the reign of Henry IV of England, a servant of the Prince of Wales was put on trial for some crime, and condemned. The Prince, overcome with rage, rushed into the courtroom and demanded his servant's release. The Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoygne, mildly reminded the Prince of the dignity of the ancient laws of the kingdom, and advised him to seek a pardon from his father, the King. The Prince, in a rage, flew at the Judge, and was about to do him violence. But the Judge, preserving the dignity of his office, frowned down upon the Prince, and awed him into silence by his majestic sternness, and said, "Sir, I keep here the place of the King, your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double allegiance. In his name I charge you to desist, and henceforth give a better example to those who shall hereafter be your own subjects. For your contempt and disobedience I commit you to the prison of the King's Bench, there to remain till the pleasure of the King, your father, be known." The Prince, awed into sense, suffered himself to be led to jail by the officers of justice. Sir William Gascoygne

A courtier hastened to inform the King, who, on hearing it, exclaimed, "Happy is the King in having a magistrate who has the courage to execute the laws, and still more happy in having a son who will submit to the punishment inflicted for offending them!"

Execution of Dr. Todd

We cannot turn from this most inviting field without recalling another notable case from the same great nation. Rev. Dr. Todd, a celebrated and popular London preacher, and one of the royal chaplains, was convicted of forgery and sentenced to death. The jury and court joined in a petition to the Crown for clemency. The people took up the plea. From all over England came petitions. The inhabitants of the North came down to intercede. The Scotch came in clans to ask for his pardon. The peasantry of Ireland were not silent. The House of Commons went down at the foot of the throne to invoke mercy. The great city was crowded with anxious and praying men. Rebellion muttered in the streets. Revolution seemed to heave under the very throne. Many of the ancient peers of the land joined in the common petition. The King, agitated and anxious, saw the hurrying thousands and heard the petitions of his constitutional advisers, and he responded, "At the bar of justice the peasant and the King must stand side by side. I will not tamper with the laws of England." That sentence

has added dignity to the laws of every civilized nation under the stars.

Great sacrifices in every advance

The peasantry of Scotland have a superstition that the ancient Picts, to whom they refer all prehistoric buildings, were accustomed to lay the foundations of their buildings in the blood of some human sacrifice offered to appease the evil spirits. Buddhists say that Gautama, their friend, suffered five hundred and fifty births and deaths in order to prepare himself to relieve the afflicted beings in the universe. These dark traditions rest on a great law in human nature and in things that makes every advance step at the hardest. The blood of heroes is the only coin that passes at par in all worlds.

Citizens of Calais self-sacrificed

After many months of siege, Edward III compelled the surrender of the city of Calais. The unconditional surrender, which meant in those days the sacking of the city, was finally commuted to the execution of six of the principal citizens. The inhabitants met in the market to hear the terms. The new sorrow seemed worse than the old. But the difficulty was settled by Eustace de St. Pierre, one of the leading citizens, who offered himself as one of the victims. Soon five more stepped forward. Sir Walter Manny took these to England. The King asked, "Are these mechanics the principal men of Calais?" "They are, Sire," answered Manny, in a brave speech, "not only of Calais,

but of all France, if virtue has any share in nobility." Edward asked, "Were they peaceably delivered?" "Yes, Sire." "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" asked the astonished King. "None in the least, Sire. The people would have all perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty; but they are self-delivered, and come to offer their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands." Edward, provoked inside, said, "Severity at times is necessary. Go," he said to an officer, "lead these men to execution." At this instant the camp rang with trumpets. The Queen had come with troops from England. Sir Walter hastened to her and told the order. She saluted the King and asked for immediate audience, and said, "My business now is not concerning the lives of mechanics, but concerning the honor of the English nation. It respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my King. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves. Their scaffold would be to them a stage of honor, but to Edward a stage of shame, and an indelible stain on his name." Edward, touched with this wisdom, cried out, "I have done wrong. Stay the execution and bring the captives before us." When brought into the royal presence, the Queen, Philippa, said, "Natives of France, inhabitants of

Calais, noble burghers, though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and of our throne, we could feel for you only respect and affection. We snatch you from the scaffold. We thank you for the lesson you have taught us, that excellence is not of blood, or of title, or of station, and that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of Kings." St. Pierre exclaimed, "O, my country, it is now that I tremble at you. Edward only arms our cities, but Philippa conquers our hearts."

Devotion to a cause

The exalted spirit that forgets self and dies for a cause, for an idea, or for the helpless, makes the one blood of all nations tingle with the divine fire that burns in its bosom. I confess to the feeling of admiration half akin to worship when I see a soul aware of impending perils, and yet at the command of duty goes right on. Old Admiral Drake, standing on his quarter-deck before an engagement, was observed to shake, whereupon he coolly remarked, "My flesh trembles at the many dangers into which my resolute heart will lead me."

Drake

Ben Jonson

Ben Jonson was once involved in some trouble in which his companions were sent to jail. Ben went with them, thinking himself equally guilty. The trial acquitted them. A banquet celebrated the deliverance, when his mother drank a toast to him and showed him a paper of poison which she intended to administer to him and so cheat dis-

grace. To assure him of her heroism she intended to first drink of it herself.

Great reformers

As I turn toward the past, away back yonder, five hundred years before the days of Pericles, I get glimpses of one of God's great reformers. I see him yonder on Carmel, in the struggle of the good cause against sin. He is of the inhabitants of Gilead, beyond Jordan. It is not a land of peaceful homes and peaceful valleys. It is a land of sleepless shepherds and reckless hunters. It is a land of canvas houses and rock castles. Here he grew up, familiar with nature in her grandest moods, the stern old prophet of the mountains—

Elijah

Elijah. I see him yonder, tall, broad-shouldered, heavy-limbed, heavy-browed; clothed with a girdle of skins about his loins and with a cape of sheepskin with the wool on about his shoulders; bareheaded, with long, heavy, matted hair. The dark skin of the native darkened by summer's suns and desert blasts, he seems almost a Black Hawk or a Red Jacket or a Tecumseh. His frame was as unyielding as his character. His muscles seemed to be bands of steel. All day long he could stand, unwearying and unchanging, before the expectant altar, or, like a Bedouin, run all day long before Ahab's chariot, starting up now and then before the King, uttering his warning, and vanishing in the desert. Cold, reticent, shunning society, wandering over the naked plains or from cave to cave, and climb-

ing from peak to peak, he was the embodiment of righteousness and justice. I see him there on Carmel. He is face to face with the priests of Baal. They are a host, eight hundred and fifty, fat, sleek, princely, fed at Jezebel's table and clothed from Ahab's treasury, ornamented with ermine and pearls and plumes. Round on the mountain are the waiting thousands of Israel. All day long the false priests have vainly called for answering fire. Now all eyes turn toward Elijah. No plumes nod above his head. His cloak slides back from his shoulder; with his bare arm stretched toward heaven, he stands on the summit of the mountain, up against the evening sky, more a deity than a mortal. His voice rings out on the silent air and reaches the waiting thousands, "God of our fathers, answer by fire, that Israel may know that thou art in Israel." His face lights up with reflected light. Burning brands fall from heaven upon his altar. The flames lick up the offering and the altar and the water in the trenches, and a cloud of white vapor floats away toward the peaceful Mediterranean, a flag of victory. Israel drops on its knees, the priests of Ahab are slain by the brook, and the prophet darts out into the wilderness and is gone.

He rebukes sin, awakens Israel, rebuilds the altars of Jehovah, lives all his years in the mountain fastnesses, grand and gloomy and resolute and

resistless, like a Sioux, till at last he breaks loose from the restraint of earth and goes up in a chariot of fire, leaving in the heart of Israel an expectation of his return that endured and grew stronger for nine hundred years.

Self-forgetfulness

The supreme idea that runs resistless throughout all ages and gives the final settlement to all discussions is that spirit of obedience to duty that hears the Divine Voice as the last authority, that spirit which reckons not on self, but on the everlasting right. It matters not whether it is found in the oracles of God or in the kingly souls he has commissioned for deeds of heroism. Self-forgetfulness is the original, divinely invented weapon that never recoils and never misses the mark.

Pericles

Pericles, with his big head, walking about Athens, pausing now and then to lean his head up against a post to rest his neck, gains his power not solely nor chiefly by brains, but by that supreme self-control and self-sacrifice. One day, presiding as judge, he endured the abuse of an enemy who persisted and followed him to his home in the suburbs of Athens, abusing him as he went. He never made reply, but called a servant to light him home, saying, "It is not right that a citizen of Athens should be exposed journeying in the darkness."

Come with me and I will show you one of my old and particular friends, Oliver Cromwell, Eng-

land's greatest ruler. I like Oliver Cromwell. He had to wait for centuries for a resurrection and fair play. Carlyle exhumed him. When the first volume of Carlyle's Life of Cromwell appeared, he was walking along the Strand with a little short Englishman who said to him, "Mr. Carlyle, what made you write that Life of Cromwell?" Carlyle stopped and looking down at him said, "Man, I will tell you why I wrote that Life of Cromwell. When I was a bairn by my mither's knee I heard the old lady say that he was a gude man because he read his Bible and prayed, but when I got out into this English world I found everybody abusing him and calling him a liar and a thief and a regicide, and nurses scaring their children at night by telling them if they did not be quiet Cromwell would get them, and I wondered which was right. And so when I went to digging to find out, he was buried under fifteen feet of mud and royal muck, and I dug and I dug and I dug, and I found that the old woman, my mither, was right and that they are a pack of liars. That is why I wrote the Life of Cromwell."

Why Carlyle wrote Life of Cromwell

It is in the House of Commons. It is my Lord General. I put Cromwell in the category with Elijah because I find nowhere, in European or Asiatic history, another man, as Carlyle puts it, "practicing this mean world's affairs with a heart more filled by the idea of the Highest." He

Cromwell

is stout, broad, heavy-framed, enduring, plainly dressed. His hat had no band. His sword stuck close to his side. His countenance seemed swollen and reddish and wrinkled and scarred and jagged. His voice was sharp and untunable. His eloquence was full of fervor, his language solid, his sentences bungling and disconnected, his matter appropriate to the subject, and he was very much hearkened unto. On the last day of the usurping, the Rump Parliament, Cromwell came into the House, walked up the aisle, and sat down by the woolsack. Soon he beckoned Harrison to come sit by him. He held his head in his hands and swayed back and to, and was heard to say, "O, Lord, why hast thou put the doing of this upon me? It must be done, it must be done!" They were debating the extending of their time, already beyond the constitutional limit. The Speaker, Lord Lenthall, was about to put the motion, when Cromwell rose up, took off his bandless hat, and spoke for a good while commending Parliament, then he told them of the injustice and delays of justice and self-interest. Sir Peter Wentworth rose to order and said, "Strange language this, from a trusted servant, too! And one—" "Come, come!" exclaimed my Lord General, "we have had enough of this, I will put an end to your prating." Stepping forth onto the floor of the House, clapping on his hat, stamping the floor with his feet, he cries out,

And the Rump Parliament

"Heavens! It is not fit that you should sit here any longer. You have sat too long for any good you have done to England. You shall now give place to better men." Turning to Harrison, he says, "Bring them in." In come twenty grim musketeers, with bullets in their guns, veteran men, men of war; their faces are like lions and their feet swift as the roe, and they form around him as they did at Dunbar. "You call yourselves a Parliament!" he exclaims in great heat. "You are no Parliament. I *say* you are no Parliament!" His eye flashing on poor Chaloms, he says, "Some of you are drunkards!" Looking sharply at Harry Martin and Sir Peter Wentworth, who had called order, he said sharply, "Some of you are living in open contempt of God's commandments, following your own greedy appetites and the devil's commandments; corrupt, unjust persons!" Here he glared on Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal. Pointing sharply in their faces as they fled by him, he cried, "Thou art a thief!" "Thou art an adulterer!" "Thou art an hireling, paid for thy speeches!" "How can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!" And Parliament went. Drawing his sword, he put the point of it under the sacred mace and gave it a pitch from the sacred woolsack, saying, "Away with this bauble!" Lenthall refused to

come down, when Cromwell glaring on him said to Harrison, "Fetch him down! Lend him a hand!" He came down and vanished. They all vanished. The Rump Parliament was no more. Walking out, he said to Sir Harry Vane, "I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work. It is you that have forced me to this. O, Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hairsplittings, thou art other than a good one, I think. The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!" He locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and standing on the steps of Parliament said, "I do not hear a dog bark anywhere in London."

His dictatorship

Thus he gathered up the moral sense and enthusiasm of the nation and gave to England for the ten years of his dictatorship more strength and prosperity than she had ever experienced under her greatest monarchs. He conquered a King, subjugated an aristocracy, ended a religious war, crushed the levelers, repressed Parliament, insured liberty of conscience, disciplined the army, formed the navy, triumphed by sea over Holland, Spain, and the Genoese, conquered Jamaica, secured the New World, seized Dunkirk, counterbalanced France, coerced the government of Louis XIV into alliance, annexed Ireland and Scotland, making them integral parts of Great Britain, and added to

the list of England's rulers its most distinguished name—God's prophet—Oliver Cromwell.

Let me show you one more of God's prophets. Lincoln Yonder he comes, six feet and four inches high; walking in the Sangamon Bottoms, walking up into Springfield, walking up into Chicago, walking into Philadelphia, walking into Washington, walking into the White House. He came to the government by a minority vote. He put his hand upon Wall Street and steadied its faith. He stamped on the earth and two millions of armed men sprang up for his defense. He spoke to the sea and the greatest navy the world had ever seen crowned every wave. He breathed into the air and money and munitions rained upon the people. A philanthropist, he gave liberty to one race and freedom to another. A moralist, he stooped from the summit of human power to the foot of the Cross and became a Christian, "with malice toward none, with charity for all"—God's prophet—Abraham Lincoln.

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